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The Life and Times
of
BEETHOVEN

By
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The Life and Times of
BEETHOVEN

CHAPTER I

AN INTENSE LIFE

(Intensionsleben)

DURING the last days of March, 1927, the Republic of Austria and the city of Vienna commemorated impressively the hundredth anniversary of the death of Beethoven. Moving ceremonies succeeded one another. At the Ballhaus-Platz, in the former Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and in the famous Hall of Five Doors where the Congress of Vienna once convened, the President of the new Republic and his Chancellor sat at a fraternal repast with representatives of countries which but a short time ago had been bitter foes of Austria. It is impossible to go through such a building without sensing shadows; memories are reawakened; Vienna holds many recollections of those activities, festivals, and innumerable incidents that marked the Congress. While sovereigns diverted themselves outside, ministers of state understood one another too well to come to any agreement. "The Congress keeps its secret simply because it hasn't any," murmured a skeptical public. For a long time matters of business went adrift.

But in the receptions that marked reunions, what splendor! Nesselrode, in the full glow of youth, tells of his experiences in Paris when he was a mere counsellor of the embassy and inspected Napoleon's armaments. Wilhelm von Humboldt peppers Count Metternich with epigrams: Count Metternich, the coxcomb, who aims at governing the world

and rises at ten in the morning to breakfast with Sagan. Yes, but can lingering with a woman of wit be counted a loss of time? This one, tired of turning her income over to her former husbands, declares that they ruin her, and that no one shall lead her into this kind of adventure again. Each day brings forth its news, its scandal. The King of Prussia suffers from rheumatism, but he is mad about Julie Zichy; after Saxony he loves nothing better. Recently the Emperor Alexander, unbridled, making advances to a countess, incurred this retort: "Do you take me for a provincial?" Who was that graceful mask with the large, black-plumed hat at the last *ridotto*? A dancer has arrived from Paris; they call her *Petite Aimée*. Castlereagh promenades his arrogance smeared with the blood and grief of Ireland. Dalberg forgets his papers comprising an elegantly styled policy.

Talleyrand, more than any other, occupies and disturbs the Congress. I think of him as he appears in a room on the Quai d'Orsay in an engraving made from a painting by Jean-Baptiste Isabey preserved in Windsor Castle, or in the study in sepia at the Louvre. He is seated at the right of the scene, the center of which Castlereagh holds, in front of Baron von Humboldt who smiles, near the haranguing Russian, Stachelberg. The cunning fellow! How well composed is the countenance he finds necessary, this calmly dignified air of the man who would stand forth only to defend the principles of a righteous public! Observe the vigilant eyes; these are the eyes that yesterday unmasked the Empress, discerning in the, for others, natural graces an affected coquetry; these are the eyes that know how to scrutinize a letter, how to distinguish the nuances of an invitation, how to single out a favorable and unguarded place to which one shall come to seat oneself with a carelessness that bespeaks

an authoritative will; these are the eyes that uncover on the face of a Metternich the intent of a reply ostensibly extemporaneous, but in fact shrewdly calculated. Delicate gradations and reserve stand out on this face, as if the man settled on these as expedients to create the appearance of a noble concern for justice. For him, candor is the most refined form of malice, he enjoins it on his agents just as he imposes it upon himself. I re-examine this subtle visage framed in long blond curls, supported by the stiffness of an embroidered collar; I re-examine especially the eyes, those unforgettable eyes, those eyes of a huntsman who, under the cover of half closed lids, sees far and wide. Among all these personages overburdened with uniforms and trappings (there is in the picture a certain Lord Stewart who appears thoroughly proud of some small resemblance to Napoleon) the Prince smiles in an obviously grieved way. One feels that he has lost all illusions about the sincerity of men's words, and that all his interventions and even the tone of his discourse are constrained by selfishness, by contempt for mankind, by the pessimism found at the source of politics and traditional diplomacy.

In this assembly the spirit of social life triumphs. The words of the French ambassador bear repetition. The Prince of Ligne having said to him, "Admit that you are a Tartufel!" immediately received this reply: "I can admit it with impunity; do you take me for a liar?" Here, precisely, is the ambassador of France who, glass in hand, strolls up to a table of whist and profits by his hesitant walk to glide past a rendezvous of the Bavarian ministers. Unseen, yet ever present, Napoleon dominates the assembly. Is it true that Marie-Louise burst into tears on recovering his portraits? Will the pope decide to grant a divorce? Is this crusher of kings going to be left so near the coast? Talleyrand plays on

these fears as he does on all those that help his wounded country. The Congress remembers with what disingenuous emotion he covered his political designs under illusions of morality and righteousness. Meanwhile, in his magnificent palace, near the canal, Prince Rasoumowsky, the Russian ambassador, presents to his guests a certain musician who excites more curiosity than admiration. This lord, who towards the end of the preceding century married the sister of Princess Karl Lichnowski, entertains dilettanti from time to time. He maintains a celebrated quartet in which he plays the second violin, his associates being the first violinist Schuppanzigh, the violist Weiss, the cellist Linke. He is proud of the works Beethoven has dedicated to him.

How modest our recent reunion seemed in the frame that holds so much history! But also, how much more meditative this spiritual communion! A phrase from the Heiligenstadt Testament comes to my mind: "Lord God, Thou lookest down into the innermost recesses of my soul, Thou knowest that brotherly love and the desire to do good reign therein." I hear the Cavatina of the 13th quartet sigh within me, that dolorous supplication that the Master wrote in tears shortly before the end of his life, when he attempted once more to attain the ideal for which he yearned so passionately. Would a dawn break that Beethoven did not know? I could recall that the centenary of his birth was celebrated at the time of our merciless defeat; that Richard Wagner on that occasion let fall on martyred France all the weight of his brutality. I shall not misemploy this memory. Men who had seen their nations suffer, responded to the call of a people worthy of independence and peace by its courageous struggle against misfortune. A name, long misunderstood, placed among them the bond of common love; a being of sadness and genius proclaimed from the depths of despondent soli-

tude the human obligation of brotherhood. And out of deference to him hands were clasped in silence; hands that would be friendly.

The *fêtes humaines* of Beethoven were followed a year later by the *fêtes allemandes* of Schubert. Austria still falters before her destiny. But we who believe that European problems are insoluble by the old formulas, we who seek in good faith a regime where the genius of each nation can flower in a peaceful order, we remain true to the spirit of the Master. And we hold that every one who is not of mean heart will seek guidance, will seek counsel of this incomparable creature who teaches us all, the devotion to art, the pursuit of moral perfection, and a passionate ardor for peace.

How self-assured are musicographers! No one dares enter the domain which they authoritatively reserve for themselves. The technical study of Beethoven's works demands almost unlimited learning. Under what influences did the young Bonn organist compose his first pieces? How much does he owe to Philipp Emanuel Bach or to Clementi, to Friedrich Wilhelm Rust or to the Mannheim School? What changes did he introduce into the form of the trio, and why did he replace the minuet with a scherzo? At just which moment and in what fashion does he use the timpani, whose prolonged roll so mysteriously accompanies the repetitions of the first motive in the Fourth Symphony? It is possible to analyze the adagio of the second *sonata quasi una fantasia*, to inquire into the means by which the composer passes from major to minor, from the low register to the high, from a crescendo to a diminuendo; but such research gives us only external information; there remains to be explained why this tender and dolorous supplication moves

us, at the same time that it produces in us the impression of finished writing.

For the rest, the various parts of this work, at once so complex and harmonious, have been studied with the greatest of care. The volume consigned to the Centenary delegates contains, among other things, masterly studies on Beethoven's use of the fugue and his treatment of the oboe. An entire book has been written on *Fidelio* and its variants. Beethoven's pupils and friends, Ries, Schindler, Moscheles, have left us memoirs whose reading is indispensable. In the second half of the nineteenth century Martin Gustav Nottebohm, younger than the biographers just mentioned, a pupil of Mendelssohn and Schumann, and deeply interested in the works of Beethoven, devoted several volumes to him: *Skizzenbücher*, *Thematisches Verzeichniss*, *Beethoveniana*, *Neue Beethoveniana*. The material assembled in Vienna amid the very scenes in which the Master lived, gains a lasting value by virtue of the author's erudition. Freer, less informative, the work of the Imperial Russian councillor, Wilhelm von Lenz, remains pleasant to consult because of the sincere admiration that prompted it; it is to Lenz that we owe the famous theory of the three styles. And all friends of Beethoven know the biography by that celebrated American, Alexander Wheelock Thayer, who devoted his life to a study of the Master's works, undertaking, with this in view, several trips to Europe between 1850 and 1860, associating himself with his country's embassy near the Austrian court, and later accepting the appointment of Consul to Trieste, in order to satisfy the demands of his veneration.

Quite recently, in 1927, Karl Lothar Mikulicz published through Breitkopf und Härtel one of the sketch books (*Notierungsbücher*) preserved in the Staatsbibliothek in

Berlin. Theodor von Frimmel published in 1926 at Leipzig through the same house, under the title of *Beethoven-Handbuch*, a dictionary in two volumes which facilitates the locating of information pertaining to the Master's works, or to those persons who played a rôle in his life. One can also gain abundant information from the *Neues Beethoven Jahrbuch*, started by Adolf Sandberger, the renowned Munich professor, to whom we are indebted for valuable studies on Orlando di Lasso (Benno Filser, Augsburg).

In France, too, Beethovenian literature presents a considerable array. Were an exhaustive study intended, it would be an injustice to cite only the detailed works of Prod'homme, a fine and unerring book by Jean Chantavoine, the studies on the *Lieder* by H. de Curzon, and the reverent biography by Romain Rolland completed with the appearance of two remarkable volumes. With an exemplary insight, Marcel Herwegh has written his *Technique d'interprétation appliquée aux Sonates pour piano et violon*. These writers will permit the reservation of a place of honor for the most appealing among them, for the courageous Joseph de Marliave, whose volume on the Quartets, "a living monument to knowledge and love," was revealed to us only after the author's death on the field of battle. No one more than this musician-soldier has entered into intimacy with him upon whom we can confidently bestow the so indiscriminately lavished name of Master. No one has sought more persistently for the secret of his inner life, for the mysterious laws of his creations; one by one, Marliave examines the Quartets, for example the opus 59, that he himself played with friends, as once did Prince Rasoumowsky. He is concerned with understanding the milieu and the times that enveloped these works; he pores over the sketch books and struggles with erasures and words superimposed

on others, he disengages the themes, marks transitions, analyzes the rôle of each instrument, but all with a hand so light and a zeal so fervent that neither the unity of the work, nor its imaginative flights, nor what there must be of the inscrutable is in the least impaired. That a German bullet should have killed such a disciple one day in August, 1914, in the environs of Étain, is not the least impressive evidence of the barbarities and stupid atrocities of war.

But composers have not written for their own circles or their own kind. "Music is intended to please the uninformed as well as the informed," wrote the Marquise du Deffand to Voltaire. In the *Lettres d'un voyageur*, George Sand, addressing herself to Meyerbeer, gives him some excellent advice; she protests against the usage that prescribes a cavatina with, generally, a coda for dying heroes; she wishes that that part were a veritable *pianto*, capable of arousing a feeling other than that attendant on the usual procedure. "Is there never to be a time when the audience will be spared these ritournelles that Liszt has likened to the formulas at the end of letters?" Thus Sand points out the indeterminate and odious nature of Meyerbeerian pathos. She entreats the composer of *Les Huguenots* not to allow himself to be dazzled by his success, to force his ideas on the public, to disclose to it a purity of which it is unaware, to sacrifice the present for the future. This woman, who could not sing in tune and who played no instrument, upholds a finer conception of art than do the casuists of criticism; and boldly, with all her spontaneous fervor, she defends Berlioz, who struggled heroically against an ungrateful public.

Hence, let us simply seek an acquaintance with, an understanding of, this being of noblest genius, the better to love him, the better to receive his teachings. The music of Bee-

thoven, particularly the lyric music, owes its greatness above all else to the personality of its creator. The gifted Bohemian composer, Tomaschek, an admirer of this new master's talent, on hearing him in Prague asserted that his knowledge "of harmony, counterpoint, and rhythm" was not at all obtrusive. His merits are different. It is by other gifts that he is distinguished from Mozart or Haydn: by the originality with which he expresses a sensitive but independent spirit, a spirit brusque and almost savage. That Beethoven was neither the most prolific nor the most learned musician of his day can be proved quite easily. His friend, Paul Wranitzky, Kapellmeister of the Kärntnerthor-theater, left on his death several operas, ballets, and, to say nothing of his concertos or his trios, forty-five quartets and twenty-seven symphonies. Another of his friends, Ignaz Seyfried, whom we shall meet again with Beethoven, and who was to be for a long time conductor in Schikaneder's theater, wrote not only more than sixty pieces for the stage, but also masses, offertories, sonatas, and a considerable amount of chamber music; and no one mastered better than he the theories of old Albrechtsberger, teacher of a large group. Likewise Salieri, Woelfl, Förster, Abbé Stadler, all excellent musicians.

And Pleyel, also, composed quartets; but playing the second violin, Beethoven extemporaneously transformed a whole work, drawing from it melodies so compelling, harmonies so fascinating, that the venerable Ignaz bowed before the young master and kissed his hands. The genius that worked these enchantments cannot be defined; one feels that the force of impressions produced by such an artist is to be explained by the richness of his inner life. My existence, my *Intensionsleben*, he confided to the young poet, Johann Sporschil, is a constant meditation.

With such a man, in such creation, music realizes its full meaning and demonstrates its superiority. Sculpture and painting can fix only one moment of life in space; one sees great masters of plastic art endeavoring to pass beyond its circumscribing boundaries and occasionally, in their efforts, taxing it to the breaking point. Beethoven has been compared to Michelangelo. In the Sacristy of San Lorenzo, before the half reclining figures of Day and Night, before the tombs of Giuliano and Lorenzo, one marks the difficulties that beset an artist of genius, who would fix, through necessarily artificial allegories, his lofty conception of heroism, who would express, through the personages he is commissioned to honor, his patriotic grief. In the Sistine Chapel, in the presence of a work executed in the midst of hardship and anguish similar to that Beethoven was to know much later, one feels that the composition, in spite of its richness, has not exhausted all of its creator's passion, all of the tempest within him. Music commands both time and space. Listen to the *Ninth Symphony*; in the allegro the tones of the violin and the tremolo of the cellos, the melodies of the clarinet, the flute, and the oboe, correspond to the varied colors of a fresco; the two essential groups of the orchestra, wind and strings, are separated or concerted; but the musician can create movement at his will and can prolong a dialogue among several instruments according to his inspiration; he has at his command even silence, which moderates the brilliance of the second movement with touches of shadow. If his expression has not the chiseled perfection of a literary phrase, on the other hand, he utilizes sounds, modulation, the resources of piano and forte, to suggest joy or sorrow, to mark the inflections by which we pass from one to the other, to recall the substance of our deepest meditations; phantasy, always imprisoned when fixed in words,

here takes flight without restraint, projects itself on the foreground, or sketches itself in the distance; the agents by which our feelings are diffused while expressing themselves, disappear; the unconscious plays its rôle. It is the same with spiritual as with natural landscapes; continuity is established by shades, which are limited in painting and which music alone can claim to free.

For these reasons perhaps, at least because of its freedom and its richness, music represents art in its most profuse and flexible form. It sustains the moral life of the believer just as it provides for the pagan, the only prayer; it envelops our dearest memories without crushing them. Through it, emotion is conciliated with reason; in it, life expresses all its fervor, but under the discipline of laws varying with the taste of schools and talents, always governed by the individual intelligence. That up to the present day it has been given its rightful place neither in education nor in the history of civilization is proof of all the crudeness still present in our ways. But because it uses only spiritual elements for its effect, there is in it a principle of immortality. Centuries have darkened the Last Judgment of Michelangelo. In the Santa Maria delle Grazie, the Last Supper of Leonardo escapes little by little into obscurity, the while very near it a mediocre fresco of Montorfano preserves a comparative freshness. As the finale of the *Ninth Symphony* bursts forth, after the introduction of seven measures, as the cellos and doublebasses begin to sing, the masterpiece we hear provokes the same unbridled enthusiasm it did in the famous concert of May 7th. Nothing can antiquate it because nothing in it is transitory. With music, and with it alone, we taste those joys which pure spirit bestows.

It will suffice then to prepare ourselves by patient and faithful study to discern, under the limitations of our own

impressions, the poetic meanings upon which he never insisted.

Beethoven himself has indicated to us in what manner his music is to be properly interpreted. "*Mehr Ausdruck der Empfindung als Malerei*," he writes at the beginning of the *Pastoral Symphony*. "More expression of sentiment than painting." Sentiments! The awakening of joyous emotions on arriving in the country, the merry gathering of the peasants, happy and grateful feeling after the storm, are stated specifically in the manuscript. The program in a notebook brought to light by Nottebohm completes these notes. "The problem of defining the situation is left to the listener. . . . *Description is lost when it is pushed too far in instrumental music.*" Beethoven denies wishing to present pictures in music, *Tongemälde*. We learn from Moscheles that he refused to annotate his works, or to permit annotation in his presence; his disciples had to take recourse to their own imaginations in order to discover the thoughts or feelings which he wished to express.

Approaching Vienna I long for Heiligenstadt as I once did for the solitude of Port-Royal. "Some have likened man to the pipe organ," writes Pascal. "In truth, men are pipe organs, but fantastic, of many shapes and sizes, and each is variable (their pipes are not arranged in conjunct degrees). Those who know how to play only the usual organs could never create harmonies on the others. It is necessary to know where the stops are." This thought presaged Beethoven. Is this composer of symphonies to be transformed into a literary musician? This pretension made Debussy indignant, just as it exasperates Maurice Ravel. Nothing is more ridiculous than thinking of this composer of symphonies as a writer of program music. Nothing is more urgent than the eschewing of these commentaries, which, furthermore,

are contradictory. A critic once presumed to explain the scherzo of the *Eroica* as a combat between cavalry and infantry. Sheer nonsense. In 1860, when *Fidelio* was first performed in French, the librettists had the temerity to substitute for Bouilly's scenario a drama whose action took place in Milan near the end of the fifteenth century. Florestan became Giangaleazzo Sforza; Leonora was transformed into Isabel of Aragon and the King of France, himself, took the place of Don Fernando. Such a travesty appears ridiculous to us now.

Is it really necessary to break up Beethoven's life into periods or styles? It would seem wrong, inasmuch as it might lead to a disregard of the profound unity of his works. All of his products are intimately related. The beginning of Florestan's aria in *Fidelio* becomes the first theme of the *Lebewohl* sonata. Lenz's famous theory of the *three styles* incorrectly separates creations whose *progress* towards independence is continuous.

But if we love Beethoven, if we wish to know him in his time and milieu, we can begin by keeping several dates in mind:

1770—His birth at Bonn.

1787—His first journey to Vienna, and the meeting with Mozart.

1790—The cantata written on the death of Joseph II.

1792—Establishment of permanent residence in Vienna.

1800—Performance of the *First Symphony*.

1802—*Sonata quasi una fantasia*, opus 27, incorrectly called the *Moonlight Sonata*, and the Heiligenstadt Testament.

1804—Completion of the *Eroica*.

1805—First performance and failure of *Fidelio*.

1808—Performance of the *Pastoral Symphony*, the *G major Piano Concerto*, the *Choral Fantasy* and the *Fifth Symphony* at the concert of December 22nd.

1811—The *Archduke Trio*, opus 97.

And passing directly to the last works to simplify matters:

1824—The famous performance of the *Missa Solemnis* and of the *Ninth Symphony* on May 7th in a benefit concert for the Master.

1824-26—The last quartets.

1827—His death, March 26th.

Beethoven was ten years younger than Schiller and twenty years younger than Goethe, who survived him. It remains to point out that, molded by the influences of eighteenth century liberalism, a contemporary of the French Revolution, a witness of the Napoleonic drama, swept along in the movements that gave rise to romanticism, he lived in an heroic age. That gossipier, Ludwig Rellstab, brings into the account of his conversations with Beethoven one profound and apt thought: "When art rises to such heights, when it serves to express such a soul, it belongs to the general history of mankind."

CHAPTER II

IN THE CHAPEL AT BONN

ON A beautiful Rhenish summer day Bonn looks like an island of stone in the midst of green billows. Although little by little the city has been transformed, although streets have been laid out, a spacious and splendid concert hall erected, shops opened with displays calculated to entice the middle classes, it has retained its former serenity, and, in the quiet of its gardens, the charm of its spirit. The houses are scarcely ever more than three stories high. The Elector's palace has become the university, responsible for almost all of the activity of the place; its numerous students populate the streets, proud of their bent, funnel-like caps abounding in extravagant colors. Here, in the second half of the nineteenth century, the son of a Saxon clergyman came to study, who, in order to interpret the spirit of ancient Greece, evoked the land "distant and blue," where wandered the beautiful luminous Divinities. Friedrich Nietzsche walked through these parks, intoxicated with Dionysus and Apollo. Another memory, much more painful, depresses us. Bonn preserves the grave of Robert Schumann. It was near by, at Endenich, in the private asylum of Dr. Richartz, that he died in the latter part of July, 1856, after several despairing years.

The walk along the Rhine possesses the tranquillity of the seashore. Several old inns, such as the Gasthof zum alten Keller, with its sixteenth century lines, call to mind the life

of the mariners of old. In the center of the old quarter, the market place has submitted in its shops and tall houses to that power called modern progress. But it preserves its irregular form in the pyramid erected in honor of Maximilian Friedrich, Father of the country, as well as—at the further end near the Gasthaus zur Blumen, a hostelry of the later seventeenth century, which justifies its name by the scarlet geranium decorations—in the Town Hall, a building in French style, designed in a gracious manner with its flight of steps, its windows of elegant line, and a few touches of gold added to enhance the charm of this pretty page of architecture. Quiet and freshness reign in all the outskirts of the town, in the parks, the orchards, and in the gnarled trees by the old walls.

A town of chestnut trees, pink hawthorn, and iris. This rich soil of Bonn is indeed fertile. The little garden of Poppelsdorf at the foot of the Venusberg, richer and more elaborate than in the time of its creator, Maximilian Franz, is an enchantment to the visitor. Students saunter in reverie under the arbor, which forms a bonnet of virginal clematis, and among the thickets where the viburnum is heavy with the fair globous Guelder roses. The violet anemone, emblem of sadness, which is called the wind flower because it opens with a breath of air, the scarlet melandryum, the aristolochia, whose calyx has no corolla, the thrift with its pink heads, an exquisite array of columbines coaxing the drops of rain into their hornlike leaves, a rainbow of iris, and particularly German iris with its provoking fragrance, carrying the blue flames of its peranthium upright—all bloom together in a zealously cultivated grove. A harmonious and infinitely sweet variety. Along the walks the catalpas drop their white flowers mottled with purple. The insinuating scent of syringa that yesterday distracted our youth, pursues the

visitor. This garden in the springtime is a symphony in a major key, brightened by the yellow clusters of cytissus. But the native trees dominate here; they bind the little Eden of Poppelsdorf to the rest of the country. Beloved by the night-ingales, the hawthorns, whose blossoms enliven all the parks of the region, mass themselves in the thickets. Taller are the oaks, chestnut trees, and linden trees with their heart-shaped leaves, and their wood highly prized by lutemakers.

Within sight of these splendors, at a respectable distance from the Residenz, whose old charms have been preserved in a colored engraving, how humble and even pitiable is the poor home of the Beethoven family! In the court behind the house on the Bonngasse, not far from the market place, three landmarks remain: the very small garden spot; several unassuming trees, one of which has ashy bark; and a grass plot on which today reposes the weather-beaten bust of the Master by Aronson. A blackbird, seeker of berries, fills the inclosure with his fragmentary melodies. In this damp hovel, without light, without air, with only a garret window, under these rough rafters Ludwig van Beethoven was born about the 15th of December, 1770. A manger would have been less mean. It was in a similar hovel that the young Wilhelm Meister tried his hand at creating the heroic rôles and the resplendent costumes for his poor little marionettes. "... and I cannot, in passing, leave unmentioned what a magical impression lofts, sheds, and secluded rooms usually leave on children, in which, freed of the oppression of their masters, they enjoy themselves quite alone, a sensation that wears away with the years but that sometimes returns when such places of unhealthy need must serve unfortunate lovers," writes Goethe in his *Wilhelm Meisters Theatralische Sendung*. Yes, certainly this is true, illustrious Goethe, when one has an imperial councillor for a father, and when an indul-

gent family gives over to children such superfluities. The garret, here, was the very home of the Beethoven family.

The splendid works of Prod'homme and Schiedermaier depict his *youth* for us. The Elector, Maximilian Friedrich, who governed Bonn, was a little man, energetic, amiable, and more interested in the company of women than in his Breviary; his predecessors had been fond of pomp, of erecting buildings, of equipages, the theater and music. The Residenz had often been the scene of oratorios, and Italian dramas. Casanova tells us of a carnival at which they danced allemandes and the forlana with several women of high rank dressed like peasants. Now it was necessary to resign themselves to economies, to reduce the companies of actors, and the number of concerts, to abolish the hunts, and to curtail the luxury of the table, and to content themselves with tricktrack. In 1784 the youngest son of Maria Theresa, and the brother of Joseph II, Maximilian Franz, whose picture is in the little museum of Bonn, became the Elector. Abruptly the tone changed. The new Archbishop shared in the general reform movement, encouraged the teaching profession and literature, established a botanical garden, simplified the procedure of the law, and abolished torture. Maximilian also loved music, having displayed a personal interest in Mozart. Of a reflective nature, he discerned the first signs of the movement that succeeded in arousing the French peasants to an insurrection against the abuses of the old regime, and that might easily have reached the banks of the Rhine. He was gravely concerned over it, and maintained the neutrality of his states with care. One is astonished at the caution with which he avoided giving protection to the refugees. When the Count of Artois left France after the fall of the Bastille, in order to recruit for the royal cause in the

courts of his friends, Maximilian refused to meet him. But how could the town of Bonn escape the agitation the French troops created in the entire region near the German front? This should be kept in mind: Beethoven departed well before the Elector, well before the territory of Cologne was incorporated into the Cis-Rhenish Republic. He perceived only the first effects of the Revolution, but he did see, in the frame of a little impoverished court, the decline of the old regime, the aristocratic setting fading little by little, and bourgeois customs replacing the former luxury. Money was lacking to brighten the theater, and Maximilian Franz, in spite of his courageous efforts, was forced to end his life in exile in the environs of Vienna, in slate-colored garb, touching testimony to his wretchedness.

The van Beethoven family came from Flanders; they brought with them many memories of Mechlin, Louvain, and Antwerp. Van Beethoven, we are told, means "from the beet garden." According to the research of Raymond van Aërde and Ernest Closson, Ludwig the elder was born at Mechlin in 1712, was admitted at the age of eleven to the choir school of the mother church of Saint-Rombaud, and then entered the service of the cathedral of Liège, as bass singer. About 1733 Ludwig established himself at Bonn as court musician, *Kurfürstlicher Hof Musiker*, and there married a young woman nineteen years of age, Maria Josefa Poll. It was a period of splendor for the Electorate; it was the glorious time of Clemens August, Clemens the pompous. Actors and singers from all countries flocked together for the entertainment of the Prince. Ludwig later was appointed to direct not only the chapel, that is to say, the service, but also concerts, plays, balls, banquet music, and serenades; in the theater he interpreted various characters, and in 1771 he sang in French the rôle of Dalmon in Grétry's *Sylvain*. Inas-

much as Clemens August paid his officials very poorly, Ludwig also maintained a business as a wine merchant; his wife seems to have been his best customer. He was, nevertheless, a well ordered man, respected by all, beneficent. He died in 1773 on Christmas eve. A portrait that Beethoven kept with him at Vienna shows him with a fine, serious face, ruddy of complexion like the Flemish, dressed in a green pelisse edged with fur, and a beret. Later at the family festivals they hung wreaths of laurel under his portrait. Beethoven cherished a deep respect for him. "There," he would say to little Fanny del Rio, "was a man of honor."

The second son of Ludwig, Johann, also became court musician, very badly paid, as was the custom; he married a young widow of Ehrenbreitstein, Maria Magdalena Kewerich, the daughter of a master cook. This time in the household, it is the woman who merits our attention, by her seriousness, by the care she lavished on the home in spite of her ill health. Johann was brutal and domineering; he drank. Of the seven children four died in infancy. Truly an alcoholic issue. The infant who was baptized on the 17th of December owed his qualities of sensitivity, his propensity for affection, his love of family to his grandfather, the old Flemish musician, and to his mother, Maria Magdalena, the servant girl. Later, in the sixth conversation book, there is a vague mention of his godmother, Mother Baums, the good neighbor. When they wanted to induce Beethoven to revise his *Fidelio*, Princess Lichnowski overcame his stubborn opposition only by invoking the memory of his mother.

We are eager to discover the first signs of genius from Ludwig himself. Here he was, a child of four in tears, at the harpsichord, who was compelled to repeat his exercises indefinitely. He was to be a virtuoso, not a mere musician. As

for the rest, although he was sent to an elementary school on the Neugasse, no child was more poorly educated, more poorly guided. Rochlitz, later, compared Beethoven to a man who might have passed many years on a desert island. From the time that he was eight years old (the program announced six, in order to impress the public more) his father exhibited him in the concert hall of the musical academies of Cologne. He was nearly as precocious as Mozart, whose several little minuets, and fragments of sonatas, composed at the age of six (according to his father), we still possess. Handel, at the age of ten, wrote motets. In his sketches the nine-year-old Delacroix displayed astonishing skill in foreshortening. England cites with pride young William Crotch as the most marvelous of prodigies, who, when only two and a half, played an organ constructed by his father for him.

Ludwig's first teacher? Tobias Pfeiffer, a curious and eccentric musician. Others followed: Friar Willibald Koch, organist, and the Flemish pianist van den Eeden. With all of these nothing seemed to him to be very precise; all was undesigned and haphazard until the day when the young prodigy, having pursued the course at the Tirocinium very irregularly, retaining little more than an elementary knowledge of Latin, found in Christian Gottlob Neeffe the intelligent guide to whom he owed his first knowledge of musical principles. Neeffe was a cultured man and a fine theoretician. He studied with and followed the writings of a student of Rameau, Friedrich Wilhelm Marpurg, who after having composed several sonatas and figured chorales, became famous for his historical and critical writings. The number of his published works is considerable; on the death of Beethoven the classic "Abhandlung von der Fuge" was found in his library. Through Neeffe also, Ludwig became ac-

quainted with the *Well Tempered Clavichord* of Bach, whose glory was perpetuated later, thanks to Mendelssohn. Although a discriminating few considered the Master the greatest German musician, the epoch preferred Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach, the Berlin Bach, second son of Johann Sebastian; through his many interesting innovations it became apparent, and not without reason, that the new style would succeed. People were ardently interested in the sonatas and concertos of the chamber musician, who had enjoyed the great distinction of accompanying the royal flutist, Frederick, at the harpsichord. Thanks to Neeffe, a man of great learning (he had, like Philipp Emanuel Bach, studied law), Beethoven, who up to this time had been restricted to learning finger exercises on the piano, violin, and organ, saw his horizon expand. The new director of the Court Chapel was acquainted with the poets; he had set verses of Klopstock to music. He understood and expounded the lofty treatises of Marpurg, whose influence in all of Europe was going to be considerable. An article written anonymously by Neeffe in 1783 informs us how he appraised the young thirteen-year-old musician at this time: "Louis van Beethoven plays the clavier very skillfully, and with the most promising talent; he reads at sight very well . . . he plays the *Wohltemperirte Klavier* of Johann Sebastian Bach fluently. . . . Neeffe has also given him instruction in Thorough Bass. . . . He is now training him in composition, and for his encouragement he has had nine variations for the pianoforte engraved at Mannheim. This young genius is deserving of help to enable him to travel. He would surely become a second Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart were he to continue as he has begun." There, indeed, is the first revelation of Beethoven. It is the period of his first works; with the nine variations came three sonatas. The inclusion of a languorous serenade by

Neefe in the style of the barcarolle from the *Tales of Hoffmann*, and a sonata by Philipp Emanuel Bach, in one of the Viennese soirées during the Centenary Festival was quite justified. In one of the rooms in the little Bonn museum, an expressive portrait of the young director of the Electoral Chapel reveals a suggestion of Jean-Jacques, his fire and spirit.

Beethoven was saved. The poor little gentleman, whose modest conduct was praised, and who on festival days appeared in court costume—a sea-green dress coat, a flowered waistcoat, buckled breeches, sword at his side (one thinks of the portrait of young Godefroy, the child with the violin, by Chardin)—assisted his teacher, Neefe, at the theater, coached actors at the piano, and thus increased his knowledge of the repertoire: Gluck's *Orfeo* and *Alceste*; *Il Marchese Tulipano*, one of the successes of the time, and *L'Idolo cinese* by Paisiello, who later became the First Consul's favorite musician, and who wrote the funeral march for General Hoche; the comic operas of Grétry; *Félix, ou l'enfant trouvé*, with which Monsigny, despairing of ever doing any better, terminated his career. Antonio Salieri, who won his fame in Vienna, and whom Beethoven was to meet there as director of the Court Orchestra, Salieri, a rival of Mozart and Schubert's teacher, had captivated the Parisian public with his opera, *Les Danaïdes*, written in collaboration with Gluck. Chamfort, jesting about the ninety-eight deaths, said: "Tell me, in which parish did this epidemic break out? That must have brought in a good bit to the vicar." *Les Danaïdes* was presented at Bonn. Opera companies succeeded one another, coming from France or Germany. However, clear-sighted and strict, Neefe gave his favorite pupil lessons perhaps questionable from the point of view of technique, but fitted to free his personality. "His theory," Nottebohm informs us, "was that

the laws of phenomena of music ought to ally themselves with the psychological life of man, and that, properly speaking, they ought to accept it as their basis." On the surface perhaps a pedantic formula, but fruitful for a young meditative mind searching for the purest impressions, welcoming the discovery of Shakespeare, yielding to the charm of Schiller, and, in a profession painfully artificial on the whole, already manifesting the gravity and manner of contemplation so frequent with children morally unhappy.

The path of his development is easy to follow. Neefe, philosophical orchestra director, served as a guide. That which was lacking at his own hearth, was supplied by the von Breuning family. Even more. Eleonora, Lorchén, who later married Wegeler, appears as the first of those beloved visions that Beethoven vainly attempted to capture. All those who in their youth have been engaged in teaching, so often accompanied by bright hopes and bitter sorrows, understand what passed through the heart of Ludwig van Beethoven, finding himself with a pupil his own age, whom he followed through the meadows on beautiful days, from whom he sought consolation when the necessary visits to others frightened or offended him. Having himself become a teacher, Beethoven taught expression above everything else. If his pupil happened to be a young lady, impressed by those improvisations in which the already budding inspiration of the Master succeeded so admirably, there was danger! When in the spring of 1787 Ludwig undertook his first real journey, he was easily enough distinguished, this stout youth with the powerful head, broad shoulders, heir of a strong race. In his paternal home where dwelt memories of his revered grandfather, he knew sadness, such as children suffer because of their inability to tell of it; he submitted to the brutality of his father and, without doubt, understood the reason for

it. Poverty, when it does not degrade children, bestows on them a grave and reflective nature. He might have been only one of those innumerable instrumentalists with whom the German courts abounded, retaining an encumbered spirit, forever degraded by the mediocrity of the stage. A master whose faults, themselves, were not without spirit; the good Frau von Breuning and her daughter: thus he was orientated to the beauty of art under a power that henceforth ruled his life.

In short, an unpretentious and friendly youth. Once more the horizon before Ludwig van Beethoven widened. Vienna, to which the Elector permitted him to go in the spring of 1787, was the capital of Joseph II and also Mozart. A seventeen-year-old musician, what would he experience entering this altogether charming city, which still retained memories of the musical festivities given five years before in honor of the Grand Duke Paul of Russia?

The eldest son of Maria Theresa styled himself a philosopher-prince. For twelve years he had already borne the title of Emperor of Germany; but, well informed through his travels, through his association with French writers, a severe critic of his sister, Marie Antoinette, he planned to institute in his dominions, submissive to tradition and prejudices, a reign of reason. A scandalous program, even in a republic. The heir of Maria Theresa adopted the ideas of that German historian who, under the pseudonym of Febronius, discussed the English constitution and the authority of the Pope over the Bishops. Josephism reserved for the sovereign the right of intervention in ecclesiastical affairs, of legislation over the creed and the liturgy, of fixing the boundaries of the dioceses, of placing the seminaries under the control of the universities, of closing certain convents or

replacing them by schools. In Cologne Maximilian approved of this doctrine. In 1786 the Ecclesiastical Electors had called together the Congress of Ems in order to draw up a *Punktion*, that is, a memorandum of twenty-three articles which reduced the Papal authority according to the doctrines of Febronius. The nuncio at Cologne, Pacca, was to foil this daring attempt. But Joseph II encouraged the innovators; he tried to suppress the monastic and mendicant orders, to establish civil marriage and divorce; he ventured to assure the Protestants and the Greek Catholics freedom of worship through the Decree of Tolerance in 1781; he wished to abolish serfdom, to suppress local privileges for the benefit of a unified State; to forbid torture, to attempt an equality of taxation; to create a public relief, to authorize the ascertainment of the fathers of illegitimate children, to substitute voluntary enlistment for conscription. A strange sovereign who detested a despotic regime, a figure in military uniform and boots on state occasions, making his master of ceremonies swoon with indignation, who did not permit his servants to kneel before him, who received the common people himself, who worked with regularity and slept on a mattress made of corn leaves, covered with a deerskin, to show his distaste for luxury. As a matter of fact, he did not escape inconsistencies; he continued the bastinado and forfeiture. The peasants were devoted to him because he protected them against the aristocracy, and permitted them the accession to property, because he wished to unify the legislation of the Empire, and to abolish feudal rights. Joseph II failed in his various projects, a victim of the opposition of his people, much more than of the ill will of his officials. The social development of Austria was not far enough advanced to permit the application of a program of rational policies. "The soil," Albert Sorel informs us, "was too carefully

weeded by the Jesuits to lend itself to a strong vegetation. In 1774 an attempt was made to establish an academy for the dissemination of German literature in Vienna; they even invited Lessing to come there; the public ignored the place. Austria during this period of universal excitement produced only musicians, and exhibited an enthusiasm only for pleasure. This interest was keen because of another reason: the famous Committee on Chastity established by the Empress, the rigid examples that Maria Theresa set, did not succeed in repressing the sensual frivolity displayed with so much abandon in Vienna, transforming this capital into a veritable promised land of merry intrigue and ready wantonness."

The music of Mozart delighted the élite of this amiable and lively society, engrossed with the theater and concerts. Mozart was thirty years old. When one looks back on the story of his first appearance, it seems indeed that he supplied the model to which Johann van Beethoven wished his son to conform. As for the two fathers, the same procedure, the same ambition, and without doubt, the same cupidity also. It was a question of how to astonish the princely courts that heard these little prodigies. Mozart at the age of six, we are told, played before the archduchess who later became Queen of France; one can readily imagine that in later years Marie Antoinette in the Conciergerie recalled those recitals at the harpsichord, in Schönbrunn. The dedication to the Elector published in 1783 at the head of three of Beethoven's sonatas recalls very forcibly the request to Madame Victoire of France to accept Mozart's first manuscript. Afterwards, also in Vienna, and in the summer garden of Mesmer, who claimed to cure sufferers by his hypnotism, Wolfgang Amadeus composed his first opera at the Emperor's request, *La Finta semplice*, which was not produced; his Singspiel, *Bastien et Bastienne* was performed on the stage. The in-

fluence of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, which later became so profound with Beethoven, already showed itself in the little comic opera of the child genius, inspired by the parody of *Devin du village*. And the early days in Salzburg parallel Ludwig's years at Bonn, in spite of the fact that as a birth-place it was less attractive to the young composer than the enchanted bank of the Rhine was to his glorious successor. There was in Salzburg an episcopal chapel directed by vulgar and drunken musicians; the organist, although his name was Michaël Haydn, arrived at his services somewhat the worse for wine, and the Bishop, the renowned Hieronymus Colloredo, son of a Vice Chancellor of the Empire, lacked the liberalism to which the orchestra of Max Franz, brother of Joseph II, bore witness. The Mufti, as Mozart was called, would not debase himself to become a serenader, reduced to composing airs for the accompaniment of wedding processions crossing the city. Wolfgang Amadeus had to travel, to seek his fortune at Mannheim where he met his first love, returned to Paris where he lost his mother, and because of the battle between the Gluckists and Piccinists, obtained only moderate success, then offered to the already well provided Munich public, his *Idomeneo*. Hieronymus summoned him to Vienna, reserving a place for him in his antechamber among his valets, until the time when, weary of being used like a "Salzburger Fex" and unable to bear the abusive treatment of a steward, the young and prolific musician freed himself. Much happier than Beethoven was to be, Mozart knew the comforts of a happy married life, thanks to Konstanze Weber. It was not until later, in 1789, when he became Imperial Chamber musician with a salary of eight hundred florins, that he found a position worthy of him. However, in Vienna he was able to compose his great works with some degree of peace. In 1781, at the Emperor's

command, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* was written and produced; in 1785, Mozart gave his charming *Le Nozze di Figaro*.

The documents published by J.-G. Prod'homme have given us a description of the Viennese musical milieu of this period. The letters of Leopold Mozart to his daughter, Nannerl, enable us to attend, as it were, the first subscription concert in which Wolfgang played his *Concerto in D minor* before a titled assemblage. Joseph Haydn hailed the composer of the quartets as "the greatest composer I know." The Emperor, himself, cried, "Bravo, Mozart!" Salieri directed the cabal against *Le Nozze*, which, however, did not prevent the audience from demanding seven encores at the third performance. The connoisseurs admired this incomparable artist, who reflected long on a given theme, on suggested texts, in order finally to allow free rein to the fertility of his imagination. He had to be heard in the silence of the night, when his quickened feelings, no longer disturbed by any noise, inspired him with abundant ideas, which he afterwards set down with a nimble hand, but for eternity. Here was no longer a musician, but a poet, delicate and noble of soul, capable of perceiving and of expressing the most delicate gradations of emotion freely and charmingly, responsive to admiration and enthusiasm, affable and friendly, prolific to the point of prodigality, productive unceasingly of new musical ideas whose originality never suffered from their abundance. The Emperor Joseph II evaluated him rightly in comparing him to Klopstock, and in declaring during a conversation with Ditters von Dittersdorf, a Viennese composer not at all poor in invention: "Mozart's compositions are like a gold snuffbox made in Paris, and Haydn's like a snuffbox made in London." Of gold! The music of Mozart has the ringing sound of gold. "A precious gem," wrote the

librettist, Lorenzo da Ponte, and the word is also apt. How easy to understand that a musician of such audacity, of such freedom and ingenuity, should be charmed by the work of Beaumarchais, which, despite the interdiction placed on it by the Emperor, he wished to adorn with his music. This little man, thin and wan, with his beautiful fine hair, his fiery glances, dazzled Vienna; to describe him, the singer O'Kelly tells us, is as impossible as "to paint the rays of the sun." We see him on the stage in the costume of the period during the rehearsals of his *Le Nozze*—a scarlet pelisse, a hat adorned with gold—or so modest when he is acclaimed by an entire house; always restless, always charged with inspiration, stamping his feet until the buckles of his shoes break, when he wishes to animate the orchestra. Here is the living embodiment of genius, and how many common traits draw the Master of Salzburg and the Master of Bonn together!—reverence for the great prophets of music, Sebastian Bach, Handel, Joseph Haydn; the desire to free Germany from its predilection for Italian music; sincerity and depth, a diversity of inspiration, and to conclude the comparison of the two men, the radiance of kindness.

. In 1787 Mozart composed his *Don Giovanni* in response to the invitation of the dilettanti of Prague; at the same time he wrote two admirable string quintets. If one can believe tradition, Beethoven was presented to him and improvised for him. To Mozart is attributed an oft quoted phrase: "Keep your eyes on this man; some day he will give the world something to talk about." As far as the rest is concerned, if this journey to Vienna furnished an opportunity to note the considerable influence exercised on Beethoven by his brilliant elder, it is not necessary to exaggerate the importance of this episode itself. It was, at the most, an excursion; Ludwig, pressed by the misfortunes of his family, could not

loiter in the Austrian capital. But he retained a glittering memory of it.

He returned to see his mother, the good Maria Magdalena, die of consumption, and perhaps of a broken heart also. Weber's mother died in the same manner. Misery dwelt in the Beethoven home, such bitter misery that Ludwig was forced to sell on the market place the clothes of the one who had been "his best friend." Perhaps it was impossible to keep even the lace bonnet that had framed the face of the poor, courageous woman! He felt ill, or believed he was ill; melancholy possessed him, as he wrote to Councillor von Schaden, of Augsburg. Withal he was so humble, so timid, that a benefactor like Count Waldstein could aid him only by exercising a great deal of affectionate caution. Again several feminine shadows passed across his life. His father was given more and more to drunkenness; it became necessary that his son take his place, necessary that he look after his brothers' needs. There were few distractions other than an excursion of the Electoral chapel to Mergentheim. A witness who assisted at the festivals has left us an account worthy of mention; he shows us with keen discernment the Beethoven of this period. "I heard him improvise, and he even asked me to propose a theme for him to vary. The greatness of this amiable, light-hearted man, as a virtuoso, may in my opinion be safely estimated from *his almost inexhaustible wealth of ideas*, the altogether characteristic style of expression in his playing, and the great execution he displays. I know, therefore, no one thing that he lacks which conduces to the greatness of an artist. I have heard Vogler on the pianoforte . . . But Beethoven, in addition to the execution, has greater clearness and weight of idea, and more expression, in short, he is more for the heart: equally great, there-

fore as an adagio or an allegro player. Even the members of this remarkable orchestra are, without exception, his admirers, and all ears when he plays. Yet he is exceedingly modest, and free from all pretension. . . ." A connoisseur again compared the Bonn musician to the illustrious Abbé Vogler, who reached his height at the court of the Elector Prince Karl Theodor, and after numerous journeys and numerous adventures established the famous music school at Mannheim. He indicated the difference. Vogler would become an excellent theoretician, an organ virtuoso, a prolific composer. Decidedly, on all sides of this German ground music surrounds us. With Beethoven we see it mature slowly, a new musical poet developing little by little; a lyricist for whom the search for expression comes before craftsmanship. In the Elector's orchestra in which he played the viola, he became acquainted with the flutist, Anton Reicha, whom he was to meet again later in Vienna, and who finally went to Paris to seek success. Reicha also produced numerous works later, composing quintets, quartets, trios, sonatas, and writing many treatises.

In this milieu, supersaturated with harmony, Beethoven's originality evolved little by little. When, in February, 1790, poor Joseph II died of a fever contracted in the marshes of the lower Danube, this originality affirmed itself in the funeral cantata for chorus and orchestra, which Beethoven was requested to write. Or rather, this work composed with such sincere conviction would have affirmed it, had it been performed; but it was not heard until a century later. The Festival Committee had the happy idea of reviving it. The soprano solo, *Da stiegen die Menschen ans Licht*, occurs again in the second finale of *Fidelio*: *O Gott, welch ein Augenblick!* The opening chords reappear in the prison scene. The same year, Beethoven composed a second cantata to

celebrate the accession of the Emperor Leopold II, it was for the same occasion that Mozart wrote *La Clemenza di Tito*. For us, the first cantata is the more valuable. Beethoven had wanted to pay a debt of gratitude to the good Elector Max Friedrich, the philanthropist and reformer. The death of Joseph II, who had been compelled to revoke nearly all of his reforms, had been pitiable; moreover he had wanted only this mournful epitaph on his tomb: "Here lies he who was unfortunate in all of his enterprises." He was beloved by artists, by men of letters. Wieland was his friend; at precisely the same time that Beethoven composed his cantata, Wieland dedicated a eulogy to him, in which he lamented the fact that it had been necessary to carry his generous plans into the grave, in which he compared his endeavors to the fearless actions of the "French Thesmothetes." Later the liberalist writer, Anastasius Grün, when he wrote the famous "Spaziergänge eines Wiener Poeten," in which so much satire is mixed with so much tolerance, in passing, saluted the statue of a sovereign, friend of man. Beethoven's work still retains the characteristics of the Italian style; but in the choruses the impassioned soul of the young Master already throbs. The *Cantata on the Death of Joseph II*, which was not performed, perhaps because of the difficulties of execution, is at once a tribute to the Elector, a farewell to the dead, and without wishing to exaggerate the similarity, the first suggestion of the themes of benevolence, fraternity, and peace that later, very much later, were developed in the *Ninth Symphony*.

One of Haydn's visits to Bonn decided Beethoven's departure. An incident sufficiently important to emphasize. At liberty following the death of Prince Nicholas Esterházy, Papa Haydn decided to go to England. He was accom-

panied there by the violinist, Johann Peter Salomon, who had formerly been connected with the Electoral orchestra at Bonn, and who after a triumphant concert tour established himself in London, where he gained a reputation as soloist on the violin and viola, as a quartet player and orchestra conductor; he organized subscription concerts for which he sought to engage composers and celebrated virtuosos. Haydn had just accepted a commission to write an opera for the impresario, Gallini, and six symphonies for Salomon, as well as twenty other pieces. England paid artists generously. After having taken leave of his dear Mozart, whom he was never to see again, Haydn departed for London on the 15th of December, 1790. He represented a preceding generation, since he was about forty years older than Beethoven. The son of a wheelwright, he had received the traditional education of a choir boy at St. Stephen's Cathedral; he also had labored in a garret, and had suffered every wretchedness of a menial position before the publication of his first sonata. In the middle of winter he could be seen playing serenades under the windows of the burghers. Michel Brenet, in a delightful book, shows him brushing the clothes, curling the wig of the illustrious Porpora. It was in Bohemia, near Pilsen, in 1759 that he composed his first symphony, and although he now was nearly sixty years old, he had only recently obtained possession of his independence, dearly purchased by long service at the court of a prince. During the course of his travels in England he was to meet with great success, the reception at Oxford, the triumph of the professional concerts. But he was grateful to the city of Vienna for having received him so well each time that Prince Esterházy had brought him there. The famous *Farewell Symphony* transmits in a spiritual manner his desire not to remain absent too long from the

beloved capital. Viennese life is reflected in his music, and it is understood, even if the details of the conversations are lacking, that the venerable Haydn, instructed by experience, had advised the sojourn in the Austrian capital of the young composer of the *Cantata*. However, Mozart, Haydn's friend, had just died. It is not too presumptuous to believe that Ludwig yielded to the ambition of filling the great place left vacant. Is this not the implication of the oft quoted note that Count Waldstein wrote to him on the 29th of October, 1792? "Dear Beethoven! You are going to Vienna in fulfillment of your long frustrated wishes. The genius of Mozart is mourning and weeping over the death of her pupil. She found a refuge but no occupation with the inexhaustible Haydn. . . . With the help of assiduous labor you shall receive Mozart's spirit from Haydn's hands." Beethoven departed towards the end of the year. He would never again hear the sound of Elizabeth von Breuning's spinet. He would never again see the evenings in Bonn, with their secret harmonies, the gardens exhaling fragrance or, in the language of the day, the spirit of the flowers.

The nature of the country in which Beethoven spent the first twenty years of his life has been described in a fascinating manner by Victor Hugo. "As the dawn of a renascent civilization began to break over the Taunus Mountains there sprang up a delightful prattling of legends and fables; in every corner, brightened by this distant ray, a thousand supernatural and charming figures suddenly shone, while in the darker regions hideous shapes and dreadful specters struggled. An entire population of imaginary creatures in direct communication with beautiful ladies and handsome knights was scattered throughout the Rhine valley: the orcs, who seized the mountains and forests; the undines,

who took possession of the waters; the gnomes, who captured the inside of the earth; the Spirit of the rocks; the Spirit-rapper; the Black Hunter, who roamed the thickets mounted on a huge stag with sixteen antlers; the Maid of the Black Bog; the six Maids of the Red Bog. . . . In these valleys mythology grafts itself to the legends of the saints, and strange results are produced, fantastical flowers of the imagination. . . . In this period, immersed for us in a twilight where magic lights flash here and there, there is nothing in the woods, crags, and vales but apparitions, visions, stupendous combats, diabolical pursuits, infernal castles, sounds of harps in the thickets, melodious songs chanted by invisible singers, hideous laughter emitted by mysterious wayfarers."

The legends flourished along the entire length of the river. Even today the merciless realities of war, attested to by several monstrous symbols, have not succeeded in eradicating what remains of the fanciful imagination of mankind in this valley of intermingled races. Even in Coblenz, in the city scourged so severely by the armies of the Republic in 1794, in order to punish the Elector of Trier for his loyalty to the past, old fantasies survive. Near the fortress is the house of the Electoral Chancellor, where Goethe lived. The portico of the royal castle, its façades and its Ionic columns were conceived by French minds. An order issued from Rome disciplined the primitive barbarism of these forests. Reverie on the banks of this river transforms history into a poem. At the approach to Oberwesel, when the waters have subsided, the reefs, which imagination popularly styled the Seven Virgins in memory of the daughters of the Castle of Schönberg, emerge. Here is Heine's Lorelei, the rock of the enchantress who, after having seduced boatmen, herself succumbs to love. Religious

relics around the old sanctuary of Remagen attract pilgrims. The story is related of how, when the Archbishop of Cologne had the relics of Saint Apollinaris and the Magi Kings transported up the Rhine, the boat that bore them was stopped and held in place by a mysterious power until the exact moment when the precious cargo was safely deposited in a chapel. Paganism and Christianity live together here on familiar terms. Was not the Castle of Rolandseck built by the Knight Errant? When the news spread abroad that he had been killed at Roncesvalles, his betrothed, the beautiful Hildegarde, took the veil and shut herself up in the convent of Nonnenwerth. Roland, returning from the war, learned that he had lost his beloved; he built a hermitage on the rocks for himself and lived there until one day upon hearing the chanting of the nuns coming from the island to his cell, he died of grief. And was it not on the Drachenfels that the dragon was killed by Siegfried, or at least that the monster was put to flight by the cross of Saint Margaret?

Maurice Barrès, who gives due credit to Victor Hugo and even exalts him to the point of calling him a man of the Rhine valley, has well noted the *human* qualities of the mythology of the river. "Mindful of the hazards that haunt their vigils, the good people grow compassionate in a *truly human* way, are moved together with the stricken, and never become accessories to forces loosed in nature and in man." These observations are important for those who seek to understand the rôle of the unconscious and of the milieu in the formation of Beethoven's genius. Similarly, Christianity, even if it seems not to have profoundly influenced the composer of the *Missa Solemnis*, has contributed more than a little to the spiritual life of the Rhenish people. One need but see the devoted throngs on a Saturday afternoon in the Cathedral of Worms or of Spire, pressed against the door

of the confessional, meditative, evidently very much attached to their creed. On these banks, it is true, Wagner was to restore some of the other gods. The legends he assembled about 1850 in composing *Das Rheingold* came from the North; Wotan desires power and he exercises it over the dwarfs who dwell in the bowels of the earth; Alberich, in forging his ring, sacrifices love to power; Siegfried renounces all convention, all law, and follows only his instincts. The tetralogy is based on a new-fangled mythology, moreover, an incoherent one, wherein are assembled all the tendencies among which the impetuous genius of Wagner faltered. Beethoven ignored all these metaphysics.

From the quiet slope of Melheim the ruin of Drachenfels can be seen; it still dominates the mountain with its furred mantle of trees. The innumerable mansions—one, at least, is a monstrosity—the castles with their ruddy façades, and the railroad are somewhat out of harmony with the landscape; but one can easily reconstruct it as Beethoven knew it, with its vineyards descending to the gray waters of the river, the inns dedicated to Vater Rhein, the billowy clouds, the rough cracks in the rocks, and the specks of the purple beeches of Königswinter. And on a spring day this scenery reminds the visitor of that short page in the *Waldstein Sonata*, between the allegro and the rondo, that glistens like a brief shining of the sun between two thunderstorms. A suggestion of a boatman's song. The memory of the Rhine.

Of Bonn Beethoven retained more than mere impressions. He conceived and published there his first compositions. A remarkable fact: this musician who had heard so many pieces written for the stage, scorned composing for the theater; he consecrated himself to pure music. Prod'homme has arranged a catalogue of his works. There appeared in 1783, after nine variations on a march by Dressler and an

organ fugue, the *Schilderung eines Mädchens* and the song *An einen Säugling*. In 1785 he composed three quartets for "harpsichord, violin, viola, and bass"; about 1789 a *Concerto in D major* for piano and orchestra, and the twenty-four variations on the arietta *Venni amore*; there followed several *Lieder*, and about 1792 the *Rondo* for piano with violin obbligato sent to Eleonora von Breuning, an allegro and minuet in G major for two flutes, a wind octet (op. 103), twelve variations of the air from *Nozze di Figaro* for harpsichord or piano with violin obbligato, also dedicated to Eleonora. This last work was published in Vienna through Artaria.

This does not exhaust the list compiled by Prod'homme. The authenticity of certain pieces remains doubtful; others were unpublished; some are incomplete or difficult to date, as for example, the symphony found at Jena. Recently in *La Revue musicale*, G. de Saint-Foix discussed six quartets preserved in the Staatsbibliothek in Berlin, and attributed them to the young Beethoven, justifying his assertion on the ground that the themes recur in the later works of the Master. These six quartets are associated with the same period as the three published by Artaria in 1832. The influence of opera buffa which was heard so often in the Elector's theater is evident, also that of Luigi Boccherini, whose string quartets had won renown in Paris at the time of Beethoven's birth. However, they have individuality. "The personality of the composer," writes De Saint-Foix, "is revealed to us particularly in a very remarkable *Rondo* finale, *Allegro molto*. This piece has force and warmth, rather unexpected, expressed in an original language and in a brilliant manner, the equivalent of which is to be found in the work of the young Beethoven. He employs ornaments and cadences that suggest, particularly at the end, opera buffa . . .

Of all of them the fifth gives the impression of an astonishing purity of writing, added to an increasing knowledge of the proper resources of quartet writing, and there is indeed, in the finale, a characteristic fire, vigorous and captivating, whose origin seems indisputable to us. . . .”

Thus the first period of Beethoven's artistic life still remains, in part, poorly understood. What is certain, is that, his head full of music, he tried his hand at variations, at sonatas, and that, despite the influences, conscious or unconscious, to which he submitted, his personality revealed itself in a propensity for melody, in a marked taste for expression, in the contrasts of sadness and joy so evident in all of his later works, in the sincerity of pathos, as yet subdued. The distinction between him and Mozart becomes apparent. The sonatas of 1783 are still only the exercises of a child; however, one already hears the sobbing in them, the contrasts that mark the violence of this youthful nature. The *Trio in E flat* reveals a certain sense of the dramatic. Several of the ideas outlined in the first works reappear in later compositions. The *Cantata* contains not only material repeated in *Fidelio*, but also a theme that recurs in the finale of the *Ninth Symphony*. Nothing summarizes or defines better the growing esteem for Beethoven when he left for Vienna at the end of 1792, than this note from Fischenich to Charlotte von Schiller: “I am sending you a setting of the *Feuerfarbe*, and I should like your opinion of it. It is by a young man from here whose musical talents are becoming known, and whom the Prince Elector is sending to Haydn in Vienna. He is going to set Schiller's *Ode to Joy* to music, verse by verse. I expect perfection from him, for, as long as I have known him, he has been wholly constrained by the noble and the sublime.” This musician, who bade farewell to Bonn, had just demonstrated the variety of his technique

in writing the *Ritterballet*. But what drew Joseph Haydn's attention to him, what we ourselves discern more and more clearly as the list of his first works is established, what, in these sketches, in measures here and there, foretells the adagios of the next sonatas, or the funeral march of the *Eroica*, is a thing cherished by everyone: inspiration.

CHAPTER III

A LYRIC MUSICIAN APPEARS

BEETHOVEN settled in Vienna at the beginning of the winter of 1790, several months after the brilliant coronation at Frankfort of the stern and harsh Francis II, who was to reign over the submissive Austrians for forty-three years. In the same way that in the classical sonata the second theme provides new resources for the development of the piece, so the Viennese milieu offered its wealth of inspiration to the young Rhenish musician.

The engravings exhibited at the Rathaus during the Centenary Festival enable us to reconstruct the appearance of the city and the character of the times. With its narrow and twisting streets graced by occasional Florentine palaces, in spite of its statues and mausoleums, Vienna was not yet the brilliant capital with broad streets that it became in the second half of the nineteenth century, particularly through the construction of the famous Ring. Ten years after Beethoven's arrival, Madame de Staël visited the city and described it. She accused the Danube of "losing its majesty" in its too numerous detours, like certain men and women. For a half century through the generosity of Joseph II, the Prater with its cafés and continuous country fair had offered its avenues to a clamorous public that beset the worldly Corso; Corinne heard the rutting deer bell on the meadows. People were fond of walking there in the Italian manner, slowly and peacefully. The Emperor and his brothers, if

they went by carriage, fell into line. At the entrance to the Augarten, Joseph II had an inscription placed, the epitome of his good nature: "A place for recreation, dedicated to all men by their friend." Rousseauesque. People gathered there particularly on Thursdays between six and eight in the morning near the Seufzerallee to listen to the music. Fashionable men, in blue riding coats and white trousers, hats under their arms, promenaded with fashionable women, their hair arranged like butterfly wings under their little parasols so like peach tree blossoms. Vendors of Italian oranges and salami circled in and out among the tables at which people sat drinking. There was also a promenade very elegantly designed; it was a garden between the Ballhaus-Platz, the tennis court, and the court stables, with a row of poplar trees encircling a Neo-Greek temple. With similar nicety the grenadiers in white uniforms maneuvered in serried ranks in front of the barracks.

Fashion decreed that in the morning one betake oneself to the Augarten; in the evening good breeding demanded that one have a turn around the music pavilion, on the Bastion and on the Empress's terrace. Poles, Bosnians, and Turks in native costume contributed an exotic note to this scene arranged for the pleasure of society and for amorous intrigues. Sometimes a gypsy melody, fierce, impassioned, nostalgic, quivered in the distance.

There were many theaters in Vienna. Joseph II established the Nationaltheater, which failed, by virtue of that special privilege conceded to all the plans of this ill-fated sovereign. Opera was given at the Kärntnertheater, and at the Theater an der Wien. There were also playhouses in the suburbs, In der Rossau, Beim Fasan. Emanuel Johann Schikaneder, author of the libretto of *Die Zauberflöte*, for a long time simply a vagrant musician, directed the *Theater*

im Starhembergischen Freihaufe auf der Wieden, and on occasion botched Mozart. Music everywhere, concerts for the dilettanti, barrel organs for the man in the street. Also, there was dancing at the *ridottos* where one saw, according to Mme de Staël, "men and women, facing each other, gravely executing the steps of the minuet, which they chose to call amusement." The Emperor Francis played the violin; the Empress Maria Theresa sang to her own accompaniment at the harpsichord, organized concerts, arranged for the presentation of Italian operas at Schönbrunn; Joseph Haydn dedicated a mass, and Beethoven his *Septet* to her. As for the rest, delightful, agreeable manners, a correct and cordial civility, a taste for social visits and clubs. This was the society in which Beethoven was henceforth to live. A miniature borrowed from the Stephan von Breuning collection depicts him with a frank face; features that are not yet as pronounced as in the famous portraits; his head rounded like a dome; a youthful and healthy color, a large and fine mouth, eyes full of fire in spite of his deficient vision; a forest of thick hair as black as pitch, cut in the fashion of Titus. This conqueror grew up in an attic, and had to count his florins. But if he had had only himself to look after! However, his father died in Bonn, and his two brothers needed his help.

He came because of Haydn, and for Haydn. The symphony composer's journey to London, his acclaim at Oxford procured for him, as far as the Viennese were concerned, a respect and an unquestioned authority. Prince Esterházy entreated him to change his mind and to return for the coronation of Emperor Francis II; he did so. Haydn, in spite of his advanced age, had not yet composed his two greatest works: he did not write *The Creation* until 1798, at the age of sixty-six, and *The Seasons* until 1801. He settled in a

suburb, in a cottage with a garden. (As early as January, 1794, he departed again for England. Beethoven was not able to receive his instruction for very long.) That the symphonist described his disciple with a singular prescience, declaring that his imagination carried him beyond tradition and rules, and that, melancholy and strange, he sacrificed form to content (following Neefe's precept), is confirmed by the testimony of an Englishwoman, which has been translated by a flutist. A likely, but not an indisputable anecdote. According to Nottebohm, Haydn prescribed for his "Grand Mogul" the careful study of Fux. This Johann Joseph Fux represented the classic tradition for the Viennese; at the end of the seventeenth century as the Imperial court composer, and later as Kapellmeister of St. Stephen's Cathedral, he had written oratorios, operas, fifty masses, vespers, psalms, and sonatas. His *Missa Canonica* is referred to as a masterpiece. Above all, he wrote his *Gradus ad Parnassum*, published in Latin, German, Italian, English, and French. He was considered the master of counterpoint, although later theoreticians reproached him for taking liturgical modes and not modern tonalities as the foundation for his works. But it seems that Haydn, extremely busy, had no time to attend to the instruction of his pupil, who quickly perceived this neglect and, not without ill-humor, took his leave.

By good fortune in the glorious Vienna of this period, there were abundant resources for a musician twenty-two years of age, who felt that his education was not yet complete. Let us consider for a moment all that spiritual grandeur that the city contained about 1792. It had scarcely been five years since Ritter von Gluck had died, after having completed a splendid career which covered with glory the son of Prince Lobkowitz's little gamekeeper. The organ-

izers of the Centenary Festival revived for an evening his exquisite ballet from *Don Juan*, which Vienna saw for the first time in 1761. How successful on the Austrian as well as on the Italian stage even before the time when, stimulated by the suggestions of Raniero da Calzabigi, Gluck created the modern music drama, implanted it in France, where he restored true operatic tradition, subjugated music to or rather allied it with poetry, and invented the forms whose noble austerity prepared the way for the lyricism of the next century! Kapellmeister of the Viennese opera, Gluck had long deferred to the taste of the capital for virtuosity and brilliant arias. Beethoven, when scarcely more than a youth, had heard performed in the theater at Bonn, *La Rencontre imprévue*, that is to say, a work which marked the end of the Master's first style, one of those little French opéras-comiques in the style of Sedaine or Favart to which the period was so partial. And also, observing more closely, Gluck's genius developed along the same musical path that Beethoven's genius had pursued: at first, a very rigid training on instruments, practice of the violin, organ, and harpsichord. A devotion to Handel, which was found also in the Bonn musician. In spite of Italian influences, an increasing progress towards true lyricism, up to the revealing *Orfeo* and *Alceste*. Beethoven had become acquainted with these works through the performances of the Böhm Company. Without doubt, when he settled in Vienna, the importance of the old Master had not yet been established. Time must elapse before the originality of a work that has replaced the search for ready entertainment by a great solicitude for beauty, can be perceived. In Gluck Beethoven might have found the precedent for a return to the traditional sources of inspiration: nature, passion. Gluck might have given him this advice: simplicity.

After the middle of the eighteenth century Gluck made Vienna the center of his activities. As Kapellmeister of Prince Sachsen Hildburghausen, he composed symphonies, operas, and ballets long before Haydn. That Count Durazzo, General Commissioner of the Theater, correspondent of Favart, exercised some influence over him is well known; the little airs composed at his request embellishing the opéras-comiques grew rapidly in popularity. It was in Vienna, in the Hofburgtheater before an assemblage of the Imperial and Royal Court, on the 5th of October, 1762—an important date—that his *Orfeo* was performed; he accompanied the Austrian court to Frankfort for the Coronation festivities of the Emperor Joseph II; at Schönbrunn he had an opportunity to write several acts to be performed by the archduchesses, and he arranged an entertainment at the end of which the child Marie Antoinette danced the minuet. In 1767 the Court Theater gave his *Alceste*, which raised music drama to the height of classical tragedy. As far removed as were these events from the epoch when Beethoven in his turn would establish himself in the musical Athens of the eighteenth century, yet they influenced the entire course of the art to which he consecrated himself. (The revolutionary changes brought about in *Orfeo*, and in *Alceste*, the importance given to the orchestra by Gluck, the admirable attempt to replace conventional artificialities by sincere feeling and genuine emotion, these decisive reforms were bound eventually to have a salutary effect on a public engulfed by shallow operatic tradition. *Alceste*, *Don Giovanni*, *Fidelio*, were to experience in turn the same fate,) and it is doubtless the law to which all true masterpieces must submit, all those that surpass human inertia. This fact alone would be sufficient to establish a spiritual kinship among Gluck, Mozart, and Beethoven. Gluck, having tried

without success to direct the Imperial theaters, cursed Vienna as Beethoven was to curse it later. The conflict between Italian and German music, which was to vex the unappreciated composer of the *Missa Solemnis* later, insinuated itself into Gluck's work between the two periods of his productions, and up to those of his works, such as the opera *Paride ed Elena*, which was performed in November, 1770, at Vienna at the Court Theater.

The relationship between Gluck and Beethoven establishes itself not only by the similarity of their protracted adversity, and their taste for a Klopstock or a Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Freer than his great emulator, Gluck, thanks to the Bailiff of Roulet, whom he met at the French Embassy in Vienna, was able to go to Paris, there to give, in his overture to *Iphigénie*, the model that inspired the *Leonore* and *Coriolan* overtures. This new music, which enraptured Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, which moved her deeply, offered to the listener impressions up to that time unknown; it dared to express sadness in its most poignant forms, to concentrate its means of expression on simple and profound emotions, to give the orchestra an important rôle in the interpretation of a truly human lyricism, to connect the choruses to the action, to unite instruments and voices (in the French *Alceste*, there are some pages that already bespeak the *Ninth Symphony*), to give to melody the nobility and purity of poetry, to inquire after the secret of pathos from life itself or from beautiful scenes in nature. The lofty conception which Beethoven, to his credit, had of art, is met already in the Gluck of the last period. It was a conqueror who returned to Vienna in 1776; the struggle against Italian music under the direction of Piccini was not terminated with this glorious episode; it was resumed about 1816 when Rossini's success diverted the Austrian public from Bee-

thoven. We have seen the conflict in various ways, and no doubt it still continues. It has exercised at all times profound influences on music. The art most suitable for the creation of an international language is at first inspired by racial instinct: it expresses national characteristics, tales in folk songs. The success of *Iphigénie en Tauride* in any event was an evidence of Gluck's victory. His last years, after he had settled in his residence in Wieden, when he was wont to walk in the little valley where Beethoven was to conceive the *Pastoral Symphony*, when, carrying his gold Malacca cane, he solemnly went to church, surrounded by a circle of faithful friends, greeted everywhere with respect, were like those of a king whose prestige is undisputed. He completely dominated his period; through his efforts music ceased to be treated as a diversion, and established itself as a perfect and sovereign art.

Mozart after piteous suffering died on the 5th of December, 1791, at the age of thirty-five years and ten months; no one followed his poor body, thrown unwitnessed into a poor-pit; no one knows where his coffin is hidden. When Beethoven had met him five years before, the Master was writing his *Don Giovanni* for Prague. Lorenzo da Ponte, the vainglorious and mediocre court poet, had supplied the libretto, in which, under the disguise of celebrated heroes, he related his own adventures. Mozart composed this work in the society of splendid and amiable Bohemian musicians, near his friends Kucharz, Strobach, Graupner, and Duschek. The village of Smichow, near the river among vineyards and cottages, was for him what Heiligenstadt later was to be for Beethoven. Mozart lived in the home of Duschek, and one can even today see the stone table at which, it is said, he finished his masterpiece. Julien Tiersot, in a splendid little book, has related this touching story. The company

at Prague lacked the technical experience so well developed in the Viennese companies; the singers and musicians paid little attention during the rehearsals (already!). Fortunately a splendid artist, Bassi, undertook the principal rôle. Mozart, arrayed in his blue dress coat with gold buttons, nankeen breeches, shod in buckled slippers, looked after all the details, satisfied the unreasonable demands of the actors; the triumphant success of the 29th of October, 1787, recompensed, if that word can be used, his efforts.

Possessed of an affectionate heart, Joseph Haydn, in admiring terms of greatest warmth, hailed "this inimitable work of Mozart," and hoped that Prague would know enough to retain this "dear man." But he, after having conquered a city of the provinces, wished to obtain the approbation of the capital; on the 7th of May, 1788, he succeeded only tolerably. In the Library of the Paris Conservatory is preserved one of the rare copies of the little volume containing the Viennese version of *Il Dissoluto punito, dramma giocoso in due atti, da rappresentarsi nel teatro di Corte (nella imper. stamperia dei sordi e muti)*. "This is a divine work," Joseph II declared, "only it is not a piece for my Viennese." In vain the composer modified his original score, adding a brilliant aria for Donna Elvira, writing an andante for the tenor, composing a new duet; Vienna looked coldly upon the actors, Morella, Bussani, Madame Lange, and upon the composer, although since Gluck's death he had become Kapellmeister of His Imperial Majesty. Beethoven, although he admired Mozart's music (he together with Abbé Stadler defended it vehemently later) could never bring himself to an approval of the subject of this opera because of a dislike for such a braggart of vice as Lorenzo da Ponte prided himself on being, and *Fidelio* became later a kind of anti-*Don Giovanni*. When Leporello

describes his scoundrel of a master who loves in turn blondes and brunettes, thin and plump, big and little, old and young—

*Nella bionda egli ha l'usanza
Di lodar la gentilezza;
Vuol d'inverno la grassotta
Vuol d'estate la magrotta . . .*

the continent Beethoven refrained from smiling. He no more approved of the easy morals of Zerlina and Mazetto. "The merry-making of fools does not last long." "*Poco dura de' matti la festa.*" The freedom that he extolled was not license to love and dance extravagantly at the invitation of a murderous seducer. He said one day to Ritter Ignaz von Seyfried: "Mozart's masterpiece remains *Die Zauberflöte*; it is there that he shows himself to be a German master. *Don Giovanni* throughout retains the Italian form; and then, too, a consecrated art ought never to allow itself to be degraded by the folly of so scandalous a subject."

After the Viennese failure of his work Mozart followed Prince Lichnowski on a journey to Berlin, refused employment and honors offered by Frederick William II because of Austrian patriotism (we shall see Beethoven acting in the same manner), composed *Così fan Tutti* and wrote *La Clemenza di Tito* for the kindly disposed city of Prague on the occasion of Leopold II's coronation. He offered his last work, *Die Zauberflöte* as a final homage to Vienna. Only once more do we see the master at work, in a little summer house in a garden in the suburb of Wieden, gay, carefree, inexhaustible in his inventiveness, which he amended and changed at the caprice of his friends. However, meanwhile he was ill, obliged often to keep to his bed, paler than ever; he knew that he had composed the *Requiem*, of which he talked with

his dear wife on their melancholy walks in the Prater, for himself. He would drag himself painfully up to the little *Brauhaus*, Die Silberne Schlange, where he liked to go to drink, although Italian singers congregated there often. Short of wood during the winter like Beethoven, he danced with Konstanze in order to keep warm. It was in the snow and rain of a December day that, after he had closed his eyes forever, after his coffin had been covered by the black pall of the brotherhood of Death, he was borne to the cemetery; the storm frightened the few friends who accompanied him halfway to his grave, and they took refuge in the Silberne Schlange. His end was, like his life, gracious, smiling and serene; his senses still sufficiently keen to hear a bird in an adjacent room. The men with him in his last hours were those who were to welcome the young Beethoven: Albrechtsberger and van Swieten. Vienna mourned, but less tenderly than Prague; more grateful than others, and without doubt, more moved by this tragic end, the newcomer was to give him several phrases of his *Quartet in A* as a splendid shroud.

Towards the end of the year 1791 at the time that Mozart disappeared into the poor-pit at the Marxer Friedhof without even the smallest cross to mark his grave, Schubert had not yet been born. It was not until 1797 that in the Viennese suburb of Lichtenthal, the family of a worthy schoolmaster, a good pedagogue, and a fine musician was graced by a new child, intended for a most touching destiny. Another example of that musical impregnation which, in this exceptional milieu, fecundated talents. A pupil at the Imperial Chapel and the municipal Konvikt, Franz, when still a child, was charmed by the works of Haydn and Mozart, the profoundly moving *Symphony in G minor*, the overture to *Le Nozze*, and the melodic richness of *Die Zauberflöte*. Since Father Gluck, tradition had continued without a

break, without a rupture. The history of Austrian music toward the end of the eighteenth century is a dazzling succession of luminaries.

Younger than Beethoven by eight years, Johann Nepomuk Hummel, son of the Kapellmeister of Schikaneder's theater, pupil of Mozart and Albrechtsberger, Haydn's successor with Prince Esterházy, also lived in Vienna pursuing evasive resources; we shall find him in mourning near the death bed of the Master. Thus an incomparable family was completed, united by the common bonds of race, modest beginnings, perseverance in work, and genius. If one prefers, Beethoven was the summit, but a summit in a high ridge. Salieri, who ought not to be undervalued, struggled a little lower, nearer the valley; one must acknowledge in him a flexible and clever talent; overshadowed by Gluck, he won for himself an honorable name, and after 1787 he directed the court orchestra. Signor Bonbonieri, as he was called, taught Beethoven how to set Italian texts.)

In so small a region, and in so short a space of time, such coincidence is astonishing. Unless one refuses to music, on the ground that it is altogether insubstantial, the same considerations granted to belles-lettres or painting, isn't one tempted to say that the history of the arts offers few such confluences? A miracle of mankind similar to that given us by the period of Leo X or that of Louis XIV, to use academic labels. Joseph II contributed only through his good-natured protection. However, the geographical position of Vienna facilitated this concentration on music. What better place was there in which to collect the Slavic melodies which we hear frisking in the Beethoven quartets in the form of Russian themes? Here was the gateway to Italy.) Domenico Cimarosa, who went to Russia, following Paisiello's example, but who was unable to endure the climate of the

country, stopped in Vienna on his return; there he wrote *Il Matrimonio segreto*, about 1792, which won a tremendous success, and with which Beethoven was enchanted. Ferdinando Paër left the theater of Venice where he directed the orchestra to settle in Vienna, and Mozart's influence on his style is noticeable from this time on. We know that he wrote, in 1821, his *Maître de Chapel* with the express purpose of jeering at the exaggerations of the Italian school. Cherubini was to be exalted here. The social conditions of Austria favored this prolific blossoming. Musicians were as necessary to Prince Esterházy as were cooks; it was necessary that the Bishop of Salzburg have a good organist. Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, as children, breathed an air saturated with music. But from where did their genius come? And why did this genius select sons of the lower classes from all the others who had only talent? Mozart, little Redstart, who can tell what was the secret of your mysterious inspiration in the henceforth sacred forest of Salzburg?

Even though feeling confuses research, it is difficult to approach such a subject calmly. Or if one maintains his judgment, it is like yours, Father Gluck, an impassioned judgment. Beethoven often visited and consulted Johann Schenck, renowned for his religious music, for his *Mass* performed in the Magdalenenkirche, for his *Stabat*, and also for his mastery of the Singspiel, for his *Der Dorfbarbier*, which was presented by all the German theaters. Schenck also wrote symphonies; his dream was to compose an opera after Gluck's style, and to rise to the heights of lyric drama. The newcomer had received his theoretic education from Johann Georg Albrechtsberger, the *regens chori* of the Carmelites. Beethoven was soon to be twenty-five years old, nevertheless he was constantly studying. Albrechtsberger

taught composition with an authority justified by his treatises, or even certain of his compositions. Beethoven, as his declarations to the pianist, Potter, indicate, worshipped this master. Already the personality of the pupil was too strong to bend to the academic demands of the rigorous professor, who complained of having to guide a true "musical free-thinker." Much less could he be satisfied with the cleverness that Salieri taught. Although Beethoven put himself forth as a pianist, and although, passing by degrees from virtuosity to composition, he concentrated on the variation form, yet one perceives that little by little he acquired self-confidence, in spite of Haydn's reserve, in spite of the hostility of certain colleagues, and thanks to the friendly interest of a number of patrons.

In the city of Vienna, which war had not yet disturbed, in the midst of a society in which only a select few had a taste for pure music, far removed from the theaters that played very little except an Italian repertoire, the new Mozart, careless with money, enthusiastic, eager to observe and to learn, in great demand as a virtuoso but firmly determined not to be satisfied with his first success, associated with princely families not yet affected by hard times, freed himself from the state of servility which had burdened the musicians of the preceding period, took part in the soirées which the intelligent Baron van Swieten held, tried his new compositions at Prince Lichnowski's morning musicales, and had himself presented to the generous Count Rasoumowsky. And the dilettanti, Haydn's friends, the admirers of *Don Giovanni*, had no trouble in discerning in this red-faced young man with the dishevelled hair and the unconventional behavior, who improvised in so brilliant a manner, the rival or the heir of the Masters of Music. Haydn and Mozart, confirmed Josephists, were affiliated with the

Freemasons, the former with the lodge Zur wahren Eintracht, the latter with the lodge Zur gekrönten Hoffnung. According to all probability Beethoven imitated them: evidence can be found in examining the manuscripts of the *Seventh Quartet*. In the salons, enlivened by charming and beautiful women, and frequented by silk-stockinged musicians, he apparently took great pride in preserving a provincial manner, an almost slovenly attire, a coarse voice, and a blunt humor. But those who already knew him, who had listened to him, were charmed by his genius, and whereas Prince Esterházy made Haydn wait in his antechamber, the Countess von Thun begged Beethoven's favor on her knees.

(Certain statements of the young Master furnish basis for the belief that he carried with him numerous manuscripts from which he borrowed the musical ideas for his subsequent works. It is generally accepted, however, that the beginning of the Viennese period was marked by the *Three Trios for Piano, Violin, and Cello*, dedicated to Prince Karl Lichnowski (op. 1), and by the *Three Sonatas* dedicated to Haydn (op. 2). These were the basis, at any rate, of his first success. Artaria published these two series of pieces in 1795. The trios, played at the Prince's palace, gained Haydn's approbation, except the third in C minor. A difference of opinion arose between the two musicians. Not that the Master was jealous, as the pupil, so readily distrustful, suspected and declared him to be. Haydn at the most showed surprise. The young composer whom the Elector of Cologne had entrusted to him, and who had little by little freed himself, treated the trio with a richness, an amplitude of phrase, and an intensity of expressiveness unknown up to that time. Let us note, from now on, this alternation of joy and sadness so obvious in all Beethovenian work, and if, as a Ger-

man critic observes, the third piece astonished the guests of Prince Lichnowski by "the dynamic will power," by the "noble human seriousness" that it expressed, we can understand these impressions. Beethoven conquered his personality little by little; he protected it against criticism, all his work henceforth was to be stamped with it. Over twenty years of work, an infinite patience, an incessant study gave him the right to assert his originality. Ries relates this anecdote: The composer of *The Creation* wanted Beethoven to inscribe on the score, *pupil of Haydn*; Beethoven refused: "He gave me lessons," he declared, "but I learned nothing from him."

One can conclude that in the substitution of a scherzo for the traditional minuet in composing the trio, the character of this personality was already revealed. The minuet maintained a formal demeanor, elevated and precise, which it owed to its origin, even though each musician, Haydn or Mozart, varied it according to his own genius. The scherzo permitted of much more movement, more fantasy, greater freedom, more life. So Beethoven transformed and made this medium in which his contemporary, Rust, excelled, more flexible. Listen to the beautiful phrase, inspired and singing (*sempre piano et dolce*), which enters in the middle of the *prestissimo* of the first sonata, or to the *largo appassionato* (*tenuto sempre* in the right hand, *staccato* in the left) of the second sonata; this adagio, interpreted by a commentator as a meditation under a starry sky, expresses a mood in a manner heretofore unknown, and it is already completely Beethoven, with his profundity and mystery. Musical inspiration proceeded from the depths of his soul. A new element was introduced into music in the same manner that a revolution in French poetry was manifested when Chénier addressed himself to the pastoral muse in a tone

which the rational poets of the eighteenth century had not known.

*Mes chants savent tout peindre. Accours, viens les entendre.
Ma voix plaît, Astérie, elle est flexible et tendre.
Philomèle, les bois, les eaux, les pampres verts,
Les Muses, le printemps habitent dans mes vers.
Le baiser dans mes vers étincelle et respire.*

(My songs express all. Make haste to hear them. My voice is pleasant, Asteria, and tender. Philomela, the woods, the streams, green buds, the Muses, the spring, all dwell in my verse. Caresses therein do breathe and glow.)

The pages of Jean Chantavoine's *Beethoven* reveal clearly and forcibly with a remarkable power of analysis the changes wrought by Beethoven in the sonata, whose form had been cast by Philipp Emanuel Bach and Haydn, the liberties he took with this medium whose logical order tradition had fixed, the facility with which he inserted life, thought, and reverie into this frame. ("Beethoven makes the sonata, until his time a somewhat rigid mold, bend to the inclinations of his mood, or his emotions. He preserves it, he strengthens its unity; but *it is less a unity of plan or of tonality than a unity of expression; instead of coming from the exterior, it is internal.*") Romain Rolland agrees with this assertion. The essential point has already been made by Richard Wagner who dwelt on this subject because he considered Beethoven as being above all, a composer of sonatas; it was the form that suited him best, "the mask through which he gazed into the realm of sound."

Of this medium, Emanuel Bach, Haydn, and Mozart had made a sort of "compromise between the German and the Italian conception of music." "With the sonata, the musi-

cian presented himself to the public, which he, as a pianist, had to amuse by his virtuosity, and at the same time, entertain by an agreeable musical discourse of his own composition." It was no longer like the immortal Johann Sebastian performing for his congregation the *Christmas Oratorio*, or the *Magnificat*. "A tremendous abyss separates the marvelous master of the fugue from the fosterers of the sonata. The art of the fugue was studied by the latter as a means of solidifying musical training, but was applied to the sonata only as an artificiality; the formidable weight of counterpoint continued to give precedence to the delight of a constant eurythmy; to fill out the prescribed scheme, in terms of Italian euphony, appeared to be the only demand made of music. In the instrumental music of Haydn we fancy that we see a captivated demon perform before us with the childlikeness of one born an old man." Beethoven submitted at first to this influence, but through his boldness, through his independence, he freed himself from it, rejecting all the convention and rhetoric of his predecessors.) In this reform Wagner observed and pointed out the triumph of the Teutonic spirit, and all but defeat of the French classical spirit. A prejudiced and spurious opinion, inasmuch as the movement that effected a change in Beethoven's music acted also in our country in slowly leading it towards romantic principles, inasmuch as this movement proceeded from us, from our Rousseau, from the Revolution. It was indeed France that, about this epoch, modified "the spirit of the European peoples," and liberated personal inspiration in art. Goethe and Schiller did not deny it. Feeling and the individual won their rights; a new era was born. The "inner spirit" of which Wagner speaks extricated itself; within the traditional sonata or trio forms, lyricism appeared like a spring gushing out from the heart of a forest. Let us enjoy

the emotion that seized the guests of Prince Lichnowski in the morning musicales, when they heard the first trios and the first sonatas (the third especially, the richest of the group). The true Beethoven was formed now, and despite the importance of the variations, the general line of his work remained, from this time on, the same. Here we are far removed from virtuosity, from musical diversion. These works are valued because of their quality of musical inspiration; these pages—to recapitulate, and to simplify Wagner's description—are *lighted from within*. There is no longer a frame for the melody; each part of the accompaniment, each rhythmic note, even the rests, all become melody. The listener no longer dwells on the structural merits, he permits himself to be moved, charmed. This music acts primarily like poetry; the adagio is a *Lied*.

Vincent d'Indy has devoted one of the most admirable chapters of his *Cours de Composition Musicale* to a technical study of the Beethovenian sonata, dominated by the pursuit of the idea, "sparks stolen from infinity."

In June, 1795, the Kärntnertheater performed *La Molinara* of Paisiello. The Italian composer, master of the opera buffa, who had won success some years before with his *Barbiere di Siviglia*, had composed this work in Naples, where Ferdinand IV had selected him for his Maestro di Cappella. (Beethoven wrote one set of variations on the theme: *Quant' è più bello l'amor contadino*, dedicated to Lichnowski, and another set, delightfully light and fresh, on the duet, *Nel cor più non mi sento*.)

The following interesting works appeared about the time of the trios and sonatas of 1795: variations on *Se vuol ballare* from *Le Nozze di Figaro* dedicated to Eleonora von Breuning, *Es war einmal ein alter Mann* from *Das rote Käppchen* of von Dittersdorf, twelve *Minuets*, twelve *German*

Dances, and several songs. The German Opera was directed by Ignaz Umlauf, who sometimes took Salieri's place at the Court Chapel. His comic operas *Die Bergknappen*, *Die schöne Schusterin oder die pücefärbenen Schuhe*, *Die Apotheke*, and still many others were very popular, and his ballads were sung everywhere. Beethoven was inspired by them to write several pleasing pieces. The Germany of the end of the eighteenth century was infatuated with the work of Friedrich Matthisson. Schiller himself praised this poetry "animated by an enlightened and serene humanity; beautiful scenes of nature are reflected in his calm and limpid soul as on the surface of water." This writer, well informed, at any rate, broadened by much travelling, had published a collection of *Lieder* in Breslau in 1781, and some *Gedichte* in 1787, which quickly won popularity. On words taken from him Beethoven composed *Das Opferlied*, and *Adelaide*. He wrote a *Concerto in C major* (op. 15) and played it in a concert in the Burgtheater, and in order to show his devotion to the memory of Mozart, performed one of his works in an interlude of *Tito*. But whatever be the worth of these pieces whose dates of composition are still disputed, and of which several were not published until later, and although he believed his *Adelaide* to be outstanding, the trios and sonatas are the works which are for us the most important, and which mark the epoch when Beethoven extricated himself, shook off the somewhat heavy yoke of Haydn in order to assert his youthful powers. It is not necessary to exaggerate the contrasts. In the work of the musician henceforth acclaimed, everything is development, slow maturation; his genius developed according to the very processes of nature and of life, of the opening flower, and of the growing tree. In default of good instruction, Haydn offered him excellent examples. It does not suffice to admire

the old Master, his facility, his abounding imagination, and the charm of his minuets. A close kinship unites the works of Beethoven to those of his forerunner. If one wishes to give an account of it, one should reread Haydn's *Third Sonata in E flat major*, particularly the fine *adagio cantabile* with its serene emotion. Beethoven, in seeking lyricism, would go much farther. The ardor of his temperament carried him into rages which nearly set him on bad terms with von Breuning, and for which he apologized in that letter to Eleonora in which he begged her to send him a knitted waistcoat of hare's wool in token of forgiveness. He wept, and he smiled; but, crossed by storms and fits, he found a safeguard in his love for the art to which he had decided to sacrifice everything. We have seen the presence of genius, a power still somewhat awkward but irresistible; a wealth of inspired ideas and themes which transformed and gave life to the traditional contrapuntal forms; more feeling than gallantry and wit. From now on we are conquered.

CHAPTER IV

THE INNER FIRE

THUS Beethoven came to Vienna. In 1796 he undertook a short journey to Prague and Berlin, about which anecdotes abound, but of which we know little in precise detail. Prague, altogether delightful, was the city that had fêted Mozart. Lodged at the inn of the Unicorn, Beethoven met his friend Prince Lichnowski, infatuated like himself with music, earned some money, composed a song for Madame Duschek, irritated certain of his hearers by the spirited independence of his improvisation, and by his playing. At Berlin he was presented to the court, Frederick William II, a liberal sovereign perhaps, certainly a sensual one, philosophized in the style of the period, practised on the cello, admired Handel, Gluck, and Mozart. The Singakademie, directed by the celebrated Zelter, exhibited with great pride its splendid chorus of forty-eight voices. The nephew of the King, Ludwig Ferdinand, composed. Beethoven dedicated two grand sonatas for the harpsichord or piano and cello (op. 5) to Frederick William. He made the acquaintance of the two Duport brothers, Jean-Pierre and Jean-Louis, both cellists; the latter entered the service of Empress Marie-Louise later. The political issues were aggravated to the extent of a quarrel between Austria and France. Carnot had formulated a plan for launching three armies against Vienna, and for establishing there the colors of the Republic. Three commanders: Jourdan, Moreau, and Bonaparte. Three routes:

the Main valley, the Danube valley, the Po plain. The Main plan miscarried. Jourdan allowed himself to be beaten by the Archduke Karl, and had to recross the Rhine. Moreau, who had advanced up to Munich, hastily returned to Alsace. But as for the Italian campaign, a twenty-seven-year-old Corsican (about a year older than Beethoven), a former student at the Military School on whom his teachers had passed the same opinion as, it is said, Mozart passed on the little Bonn musician, a friend of Robespierre the younger, had submitted to the Committee of Public Safety a plan of march considerably like Carnot's; and, placed during Vendémiaire at the head of the Italian campaign, crushing all resistance through the audacity of his spirit, he began advancing in April, 1796, from victory to victory, dispersing the Austrian armies of superior numbers, pursuing them, wresting the Duchy of Milan from them by sheer force, gaining the stronghold of Mantua from Wurmser who reorganized his army in vain, driving fearlessly at the capital itself, breaking through mountain passes, and crossing rivers, until in the spring of 1797, his triumphant vanguards appeared at the Semmering, on the borders of Styria and Lower Austria, about sixty miles from the Imperial Palace.

Here also is something lyric! Isolated by the failure of his colleagues, what genius must he have displayed, to resist by himself the weight of the entire Austrian forces, to struggle against the constant affluxion of enemy reserves! But his enthusiasm was contagious, and he gathered legions in advancing; he negotiated with cunning, and when he attacked, it was like lightning. He had the agility of a wrestler in breaking a bad hold, and when he saw the possibility of bearing down, his violence was ruthless. He advanced, arrayed in courage, illuminated by prestige, serene and determined, imposing his calmness on a little army,

which, without him, would have fallen in despair, bending towards Mother Earth, who, in order to protect him against the superiority of his adversaries, loaned him her marshes, her highways, and her embankments. The spirit with which Verona watched him passing was like that with which it had once received Dante. In all likelihood the destiny of Italy, Austria, and France rested for a time on a narrow bridge which would permit him, if he crossed it, to overtake the rearguard of Alvinzy. After three days of maneuvering in mire and blood, among reed grass and willow trees, he wrested a victory, avenging Moreau and Jourdan. Already shining in the distance was the fame of this youthful general with the hollow cheeks, feverish look, modest and stern, who, through the science of his maneuvers, with his fifty thousand Frenchmen to the strains of *Chant du départ*, had engaged in more than sixty battles, and had vanquished 200,000 Austrians.

Study his sharp profile, cut by Gros, in the Louvre. What a contrast between the life that he established about himself, and the peacefulness of that pitiful, smoky dwelling where an Emperor and so many Archdukes lived. Golovkine, who two years before had passed through Vienna, described this sovereign, well educated, endowed with good sense, but always hesitant and perplexed; the solitary court, the Count of Colloredo more qualified to manage a school than a monarchy, "those little firecrackers set off with candles every evening by the ladies-in-waiting to amuse their Imperial and Royal Majesties, the raising of cabbages in flower pots on the terrace of the palace, and the old Baron van Swieten, dispossessed of an apartment which he had occupied during three reigns because he could see all this through his windows." How sad Vienna would be were there no Prince of Ligne or several young Poles to meet!

One person, however, was aroused. If one were not afraid of dramatizing, one could say that between Bonaparte and Beethoven a duel commenced. On words by Lieutenant Friedelberg, the musician wrote for the departure of the volunteers the *Abschiedsgesang an Wiens Bürger* (the same date as the battle of Arcole). The *Abschiedsgesang* says, "No lament shall echo when the Flag departs from here (Keine Klage soll erschallen wenn von hier die Fahne zieht). No tears shall fall from the eyes that gaze after it. Pride shall burn on every countenance . . ." In April of the following year Beethoven composed another *Kriegslied der Oesterreicher*, which began with these words: "We are a great German people; we are powerful and just. You French, do you doubt it? You French, you understand us poorly. For our prince is good, our courage is sublime." Nevertheless, they shipped the belongings of the sovereign and the archives up the Danube; they sent the princesses to Hungary, and the Archduke Karl himself asked for peace. In the garden of Leoben, the Austrians discussed etiquette, while Napoleon declared to them, "The French Republic in Europe is like the rising sun; it does not need your recognition." The lively sketches of Charles Meynier show us the various episodes in this contest: the defeat of July, 1796, at Bergamo, and the French obliged to retreat before Wurmser's troops; Bonaparte signing the armistice of Peschiera in a room from the windows of which the Republican army can be seen marching past in the sunshine; Augereau breaking through one of the gates of Verona with cannon shot; the surrender at Mantua; Correggio's Madonna carried off from the Academy at Parma, and delivered to the victors. Francis II evacuated Milan and Belgium, recognized the Rhine as the French frontier, and sanctioned the republics created in Italy through Bonaparte's revolutionary ardor. The domains of the last Elector of

Cologne were incorporated into the Cis-Rhenish Republic. Bonn became the chief city of the Département, and in the Martinplatz, a tree of liberty bathed its leaves in the sunshine.

It is easy to understand what it was that won Beethoven, despite his German patriotism, over to the glory of the Revolutionary general whom the plenipotentiaries approached with fear and trembling, and for whom the elated mob waited hours long under the windows of the Serbelloni palace. Even in his rages, serious or feigned, he seemed so liberal, so generous, so courteous! "I shall break your plummets," he declared to the aristocrats of Venice. Reread that deferential letter to Prince Karl in which the popular feeling of the time is expressed in the style of a great lord: "Monsieur le général en chef, gallant soldiers have made war, and desire peace. Has not this war lasted six years? Have we not killed enough people and caused enough misery to a saddened humanity? It entreats from all sides. . . . It is necessary indeed that it be hearkened to, inasmuch as everything has a limit, even passions of hatred. You, monsieur le général en chef, who by birth are so close to the throne, and are above all the petty passions that often sway ministers and governments, are you resolved to merit the title of benefactor of all humanity, and of true savior of Germany?"

During the years 1796-1797, Beethoven continued to appear in public concerts, composed, and had performed the *Quintet for Piano, Oboe, Clarinet, Bassoon, and Horn, or Violin, Viola and Cello* (op. 16), dedicated to Schwarzenberg, on the themes of which he liked to improvise. Although Beethoven denied it, one can see the influence of *Don Giovanni*, in the *andante cantabile*, and perhaps that of *Die Zauberflöte* in the rondo. He wrote minuets, serenades, and

dances.) The charming *Variations* on a duet from *Die Zauberflöte* for piano and cello (op. 66), published first by Johann Traeg and later by Artaria, are associated with this period; a delightful musical poem of youthful freshness, both exquisite and impassioned, which Alfred Cortot and Casals played at the Paris Opera on June 16, 1927. It is claimed that Beethoven often visited the French legation directed by Bernadotte, and that he met the violinist Rodolphe Kreutzer there. A detail well worth mentioning.

By virtue of a resolution of the Directoire confirming the law of the 18th of Fructidor, in the fourth year of the first French Republic, Bernadotte had received from the Minister of Foreign Relations an order not to recognize "under any pretext, and in the case of any person whatever, any other official rank than that of citizen." "All persons," said Article Two of the Resolution, "who style themselves, or receive officially any other rank or title, or reply to any memoranda, letters, or notes, or writings whatsoever, in which they are addressed by any other title than that of citizen, shall cease to be employed." For Baron von Thugut, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Citizen Bernadotte, appointed after the Treaty of Campo-Formio "was one of those men the best of whom is worth nothing," but the Directoire had appointed him. For conservative Austria, Bernadotte represented the Revolution, guilty of having an archduchess brought to the gallows, and symbolized the armies which in less than two years had conquered Italy. With him, as Frédéric Masson has written, the Revolution itself entered Vienna. Provided with instructions from Talleyrand, the one-time volunteer of the Royal-Marine who had won all of his advancements at the point of a sword, arrived as conqueror. He shocked the Austrian aristocracy with his long dishevelled hair, sprinkled with

powder, and his pistol-shaped side whiskers on a strong face lighted by fiery eyes. A singsong manner of talking in the patois of Southern France. A uniform almost completely without trappings (the greater the distance from the field of battle, the greater the number of decorations on the uniform). On his military hat, a tricolored plume. Bernadotte had orders to take precedence over all the ambassadors except the nuncio. The Republic in its youthful prestige permitted itself every audacity.

Surrounded by several secretaries, the oldest of whom was not yet twenty-five, having crossed the frontier without passport, contenting himself with sending his secretary to Minister von Thugut on his arrival, Bernadotte occupied a floor in a palace on the Wallnerstrasse. He openly proclaimed his republican convictions. "Distinctions of rank," he wrote to his comrade Ernouf, "are so degrading that I am indeed at a loss to understand how it is possible for so many princes and cordons still to exist." He demanded an introduction to the Empress, and addressed a little compliment to her in which he mentioned the relations that the Republic had re-established with the Emperor "her husband," and in which he congratulated her on her "philanthropic principles." In the Court circles they flattered him to the point where the "favorites and the courtesans had to take recourse to smelling salts in order to prevent swooning away." Von Thugut submitted to this brigandish diplomacy with terror. Bernadotte received French Jacobins and German partisans of the Revolution in his hotel. It is said that he knew Hummel. In the theaters he ordered his attendants to hiss at the cries of *Long live the Emperor!*

As for the rest, he took care of that himself, when he admitted that he was little suited to diplomatic service, and asked for his recall. He cancelled his subscription to

the Court Theater. He had the tricolored flag hoisted up over the façade of his hotel; it was his reply to a government that had proceeded to authorize a festival in honor of the volunteers of the preceding year. The mob gathered, hooting and flinging stones. Bernadotte, in uniform, himself intervened, hand on the hilt of his sword. "What is this rabble up to?" he cried. "I shall kill at least six of you." He jostled the commissary. The flag was pulled down with hooks, carried to the Schottenplatz, and burned with torches; this was on the 13th of April, 1798. The cavalry had to be called from Schönbrunn in order to free the embassy. Citizen Bernadotte insisted on an immediate reparation, refused all investigations, accused the great Austrian lords, Schwarzenberg, Kinsky, Lobkowitz, denounced Rasoumowsky, and demanded his passports: he had been in Vienna only two months and six days, but he left unforgettable memories. Two volumes of documents preserved at the Foreign Office contain the detailed account of this episode; they comprise the reports of the citizen ambassador, the draft of a letter from the Directoire Exécutif to His Majesty the Emperor, King of Hungary and Bohemia, and a forceful dispatch from General Bonaparte to "Monsieur Louis, Comte Cobenzl," dated the 6th of Floréal, sixth year of the first French Republic, which closes this way: "But if this influence or individual interests guided the Viennese Chancellery as they seem to have guided the operations of the police on the day of the 24th of Germinal, there would remain for the French nation only one course of action, and that would be to blot out a number of European powers, or to blot out the House of Austria itself."

One would like to think, as it is sometimes supposed, that Bernadotte received Beethoven at Wallnerstrasse, and acquainted him with the instructions for the political agents

of the Republic in foreign countries, which the Minister of Foreign Relations, Citizen Talleyrand, had sent down to him under the date of the 5th of Pluviôse, sixth year. Article Three said: "With regard to the disputes that have so disturbed the former diplomacy, the political officials of the Nation resolutely declare that the French people regards all peoples as brothers and equals, and that it wishes to dispel all idea of supremacy or precedence . . ." Bernadotte wrote in one of his dispatches, "It is necessary to know how to accept honors with the same courage that one accepts death." One could imagine the pleasure of the young composer, his delight at the contact with these French republicans whose spirit he understood. But this would be too romantic, we believe. One of the most avowed adversaries of Bernadotte was Rasoumowsky. The ambassador made the following memorandum in one of his reports: "A person of broad education, insufferable arrogance and undue egotism, capable of sacrificing everything, even his family, for the Royal cause." But Rasoumowsky was Beethoven's patron. And moreover, the incident of the flag had been provoked by the anniversary festival of the soldiers' departure, for which he had composed the *Abschiedsgesang*.

(Beethoven went to Prague again, where he improvised on a theme from Mozart's *Tito*.) The composer Tomaschek heard him. We ought to record his testimony, which Prod'homme cites; it is that of a cultivated man, in his time the best Bohemian technician, and an excellent improviser; he compiled a treatise on harmony, which was apparently not published. "Beethoven's magnificent playing, and particularly the daring flights of his improvisation, stirred me strangely to the depths of my soul; indeed I found myself so profoundly bowed down that I did not touch the pianoforte for several days, and only an inextinguishable

love of art and reason persuaded me to resume as before my pilgrimages to the piano, with an increased application . . . I admired his powerful and brilliant playing, but his frequent daring digressions from one motive to another, whereby the organic connection, the gradual development of ideas was put aside, did not escape me. . . . Faults of this nature frequently weaken his greatest compositions, those which sprang from a too exuberant conception. . . . The singular and the original seemed to be his chief aim in composition, as is confirmed by the answer which he made to a lady who asked him 'if he often attended Mozart's operas,' namely, that he did not know them, and did not care to hear music of others lest he forfeit some of his originality."

In the eyes of the public, Beethoven was only a piano virtuoso, above all remarkable for his improvisation. He was compared to Joseph Woelfl, the admirable virtuoso who had just triumphed in Poland, and whom Paris several years later acclaimed, a pupil of Leopold Mozart and Michael Haydn. These performers also composed; Woelfl added to the number of concertos, quartets, variations, fugues, fantasias, and rondos. Vienna was musically debauched. A friend, Karl Amenda, disclosed new horizons to Beethoven's spirit. This theologian-violinist came from Courland, from an abundant and fruitful country, rich in wheat and wood, which Catherine had reunited to the Russian Empire. The Duchy in which Karl was born, and in which he was to die, held memories of the tragic fate of Anne's favorite, Jean de Biren, whose life unfolded like a novel between cruelties and banishments, with the most brutal reversals of fortune. Maurice de Saxe also left in these lands memories of the passions and the intrigues of his capricious youth. The son of a musician, and a musician

himself, Amenda studied theology in the old University of Jena, which Schiller and Goethe also attended. He was for Beethoven a valued companion, who in the course of their frequent walks between two recitals, without doubt introduced the virtuoso to philosophical speculation, and strengthened in him his interest in the "inner life." "You are a proven friend, quite different from the others," wrote Beethoven to him, "you are not a Viennese friend; no, you are a friend like those the soil of *ma patrie* produces." Beethoven remained faithful to the spirit of the Rhine. However, in certain letters, he was a forerunner of Nietzsche. "Power," he wrote to Zmeskall, "is the morality by which some men are distinguished from others, and it is also mine." The caprice of a being who struggled sharply for existence, whose unsociability and originality were ill at ease in an ultra-polished society, and who tended to dominate and collide with obstacles on all sides. Indeed, this moody individual was a man of duty, of stern integrity. Along with Amenda and Lichnowski, from whom he received an annuity of six hundred florins, his best friends were Stephan von Breuning, the brother, and Dr. Wegeler, the husband of Eleonora. It was in them that he confided. His *patrie* was the region of Bonn, "the beautiful country in which he had first seen the light of the world." He wanted to return after his ambition had been satisfied. And what was this ambition? "When you see me again, I shall be great; it is not the artist whom you shall find greater, but the man whom you shall find better, more perfect, and if our country is then more prosperous, my art shall be consecrated to the poor." (Sensitive to feminine charm, if one is to believe the testimony of his friends, Beethoven had already perhaps thought of marrying Magdalena Willmann, the young singer from Bonn, when he was called to give lessons to Giulietta

Guicciardi, the cousin of the Brunswick sisters, and the daughter of a court councillor. Giulietta was fifteen years of age, he, thirty. A miniature lent to the Rathaus Exhibit by Dr. Stephan von Breuning reveals her with serene eyes, hair curling over her forehead, and nothing especially expressive about her. Beethoven, the teacher, proved to be exceedingly severe, demanding always correct *expression*. He easily got into a temper, throwing music about, and tearing it to pieces. He accepted no money in payment, but linen, which he believed that she herself had sewed. Such was the memory which Giulietta retained of her teacher fifty years later. Beethoven had at first presented her with the *Rondo in G*, which he later reclaimed, it seems, in order to send it to Eleonora. He dedicated to her the *C sharp minor Sonata quasi una fantasia*, suggested to him by a German ballad, according to Wyzewa, which owes to a publisher the name *Moonlight Sonata*, under which it has become famous.

In the summer of 1801, Beethoven loved and believed himself to be loved; he dreamed of marriage with Giulietta. But in 1803 the daughter of the court councillor married a mediocre melomaniac, a ballet composer provided with a title, Count Robert von Gallenberg. She is met with again later at the Congress of Vienna, watched by the police as a possible emissary of Murat. Beethoven's confidences to Schindler, however brief and somewhat confused, justify the thought that she already showed the characteristics of an adventuress; she did not conceal her preference for Gallenberg; but, deprived of resources despite his father's title, she acquiesced in her teacher's attempts to obtain money for her. Beethoven, we find, ended by despising her. Giulietta's cousin Therese Brunswick came from Hungary in the spring

of 1799, with her mother and her younger sister, the heedless Josephine, who married Count Deym.

At the end of April, 1798, Haydn's *Die Schöpfung* was performed for the first time. The librarian van Swieten, at whose home Beethoven was received, supplied the text for it, translated from an English poem of Lindley.¹ Two private performances were given at the home of Prince Schwarzenberg; the first public performance did not take place until March 19, 1799, at the Nationaltheater. Then van Swieten proposed to the old master a German adaptation of Thomson's *Seasons*; the work was performed with great success at the home of Prince Schwarzenberg in the spring of 1801 and, on the 29th of May in the same year, at the Redoutensaal. Haydn rested after this effort. Madame Michel Brenet informs us that he had the following phrase, which he had previously set to music, engraved on his visiting cards: "My powers are exhausted; I am old and feeble."

Beethoven's production, on the contrary, became so abundant in this period between 1795 and 1800 that it is necessary to single out the works in which the development of his genius is best indicated. "I live in the midst of music; scarcely is one thing finished before I commence another. As I am writing now I often do two or three things at one time." (He was approaching his thirtieth year; in him strength and vigor overflowed.) It is possible to discuss only certain examples from this profusion of works composed by a creator whose power was limited only by an encroaching infirmity, and who, sometimes resigned but more often rebellious, wished to seize fate by the throat. (Mention alone of the following will have to suffice: two sonatinas, some variations, minuets, bagatelles, several pieces for piano and violin, piano and cello, piano and horn, piano and orchestra,

some songs, some Italian airs, and French chansons, and numerous sketches. The sonata for harpsichord or piano, the *Grand sonata* (op. 7), published in 1796, and dedicated to Countess Babette von Keglevics, by itself would mark the blossoming of Beethovenian inspiration; in publishing this piece separately, he indicated his desire to give a new significance to a genre that suited him surpassingly well; in a frame richer, more varied than that of the 1795 sonatas, spirited and playful in the first allegro and the final rondo, it testifies in the largo to the expressive force that the Master had attained. The craftsmanship of this work has been spoken of in appraising it. Craftsmanship is certainly not the word that fits this work designated by the composer himself, *amoureuse*. Here is a full-bodied musical lyricism, far from affected styles and clever formulas; the allegro itself turns to meditation. In the largo, under the veil of those phrases, broken by tragic pauses, all the inner life of the musician is delineated. How much richer a source of information than the poverty of anecdotic biography! And without question, it is impossible to determine what feeling this or that inspiration obeyed; a musical confession keeps its secret; therein lies its admirable advantage over a literary confession, which requires names and words. Everyone is able to recognize and to read into it his own grief, his own hope. Beethoven remembered some of his innumerable improvisations, and wrote them out; there were a few flowers in the garden where his imagination played, that he preferred. He made a new bouquet of them, the collection of *Three Sonatas* dedicated to Countess von Browne (op. 10), which were published by Joseph Eder, on the Graben, during the summer of 1798. In the first two, which seem to be the oldest, Haydn's influence is still very obvious; besides, reminiscences abound in a musician well

acquainted with the literature, with the tradition, in one who searches here and there for themes for his variations. But with the third, as in the solo sonata, inspiration becomes entirely personal; it shatters the learned systematization of pedants. It becomes tempestuous as the melodies gush forth in the passionate soaring of the presto; it grieves in the poignant sadness of the largo. The minuet itself is no more than a pretext for lyric variations. It has been observed, moreover, that the theme inspiring it resembles an air of Renaud d'Ast de Dalayrac, and became the theme of the national anthem: *Veillons au salut de l'Empire*. The poet musician, in full command of his powers, questions himself; he descends to his innermost depths. That melancholy, to use a term he himself used later in a conversation in which Schindler demanded explanations, that melancholy which was soon to break forth in literature, and in it to assume conventional forms so rapidly, is expressed here ingenuously, and as it were, purely.

This alternation of anguish and mirth recalls the play of light and shadow on the landscape. Anguish, it is true, outweighs the other: sorrows coming from childhood, disillusionments in love, and presentiments of the approaching malady. It is accentuated in the *Sonata Pathétique* (op. 13), composed in 1798, published in 1799, and dedicated to Lichnowski. The passion that fires the celebrated allegro has all the glow, all the ardor of youth; it becomes tranquil in the limpid, pure adagio, revives and grows merry again in the caprices of the rondo. The *Pathétique* develops the germs concealed in the elliptical conclusion of the first movement of the *Sonata in F minor* (op. 2). Viennese criticism was not altogether mistaken; it discerned henceforth that which was unusual in his works; it marvelled at the abundance of ideas with which they were inspired, but pointed out their strange

character, and called them savage (*wild*). From the bosom of that society which was reflected in an elegant art, there arose one who dominated it, and shunned it. Beethoven did not confine himself to one style; the *Two Sonatas* (op. 14) published in the same year, 1799, for the Baroness von Braun, which may be interpreted as dialogues between a lover and his mistress, showed that he knew how to create music of charm and spirit to enliven a bold scherzo. Notwithstanding this variety, what accounts for the originality, for the novelty of this entire collection of sonatas, is the profundity, the intimacy, and the sincerity of the expression.

He still had to sacrifice to fashion, to the exigencies of his teaching: hence his numerous series of variations, on themes from Handel, *Don Giovanni* (*la ci darem*), *Die Zauberflöte*, on a Swiss song, on themes from *Richard Cœur de Lion*, from Salieri's *Falstaff*, and from *Das unterbrochene Opferfest* by Winter. Sometimes he amused himself. Did he not compose drinking songs, one for Count Deym, husband of Josephine Brunswick, who was the director of a museum of wax figures near the Rotenturm? He also wrote sonatas for piano and violin, piano and cello, piano and horn; it is even said that the *Sonata Pathétique* was transcribed for several instruments. Jean Chantavoine, a penetrating critic, observes that the piano virtuoso showed himself to be less at ease in these forms, submitting most willingly to traditional rules. Without exaggerating, without denying the possible superiority of the piano works, quartets and symphonies, Marcel Herwegh devotes an entire book, his *Technique d'interprétation*, to demonstrating that the boldness of the innovator is found in all of them, and that the first three *Sonatas for Piano and Violin* (op. 12), published in 1799 for Salieri, written under the influence of Mozart and Haydn, demonstrate the expressive originality

and the charm of the young master. Supplication or lamentation, passionate outburst or reverie, the adagio of the third sonata (op. 12, no. 3) soars to the stars like a splendid ode, or like a sea cantilena accompanied by the rocking of the waves. How can a musician who has just written so tragic a piece immediately burst forth and enliven with the most abandoned gaiety, and the greatest of animation, a spirited and sparkling finale? Such transition, in its somewhat antiquated gracefulness, suggests the dances of ancient times; the other allegro, inspired by rural scenes, delineates the flight of a bird across the sky, contains a shepherd's call. An interlude "seems to be the song of the Genius to the mysterious shadow of the trees." Even when these works follow older models, when they seem to be a farewell to the eighteenth century, they contain a touching note of emotion: thus Watteau, also stamped by Flemish influences, even though he painted the gay life of his contemporaries, and imaginatively colored landscapes, likewise allowed the personal nuance of his melancholy to appear; we shall have occasion to return to this thought.

The *Quintet* played in April, 1797, during the course of one of Schuppanzigh's "Akademien" suggests Mozart, as has already been mentioned. Beethoven thought he had composed nothing superior to his *Three Trios for Violin, Viola, and Cello* (op. 9), dedicated to Count von Browne. The third, particularly, bursts with tormented force. But, to skip over his vocal compositions and his concertos, the two works that best succeed in characterizing him in this already fecund period are the *Septet for Four Strings, Clarinet, Bassoon, and Horn* (op. 20), and the *Six Quartets* dedicated to Lobkowitz (op. 18).

(The *Septet*, also, takes leave of the past. It gives us new proof that Beethoven, as he averred, remained faithful to

his Rhenish land; an old popular song is stated by the violin and the viola. The joy of living breaks forth but is restrained out of respect for tradition, out of concern for balance and taste. The adagio and the theme and variations are developed with a courtly and delicate grace. One reflects, in listening to them, on the delightful *Concert dans un Salon* painted by Lancret, and preserved in the collection of David Weil: musicians are grouped about a harpsichord; a woman follows a score; behind armchairs other women listen with charming seriousness, and the man decorated with the Order of St. Louis seems to be dreaming. Each instrument questions and replies in turn, but in a reserved manner, and the expression of melancholy is restrained. There are the same cadences found in the polonaise and the theme and variations of the *Serenade* (op. 8). This work was composed in the second half of the year 1799, or in the first months of the following year. The first performance was given from the manuscript in a concert at the Court Theater, April 2, 1800, Schuppanzigh playing the first violin part.

The *Six Quartets* (op. 18), dedicated to Prince von Lobkowitz, create deeper impressions; they appeared in May and in October, 1801, and were published in two groups by Mollo; we know from the sketch books that Beethoven had begun them in 1798, and that the quartet in D major (no. 3 of the collection) was written first. Under still too exacting tutelage, amid blunders, one feels that, here, a new impassioned musical lyricism was born, breaking academic rules, one by one. Let us dwell a bit on these works, on these unrestrained dreams; let us search in them for what, despite the persistent influence of Mozart and Haydn, marked the emerging personality of the thirty-year-old musician whom deafness menaced, but who still kept this horrible secret to himself. It was a critical period in the chronicle of Beethoven's

life. Let us reflect on its tragic aspect. Just at the time when he had asserted the independent spirit of his genius, when he had cast off the light mantle that the composer of the *Symphony in G minor* had thrown over his shoulders, when he had rejected the joviality of Haydn, too vulgar for him, at this very time he proceeded to sink into a humiliating servitude to an afflicted hearing. This drama portended more than it expressed in the opus 18 quartets. In the quartet in F major, following a brilliant allegro, which astonished virtuosos but which is not sufficient to move us, there is the dolorous adagio inspired, if we are to believe the honest Amenda, by the churchyard scene in *Romeo and Juliet*. Ought we to consider it also a discreet tribute to Giulietta Guicciardi? Beethoven, as a lover, showed such timidity that such a conjecture might be permitted if the sketch of this movement did not bear the inscription: *Dernier Soupirs*. At any rate one can detect in these heart-rending phrases sung by the first violin, in these veiled lamentations, in these melodies interrupted by dramatic pauses, the real genius whom we can call a Master from now on. This adagio is closely allied to the largo of the third sonata dedicated to Countess von Browne. There is with Beethoven, and we shall continue to point it out, a *voluptuousness of sadness*, as it were. The quality of pathos proceeded from the richness of this sincere and meditative soul; if we have tried to know the man himself, we are here rewarded inasmuch as we see him again, we find him again, modest, shy, and friendly even in violence. With him inspiration was not suppressed by technique, but it dominated it; there is no art more liberated from the burden of material elements.

¹The *Second Quartet*, in G, forms an episode; it has been called the *quartet of curtsies*; it resembles the *Septet*) a

commentator fancies that he sees lords in wigs with gracefully braided cues gliding merrily about at festivities where fancy prevails. All the grace of the most refined society, wit, coquetry, and courteousness embellish this rhythmic discourse, punctuated with bows. The allegro, in Haydn's style, leads us into the intimacy of a gallant fête, and, as if in this old decorative painting pathos ought to have a smaller share than joy, the noble adagio so pure, already so profound, permits itself to be interrupted by a new allegro. In turn, the minuet ventures its light and provoking audacities. In the finale the character and bustle become more animated; greater vivacity, more levity; greater freedom and less ceremony; out go the candles; all is over.

[With the *Fourth Quartet*, in C minor, the ascent of lyricism is resumed.] The allegro again presents an agitated theme. Even if we had not encountered in the sonatas these bursts of passion coming from the depths of his heart, one such page alone would be sufficient to allow our penetrating to the core of Beethoven's thoughts. Joseph de Marliave understood him, because he was worthy of understanding him; in the touching words which friendly affection has transmitted to us, he interprets the allegro as the expression of despair caused by the already distressing infirmity. In part, undoubtedly. The letter to Wegeler often quoted acquaints us with Beethoven's state of mind during the years in which he composed the opus 18. "You can scarcely believe how desolate, how sad my life has been for two years; my defective hearing has haunted me like a specter and I have fled from people, have had to appear a misanthrope when I am so little like one. This change has been wrought in me by an adorable, enchanting maiden who loves me, and whom I love; again after two years there are happy moments, and for the first time I feel that marriage could make me happy.

Unfortunately she is not of my station in life . . . Were it not for my hearing I should long before this have traveled over half the world. . . . For me there is no greater pleasure than to practise and to display my art." These contrasts very aptly describe this period in Beethoven's life. The dread of the malady which was steadily growing worse, the anguish of love, flights of ambition thwarted by fear, artistic delight, and above all an intense desire to live—for that is what he called joy—all these feelings meet and mingle in the quivering allegro of the *Fourth Quartet*. What is the shadow passing behind the mask of these phrases? Therese? Josephine, if she were not already married to Count Deym? He played his new compositions for Pepi at the Kunstgalerie. And she declared to her sister that she found them "non plus ultra."

Or perhaps it was the shadow of the elegant Giulietta, whom he followed under the trees around the castle of Korompa. But by its very inscrutability this vibrant page of the man who wrote the throbbing letter to the immortal beloved, tends to leave us in doubt. One would like to believe that he records in it what he culled from the silent fields of Hungary. The outburst of the first movement carries through the minuet, and bounds through the finale.

To find the counterpart of this splendid creation one must go to the collection of 1801, to the finale of the *Sixth Quartet*, in B flat major. The themes of the allegro con brio are treated in a lively manner with the most playful imagination, in the style of Papa Haydn. In the adagio the first violin mourns in unison with the bass in a dolorous phrase which is enriched by arabesques, and which is supported by the viola. One might say that the composer intends to prepare us without haste for the most violent of emotions. The scherzo, a short breathing space, contains several explosions of gaiety, of feminine laughter among unceremonious

babblings. And here instead of the usual allegro, a new adagio appears. This time Beethoven indicated his intention; he himself entitled the piece, *La Malinconia*. "O enchanting Melancholy!" wrote Rousseau in his *Héloïse*. "O languidness of an afflicted soul! How far you surpass the wild pleasures, the wanton gaiety, the rapturous joy, and all the immeasurable delights that passion offers to the unrestrained desires of lovers!" The finale appears to expound these phrases, although the dances, rustic melodies, interrupt the plaintive development of the adagio. We are henceforth far removed from Haydn and Mozart. Beethoven discloses a new form of art, a music richer than poetry, more qualified than it to describe the progress and the inconsistencies of life and thought. The essence of romanticism appears in the adagio of the quartet in F, in the allegro of the *Fourth Quartet*, in the last movement of the *Sixth*, as early as 1800. It reminds one of Rust, says Vincent d'Indy. Is this possible? The mood is too personal, too profound, too shattered by the capricious spirit that proclaims the real genius of Beethoven, his dream, his chimera. The finale of the *Sixth Quartet* testifies to the perfect unity between Beethoven's inspiration and design; it is the elder brother of the poignant lento of the *Sixteenth Quartet*. The three styles? There was but one, slowly, definitely developing. Inasmuch as the history of art, becoming more and more intelligent, finally consents to associate the different phases of æsthetic research, inasmuch as it admits that one ought not to separate Berlioz from Hugo, or from Delacroix, it is necessary, if one wishes to understand the revolution that transformed artistic expression, to point out Beethoven's *La Malinconia*. One of the sources is there. And it is precisely Delacroix who is most keenly aware of the innovations in such compositions when he writes in his *Questions sur le beau*:

“ . . . Along with the imitation of Mozart, who speaks the language of the gods, one feels already pulsing that melancholy, those impassioned outbursts that sometimes betray an inner fire somewhat like the muttering of a volcano even when it is not discharging flames.” The inner fire! Through the forty-six measures of *La Malinconia*, but also through all the works of this period, how softly it gleams!

CHAPTER V

THE EROICA

IN THE auditorium of the Imperial and Royal Theater on April 2, 1800, Ludwig van Beethoven gave a benefit concert for himself. After a symphony of Mozart, an aria and a "duetto" from *Die Schöpfung*, he played one of his own piano concertos, his *Septet*, and improvised on Haydn's hymn to the Emperor. The program announced his *First Symphony* as a closing number. The work was dedicated to the old Baron Gottfried van Swieten, who has already been mentioned, the Director of the Imperial Library, an intimate friend of Mozart and Haydn, an admirer of Bach and Handel, at whose house musicians played in nightcaps. The *First Symphony* seems very simple to us today, even too simple; the most original part is the minuet and trio. However, the composer was criticized for his excessive use of wind instruments; it was noted, too, that he had introduced into the orchestra two kettledrums, which rolled pianissimo in accompaniment to the andante, Haydn, in one of his symphonies, and Mozart, in the overture to *Don Giovanni*, had already used this instrument, but solely to obtain a rhythmic effect. In employing the neglected tympani, Beethoven conferred a dramatic rôle upon them, just as Weber, Wagner, Richard Strauss (*Sinfonia Domestica*), and particularly, Berlioz (*Symphonic Fantastique*, *Roméo et Juliet*, *Te Deum*) did later. In the course of a few months, the *First Symphony* was played again, at Leip-

zig, in the celebrated Gewandhaus, which Bürgermeister Müller had established, and which has played so important a rôle in the history of music. To our astonishment we learn that here too, the work was pronounced confused and presumptuous.¹

We should be more inclined to say that, if it marked the public début of the composer in a genre that completely absorbed him, it contained no very novel inventions, such as those occurring in the works we have already admired. "If we already see in it the lion's claws, he himself has not yet deemed it prudent to spring forth," writes a commentator. In the same period Beethoven composed *Christus am Oelberg* (op. 85). According to Schindler he had as early as 1801 sketched his plans for this work during a sojourn in the village of Hetzendorf; he liked to point out, in the shadows of Schönbrunner Park, the place where he began this work, which to certain judges appeared to be the announcement of a veritable musical revolution. A theme, at all events, worthy of a sensitive and serious young master who sought for the noblest of subjects. Beethoven follows Jesus among the mountain dwellings into the garden of Gethsemane, where, a stone's throw from his sleeping disciples, he prayed, his face to the ground, with a soul sad unto death. A subject pregnant with lyricism, as Renan has informed us. "The man who has sacrificed his well-being and the legitimate compensations of life to a great ideal always undergoes a sad apostasy when the figure of Death presents itself to him for the first time, and seeks to persuade him that all is vain. . . . Did Jesus recall the clear springs of Galilee at which he might have refreshed himself, and the vines and the fig trees under which he might have lingered, and the young women who might perhaps have loved him?" Beethoven, whose life offers so much that is

beautiful, already depressed by his infirmity, dreaming of Gethsemane in the walks of Schönbrunn! A touching picture! For the rest, the oratorio apparently had little success, and did not satisfy even the composer; it consists of a series of arias and duets, recitatives, and choruses; the Société des Concerts of the Paris Conservatoire performed it later. On the other hand, the ballet *Prometheus*, written about the same time and presented in March, 1801, won marked success from the first, despite the discussion among musicians concerning the beginning of the overture, despite the opposition of the pedants, henceforth definitely avowed; a short-lived success, however, inasmuch as the score was never again played during Beethoven's life.

In the midst of these contestable and contested essays, the masterpieces which were to become classics followed each other with abundance and variety. A wonderful spring followed. One by one, but in a continuous blossoming, the sonatas flourished amid dances and serenades. The *Grand Sonata* for piano (op. 22), with its full-blown adagio and infectious rondo, was dedicated to Count von Browne! And Beethoven continued, like fertile soil, eager to produce. He wished to extricate himself from those material preoccupations that interfered with the free play of his creative spirit. "There should be in the world," he wrote to the publisher Hoffmeister, "only one storehouse of art to which the artist would have merely to deliver his works, and to take whatever he had need of; as it is, one must be half tradesman, and how we adjust ourselves! Good God! Once more I call it infamous." Everything that hurt his idealism, his ardent spirituality, wearied him. He had not lost his critical judgment. He considered the concerto (probably op. 37) an inferior work; ten ducats, and the publisher could have it! He had to write. For Count von Fries, chamberlain

to His Imperial Majesty, he had to write two simple sonatas for piano and violin (op. 23 and 24), one with its balancing of tarantelles, its dance motives, and its sprightly refrains, the other in F major, in which the compelling melody breaks forth from the beginning of the first movement; the last echoes of the *Lied* are still vibrating when the merry teasing of the scherzo begins. He had to write: it was spring. The listener's instinct does not deceive him in this. The *Grand Sonata for Piano* (op. 28) dedicated in 1801 to Joseph Edler von Sonnenfels, received the name of *Pastoral*, but undoubtedly this title does not apply to the entire work, too mighty and too great to be reduced to the proportions of an idyll. But now came the period of the *Ländlerische Tänze*. Beethoven wrote his "Forest Murmurs." As in Virgil's *Bucolica*, to which the works are comparable, themes of love or reverie are mingled with inspirations suggested by nature. The *Grand Sonata* (op. 26), dedicated to Lichnowski, towers above this collection; the variation form itself becomes a means of expression; stereotyped patterns give way to this luxuriance of the imagination that fructifies the andante, that gives it the suppleness of a leafy branch, and sways it according to the changing nuances of feeling; in this boundless, ethereal country where nothing artificial subsists, the image of a hero arises to the rhythm of a funeral march.

It had already been felt: these works of his thirty-first and thirty-second years were to prove captivating, were to command attention by virtue of their poetic value, by force of the inspiration that produced them. *Quasi una Fantasia*, wrote Beethoven at the head of the sonatas (op. 27) the second of which is dedicated to the adventuress, Giuletta. In the first, in E flat major, inscribed to Princess von Liechtenstein, the lyric character asserts itself from the very be-

gining of the andante, in which a hymnlike melody is announced by several tranquil chords, and recurs in the short adagio, suggestive of Florestan's aria in *Fidelio*. Bear in mind that the *Sonata in C sharp minor* did not receive the title by which it has become famous, *'Moonlight Sonata'*, until long after Beethoven's death; a more correct name for it would be the Arbor Sonata, tradition decreeing that it was composed in a garden, in the half bourgeois, half peasant setting of which the young Master was so fond. It sums up admirably the various aspects of his inspiration, in the contrast between the adagio sostenuto, which Beethoven prefaced by directions as to how it should be played (*Si deve suonare tutto questo pezzo delicatissimamente e senza sordini*), and the final frantic presto agitato. Between these two movements is an allegretto, one page in length. What does "allegretto" signify? Lenz, after many digressions, has explained that, with Beethoven, this indication referred to a form, not to a tempo, and that he employed it in order to freely express his ideas, "whenever he does not express the feelings of gaiety and animation that the name 'scherzo,' implies." The character of Beethoven's work during this period is confirmed by this explanation: a *musical poetry* that subordinates the use of forms to feeling or to thought. This poetry did not find its expression until after long and painful labor, as the sketches reveal; but the object of this labor was not to surcharge thought, to accentuate lyric confession, rather, it was to disentangle it, to denude it. The group of three sonatas constituting opus 31 reveals the persistent enriching of this conception during the course of 1802 and 1803. "I want to tread new paths," Beethoven wrote to his friend Wenzel Krumpholz. And he gives a glorious proof of it: a truly monumental adagio (op. 31, no. 2). "It reminds me," said Lenz again, "of fairy stories

in verse: the enchanted rose: a rose that is not truly a rose, but a princess, the victim of a spell cast over her by a witch." Already, in the first movement, the human voice is approximated in the singing of the instrument, through the medium of that tragic recitative, that is more definitely established in the *Coriolan* overture, and still more in the choral outburst of the *Ninth Symphony*.

In this superabundant production it is impossible to neglect the *Three Sonatas for Piano and Violin* (op. 30) dedicated to the Emperor Alexander I. It seems that Beethoven, a man of such pronounced independence, so little the courtier, felt a rather keen sympathy for the grandson of Catherine II, who had just ascended the throne. It is understandable. Educated to liberal ideas, Alexander I Paulovitch, who three years later formed a coalition against France which Austria joined, and which Napoleon defeated at Austerlitz, had inaugurated several happy reforms. He abolished torture and the confiscation of property, suppressed censorship, reduced taxes, recalled exiles, founded several Universities, and patronized arts and letters. Napoleon was not deceived by him and called him a Greek of the Lower Empire. Moreover he was handsome, pleased women, spoke enthusiastically of the French Revolution, declared himself in favor of a Republican form of government and of universal suffrage. At the time of his accession he was twenty-four years of age; the liberals were inspired with new hope when this young sovereign curtailed the privileges of the aristocracy, proclaimed that the law should be the same for all and pushed his scandalous reforms to the point of abolishing powdered wigs for soldiers, and authorizing the wearing of round hats according to the Western custom. Long before France, he created a depart-

ment of Public Education; thanks to him Beccaria, Montesquieu and Kant were translated into Russian. Would he prove to be another Joseph II?

Of the three sonatas Beethoven dedicated to Alexander, "each," wrote Herwegh, "has its own color. . . . The first is distinctly pastoral; the second, of a martial character; and the last like a Teniers painting, depicts in a Flemish manner popular scenes and Russian peasants." The allegretto with its variations on a *Lied* follows the same procedure as that in the sonata to Lichnowski.

In composing these works conceived in 1801 and 1802, forgotten a little later, or in writing a quintet, bagatelles for piano, serenades, and country-dances, the Beethoven of this period seems to be in possession of all the resources of his genius. What could be more elegant, more charming than the *Trio-Serenade* (op. 25), with that entrance of the flute, so delightfully played by René Le Roy? The forms to be charged with his inspiration from now on varied; they were enlarged. Inspiration itself was never again to be more natural, or more abundant. Although he resented the first attacks of that malady with which he was to be afflicted, Beethoven was swept away by life, and encouraged by success. And now, more concerning his material preoccupations: Lichnowski promised him an annuity of six hundred florins; his compositions brought him an appreciable income. The master of all his talents, creating without interruption, he knew how to express, one after another, the most diversified emotions. Gaiety, above all, and the joy of living. Even if one cannot accept without reservations the interpretations given to the *Sonata for Piano and Violin in C minor* (op. 30, no. 2), even if it seems exaggerated to hear in it successive scenes of a great military drama in which are expressed in turn the joy of the conquerors and the lamentations of the conquered, nevertheless, it is

certain that this powerful work, heroic as well, frequently and rightly compared to the *Fifth Symphony*, bursts with power and exuberance. Whereas in the preceding *Sonata in A major* (op. 30, no. 1) the magnificent phrase of the adagio mounts to the stars in an ecstatic love song, here in the *C minor* martial rhythms abound, and the sound of trumpets and the roll of drums are heard; in the finale, festivity runs riot. Similarly the *Sonata in G major*—third of the group—carries us into the midst of an animated country fair, traversed by so many varied sounds and cadences that it has been cited as a precursor of realistic music; rhythms, undoubtedly borrowed from the dances of Little Russia, twist about and carry on in a deafening rondo; this is a real peasant country-dance, a fair. It would seem that the ancestral influence, that which Grandfather Ludwig represented in the days of yore, also intervenes, and is manifested in this outburst of rustic gaiety. One thinks of the Teniers of Antwerp, particularly of David the Younger, whose prodigious imagination has its equal only in the fluency of Beethoven; I recall the picture in the Brussels Museum, the scene near a farm, peasants skipping about to the sound of a bagpipe, while others drink or eat, and several lords in a beautiful carriage proceed ceremoniously to survey the group. The occupants of the Château de Perck, outlined in the distance, condescend for a day to approach the villagers; so in the sonatas of Beethoven the minuet consents to associate with the rondo.

But in spite of these sparkling inventions, the inspiration of the years 1801 and 1802 remains above all melancholy; the two sonatas *quasi una fantasia* indicate the state of Beethoven's mind during this period more clearly than any other work: the joy of success finally gained, a feeling of mastery hard won, illusions of love, but physical torment.

What a terrible basso continuo was this buzzing in his ears! Popular taste has singled out and consecrated the adagio of the work written for Giulietta; tenderness, dolor, resignation, lyric emotion have never produced a work deeper and purer than this improvisation, so effortlessly written. To Josephine Deym and Therese Brunswick he dedicated an air with variations for piano four hands, on a poem of Goethe, *Ich denke dein*. To which of the two did he address this avowal? "I think of thee," the poem reads, "when I see the shimmering sunlight on the sea; I think of thee when I see the moonlight reflected in the fountains. . . . I am with thee; no matter how distant thou art, thou art with me. The sun is sinking; soon shall I see the gleaming of the stars. Would thou wert here!"

*Ich bin bei dir, du seist auch noch so ferne,
Du bist mir nah!
Die Sonne sinkt, bald leuchten mir die Sterne,
O wärest du da!*

About this time the youthful Karl Czerny was introduced to Beethoven by the violinist Krumpholtz, at a musicale at which were present Schuppanzigh, Paul Wranitzky, Kapellmeister of the Kärntnerthortheater, composer of quintets, quartets, trios, and symphonies, his brother Anton, a musician in the service of Prince Lobkowitz, and Mozart's pupil Süßmayer. In this disorderly room the youth, much moved, watched the man who proceeded to seat himself at a Walter piano. He wore a jacket of shaggy gray material which reminded the young Czerny of the popular pictures of Robinson Crusoe; his black hair fell in profusion around his head; a beard of several days' growth accentuated the darkness of his face; in his ears he had wads of cotton soaked in a yel-

lowish liquid. Czerny noticed particularly his strong hands covered with hair, and his broad fingers; but as soon as he began to improvise, only his soul was perceptible.

The frequency of pastoral inspiration has been often pointed out. In order to understand the works composed in 1802 we shall follow Beethoven to Heiligenstadt, where he went in the warm seasons.)

This is one of the places in which we can become most intimately acquainted with him. It is a little village, today belonging to the district of Döbling, not far from the gray waters of the Danube, to the north of Vienna, and at the foot of Kahlenberg and Leopoldsberg. Beethoven was fond of walking in the woods when, at the end of winter, they were just beginning to bud. A little higher up is the formidable Augustinian Abbey of Klosterneuburg, the wealthiest and oldest in Austria, crumbling under its own weight, built during the eighteenth century, from whose terrace the mountains may be seen and, lost in the fog, the Schloss Kreuzenstein.

A good wine comes from the Abbey vineyards. As evidence thereof, a huge cask is fêted like an idol and is more renowned than the altar at Verdun with its niellos. But to the moderate imbibor, Heiligenstadt offers quieter charms. The vineyards, arranged like checkerboards on the little hills, receive the morning sunlight and warmth. The main street ascends gradually like those in our villages, between little shops which the advertisements of modern soap and sugar magnates have not succeeded in defacing. Low houses, looking as if they had been crushed together, are carried on the shoulders of robust arches. The street is surveyed by inns ornamented with the symbolic fir tree, where on festival days violins and guitars strum quick and

sharp little melodies with a sort of breathlessness like Basque songs. A man with a checkered vest and a green hat enters one bearing this inscription:

*Grüss Gott, ihr lieben Leute,
Kommet öftn, nicht nur Heute.*

God be with you, good people;
Come often, not just today.

This is the inn *Zum Nussberg*. It is adjacent to one of Beethoven's lodging houses. We enter: at the end of a small court is a flight of stairs, a gate flanked by two black fir trees, an orchard in the bloom of spring, filled with some woman's snowy washing. It is an unpretentious setting with its festive cherry trees.

At the upper end of the main street, which, like a canal, glides along between the little houses on its banks, the *Eroicagasse* leads to the *Pfarrplatz* dwelling. One imagines Beethoven as Grillparzer saw him, the white scarf which he held in his right hand trailing to the ground, stopping in front of a gate to admire a beautiful peasant girl climbing into her haycart. The frame becomes larger. Above a greater court set off by laurel bushes in pots, is the loft under a high sloping roof, with simple dormer windows, in which Beethoven is said to have written the *Eroica*. Long vines, climbing over the wall from a trellis, twist their withered arms in the face of a little rural distillery, in which *Slibowitz*, the liquor of the district, is made. Near by, a wooden statue of St. Michael in a plumed helmet, lance in hand, guards the niche of an angel. The church of the hamlet, just like those of Champagne, hides, in the shadows of its gallery, an unassuming altar, lighted by two red candles. Nothing of the heroic here, save the wind, which stirs the

draperies of the patron saint, surrounded by four feeble trees, and bends the branches, each bearing a white chalice. A landscape in which a meditative soul is liberated, but on the condition that it give its uttermost. No noise other than that of the heavy wooden carts, or of the children on their way to school.

The house in which the Testament was written presents still more humble charms. This dwelling with its wooden staircases is indeed the very abode of poverty; near a linden tree, a very slender linden, a decrepit dial surmounts a postern; a balcony decorated with clusters of box leads to the two rooms that the master filled with his harmonies. Artisans, the family of a plumber who offers to do any little odd job, a baker, half naked, live there all packed together. The old woman who today occupies the two rooms at which the meanest of our hotels would blush, performs the honors of these few square feet with great delight. All the possessions of a hard-working woman are scattered about on the furniture. And she apologizes for her straitened condition. Beethoven, she tells us, was so modest. *So bescheiden!* The view takes in several small fields formerly planted with vineyards, today reduced in size and menaced by the invasion of villas. The composer of the *Eroica* was content with this environment. In the same way Rousseau, when he wished to refresh himself in the country, gained, through the boulevards and the rue du Chemin Vert, the heights of Ménilmontant, the fields of Charonne; the pleasant country that separates these two villages, a halt at the *Galant Jardinier*, sufficed to inspire his touching *Reveries*.

Here in October, 1802, Beethoven wrote the letter to his brothers which is so often referred to as the Heiligenstadt Testament. It suggests Jean-Jacques from the very beginning. "O you men who believe or declare me to be vin-

dictive, stubborn, or misanthropic, what injustice you do me! You do not know the secret cause for my seeming so. My heart and mind were ever inclined from childhood to a tender feeling of benevolence." One recalls the first pages of the *Confessions*: "I feel before thinking. . . . I have conceived nothing; I have felt everything." With both of them there was an innate love of music. I think of the little Jean-Jacques seated near his aunt Suzon while she embroidered and sang, listening to her endearing chatter, watching the two black lovelocks arranged, in the style of the period, over her temples, and learning from her songs, which she hummed in a soft, sweet voice, repeating the words which he could never recall without weeping:

*Thyrsis, je n'ose
écouter ton chalumeau
sous l'ormeau.*

Thyrsis, I dare not listen to your shawm, under the elm tree.

Rousseau also experienced early an "infirmity that increased with time." According to his own testimony, Beethoven had already suffered for six years from the malady that forced him into almost complete solitude. The cry breaks forth: "I am deaf. For me there can be no more pleasure in society, in conversation, in reciprocal inspiration. I must live like an exile." Henceforth he would no longer hear the "shepherd" or the pealing of bells, would no longer detect the "far-off sound of flutes." He contemplated suicide, but rejected the idea. In the Heiligenstadt Testament are expressed and mingled the two emotions that appear so often in his works: resignation to death, which he feared, and which he felt to be imminent, and for which he pre-

pared by disposing of his worldly goods and enjoining his brothers to lead virtuous lives; and the rebelliousness of a turbulent soul filled with a passionate love for art, with aspirations to glory, a longing for happiness, and a love for humanity. "Lord God, Thou lookest down into the innermost recesses of my soul. Thou knowest that brotherly love and the desire to do good reign therein." The year 1802 marked for Beethoven the culmination of the crisis. He loved Giulietta, who was going to leave him. He recorded that his infirmity had become chronic. The martyrdom which was to endure for twenty-five years longer had begun.

We can understand now why the two sonatas *quasi una fantasia* move us so deeply. Novalis—Friedrich von Hardenberg, who died in 1801 on the threshold of his twenty-ninth year—has acquainted us with the forms German expression assumed during this period. Without doubt, the author of *Heinrich von Ofterdingen* came from another region, and another milieu; of Beethoven's own age, or nearly so, he grew up in the shadow of a medieval castle in the district of Mansfeld, rich in iron and silver, in the heart of upper Saxony, and under the influence of a narrow pietism, somber and exacting. Novalis of Wiederstedt is, as it were, the distant brother of Chateaubriand of Combourg. What power of imagination this nervous, feeble, sickly child possessed, what aptitude for creating, beyond an actual world, an entire universe of dreams and fairies! At Leipzig, Novalis met the first apostle of German Romanticism. At this time Friedrich Schlegel, when he proclaimed a new art, was just as vehement a revolutionary as later he was an ardent conservative when he supported the anti-liberal policy of Austria; opposed to the advocates of reason, he exalted the resources of analysis, and of the inner life. Novalis, a dark-eyed youth, well represented the idealistic generation

that was maturing in Germany. Love—a love timid and naïve—completed the influence that a kind of religious mysticism, philosophic prattling, and the cult of legends exercised on these dreaming spirits. Sophie von Kühn, certainly, is no more deserving of admiration than Giulietta Guicciardi; we have only a limited knowledge of the insolent little fourteen-year-old German who preferred tobacco to poetry. But lyricism colored everything, transformed everything; the pages written by Novalis the day after Sophie's death bear a great resemblance to the Heiligenstadt Testament, at least by virtue of that desire to live which prevails over suffering and pain. The novel *Heinrich von Ofterdingen* was written as a reaction against *Wilhelm Meister* and as a defense of poetry, *das Gemüth*, and *die Sehnsucht*. With a singular devotion a young man consecrates himself to the discovery of the *blue flower* which will reveal to him the meaning of the universe, and to this search he bends all his efforts; in a dream he reclines on the greensward among some rather bluish rocks or plunges into an enchanted pool from whose surface a host of young maidens emerge and vanish. The Romanticism that French writers were to express later is already present in this work; Novalis defines it. The poems *Hymnen an die Nacht* are the best commentary on the two sonatas *quasi una fantasia*: in both, the same ecstasy, the same serenity. In listening to the adagio of the work dedicated to Giulietta, I recall the end of the first poem: "Hast thou, O somber night, a heart like ours . . . A precious balm is discharged from the poppies thou holdest in thy hand . . . Thou freest the weighted wings of the soul . . . More celestial than the stars appear those infinite eyes that Night opens in us . . . Needing no light, they penetrate the depths of a loving heart."

Our purpose in comparing Novalis with Beethoven is to

show once again wherein music is superior to poetry. When he buries himself in the past, or undertakes a journey to Augsburg, Heinrich von Ofterdingen's sole preoccupation is the search for the purest sources of the spiritual life. He quickly discovers that there are two roads leading to an understanding of Man: one, difficult and endless, with innumerable detours; the other, traversed in one leap, that of inner contemplation. He questions the merchants with whom he journeys, on the secret art of poets, on the customs of the minstrels in France, Italy, and Swabia; he entreats them for songs, legends, and tales, the story of Arion of Lesbos, and that of the old King. Poetic enthusiasm wells up from every page of this youthful work. Here is the poet who preludes, accompanying himself on a sorry woodwind instrument, "The whole ship sang with him; the waves resounded; in the sky, the sun and the stars appeared simultaneously, and in the green billows, dancing companies of fishes and sea monsters capered about." Novalis perceived the affinity between music and poetry. "It is," he tells us, "the relationship of the mouth and the ear." And no one has felt the fraternity of these two arts better than he. Even in his very style, when he describes a buoyant wind roaring across summits like the sound of a distant cortege, when he transcribes the song of a young girl glimpsed through wild thickets, when he extols the joy of labor, and when in astonishingly fearless terms he proclaims the future liberation from drudgery, all the work of Novalis is a song, the song of a man who has witnessed reality, who abounds in ingenious and profound ideas but is detached from this reality, who teaches the superiority of thought or even of dreams over action. He centered his novel around the poet Klingsor, in other words, around Goethe himself; the conversations that he has with him have no other purpose than the pur-

suit of an exact definition of poetry. However, in spite of the charm of his talent, he does not succeed in making deep and enduring impressions on us; his theories seem vague and confused; his work is clouded in a mist. What he attempted, could not succeed. Beyond the lyricism that utilizes words to express emotions or ideas, there is only one pure poetry: music. Still greater, and for those who can attain it, is the silent play of numbers, and the balancing of the spheres. Beethoven proceeded to prove it to us.

With what force! Following the terrific crisis at Heiligenstadt the *Second Symphony* (op. 36), played for the first time on the 5th of April, 1803, expresses not the slightest uncertainty. The vigorous themes of the allegro, the lively fanfare inspired by the forests, the magnificent breadth of the larghetto unfolding like a marvelous flower, the transport of the finale, even the proportions of the work attest to the energy of this indomitable genius who refused to sacrifice the abundance and the originality of his ideas to fashion. A kind of fury pervades the last part of the *Second Symphony*; a critic, cited by Prod'homme, detected in it "a transpierced dragon who is resolved not to die, and who, wallowing in his own blood, strikes about with violent lashings of his tail." Kreutzer, upon hearing certain parts of it, fled, terrified.

Beethoven was going to accomplish even greater things. He rose to the heights in the *Eroica* (op. 55), on which he worked during 1803, and which he finished in the spring of 1804, that is to say, at the time when he had lost all illusions about Giulietta, then married to Gallenberg. According to certain biographers, it was in Bernadotte's salon that he is supposed to have conceived his first plan for the *Third Symphony*; presumably he met Rodolphe Kreutzer there, a Frenchman in spite of his German name, the son of a

musician of the Chapelle du Roi, the soloist of the Théâtre Italien orchestra, a composer of concertos and an opera, *Jeanne d'Arc à Orléans*. Rodolphe Kreutzer, who had become renowned for having composed his first concerto when thirteen years old, had been appointed a professor at the Conservatoire in 1795; then he had accompanied the armies in Italy. Beethoven was won over by his simplicity, his artlessness, and his good nature. In the same year that he composed the *Eroica* he wrote the *Sonata for Piano and Violin in A major* (op. 47) for Kreutzer. Tradition has it that Kreutzer refused to play this work; he declared it "unintelligible," and on this point agreed with the German critics. As a matter of fact, the *Kreutzer Sonata*, which Beethoven declared had been written in *uno stile molto concertante*, had not been composed solely for one virtuoso. A veritable duel exists between the two instruments: a duel of thought, of action. One can understand the scandalized astonishment of contemporaries when Beethoven revealed the two sparkling prestos that enclose the celebrated andante *con variazione*. The musician was swept along by his own ardor. Not that he renounced the use of arabesques, or that he completely abandoned Haydn's style. The public and the publishers made their demands. The Leipzig *Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung* had its eye upon Beethoven; it tried to represent him as a musical revolutionary, a terrorist who wished at any price to affect singularity. Out of impishness or because of necessity he still wrote minuets (op. 31, sonata no. 3); but in order to express all the wealth of a liberated inspiration, of an unshackled spirit, he needed the richness of the orchestra. He had shattered the sacred confines of the sonata. Bonaparte provided him with a subject on which he proceeded to concentrate during the winter of 1803 and the spring of 1804.

On this subject there have been so many stories circulated that accuracy is of great importance. It was, indeed, for Bonaparte that the *Third Symphony* was composed; indeed, it remained dedicated to him at the time Beethoven had it performed in 1804 at the home of Prince Lobkowitz and that of the banker, von Würth; it was only before publishing it, that is to say, before 1806, that, informed of Napoleon's coronation, Beethoven, according to Ries, tore off the title page of the manuscript in order to give the symphony a new name: *Eroica*. While the Master was finishing this work, the Consulate was dissolved; the motion that conferred "the government of the Republic on the Emperor" was adopted by the Senate on the 18th of May, 1804. The man of whom Beethoven dreamed was the signer of the Treaty of Campo-Formio, the commander of the Egyptian Expedition; he was the conqueror of Marengo. He was the soldier who, while directing a war, extolled the nobleness of peace, and proposed it to the King of England on the same terms that he had offered it shortly before to the Archduke Karl. To be sure, after the Austrian defeat at Hohenlinden, he might have marched as far as Vienna; he accepted the Treaty of Lunéville, which was a repetition of the Treaty of Campo-Formio and reëstablished the Republic in Italy. Without doubt, Beethoven did not know that after the termination of the war he had changed the institutions of the Revolution to promote his personal power, that he had used harsh measures on the Republicans, his former confederates, and that he had expelled the Liberals from the Tribunate.

How innumerable are conversions! Around the time of the coronation, Louis David, a former member of the Convention, the noble ordainer of revolutionary holidays, imprisoned during Thermidor, at this time titled and blazoned, abandoned his former opinions and even his friends, in

order to work on that huge symphonic canvas that glorified the new regime. Yet it is not even the coronation of an emperor: it is the crowning of a daughter of the Antilles by the master costumed as a sovereign of tragedy. The pope here is but a weary and resigned figurehead; the officiating priest who carries the image of Christ, raises it with the gesture used in presenting arms. A ridiculous, affected nobility, decorated with bizarre titles (arch-treasurer, arch-chancellor, why not arch-comedian?) adorned with gray plumes, enveloped in velvet and red with gold ribbons, is arranged in front of Laetitia Ramolino, *Madame Mère*, seated like a stage queen in the center of the work; and facing the deserted altar, the women, Hortense and Pauline, Caroline and Elisa, erect and haughty under their diadems of pearls and emeralds, dressed in décolleté according to regulations, resemble a group of choristers summoned to sing an official cantata as soon as the Empress regains her faldstool. A bishop cowed in red, to the right of the cardinals, raises his cross as if it were a question mark. The Count of Cobenzl, negotiator of Campo-Formio and Lunéville, represents Austria in this clever and artificial formation. Murat, for the son of an innkeeper, you are magnificent in your plumes! However, we should rather have you as a hunter in the forest of Ardennes, or as a hussar poacher on the shores of Aboukir. What are you doing there, old Kellermann? Duke of Valmy? As fellow partners do not these names clash? Down there among the foothills near the mill, in the midst of your infantry in black hats adorned with the revolutionary cockades, you were noble when, in mire and fog, you hurled against the skillfully arranged lines of the Prussian army those youths whom you had intoxicated with desire for glory and love of liberty. It is amusing how M. de Talleyrand, now Grand Chamberlain,

follows the ceremony with the expert curiosity of an old excommunicated bishop. But you, Kellermann? You, Citizen Bernadotte! Side by side are assembled all the specialists in treachery, all those who betrayed today and will betray again tomorrow. One thinks of how Destiny will disperse them, and in some ten years lead every one of these personages into tragedy: not only the Master himself, but him who bears the globe on a cushion and who will die in a Bavarian town, perhaps mad, perhaps assassinated; another, whose royal days are to be ended by the shot of an executioner; Junot, who in the end will take his own life. Some will remain guiltless or at least faithful; they constitute the minority. The sincere and the hypocritical—His Majesty's official artist has painted them on this canvas from which everything heroic has disappeared. One hastens to steal away from it, and to forget this sovereign bending under the weight of his imperial mantle, in order to find again the Bonaparte of Jaffa with eyes of fire, or the Josephine to whom Malmaison was still a dream.

Beethoven, himself republican, or at least liberal, remained faithful to his dream. It was an ideal Bonaparte who dominated the *Third Symphony*. Let us guard against claiming an interpretation for each part, against claiming to discover the march of a triumphal cortege in the development of the allegro, against elsewhere pointing out the echo of battle, or songs of apotheosis. It is sufficient that the loftiness of the subject inspired Beethoven to such novel boldness that Wagner himself was to be, as it were, overwhelmed by it. Just as Napoleon once threw the troops of D'Alvinzy into disorder, so Beethoven routed the traditional rules of harmony, and introduced dissonances that made the players shudder. On a motive of four notes borrowed perhaps from the overture to *Bastien et Bastienne* the composer built this formi-

dable allegro where subordinate themes commingle, and where the most unexpected rhythms frisk about until the final unbridling of the orchestra, reassembled like an enthusiastic army. At this moment I fancy I see the chariot pass in which Prud'hon has placed Napoleon glowing with youth, slender, triumphant, amid an escort of young ladies.

When Victor Hugo in his turn meditated upon the destiny of Napoleon, he gave this meditation as much sweep as words permit:

*Rien de ces noirs débris ne sort,—que toi, pensée!
Poésie immortelle à tous les vents bercée!
Ainsi, pour s'en aller en toute liberté,
au gré de l'air qui souffle ou de l'eau qui s'épanche,
teinte à peine de sang, la plume chaste et blanche
tombe de l'oiseau mort et du nid dévasté!*

(From these dark ruins nothing emerges—but thee, thought! Immortal poetry, cradled on all winds! Just so, to go about in full liberty, at the whim of the air that stirs or the water that flows, the chaste, white feather, scarcely stained with blood, falls from the dead bird and from the ravaged nest.)

Once more music demonstrates its superiority. Beethoven, writing his *Third Symphony* in Vienna or in the meadows, was satisfied to transport us to an heroic world and leave to our imagination the matter of choosing the figures populating it. This march, which drags a slow cortege of dejected friends behind a funeral carriage, this cadence accompanied by the muffled drums, in which sadness shuns all the pomp of a false pathos, this lamentation which disappears in notes almost inaudible—for whom was it written? Beethoven had already treated this subject, which haunted him, in a piano sonata. What procession is this? Klopstock

had died in 1803, and we know that the Master loved him as a spiritual father; Germany provided an imposing funeral for her old poet; young maidens, clad in white, conducted him to his final resting place; they placed on his tomb all the flowers that herald the birth of a Hamburgian spring.

Since the composer allows our imagination its rights I call to mind the funeral pomp of Lazare Hoche, the commander-in-chief of the armies of the Sambre and Meuse and of the Rhine, vanquisher of the Austrians at Neuwied and in the market town of Altenkirchen. Julien Tiersot brings to our attention, with reason, that Cherubini had composed funeral music for this occasion of national mourning and that Beethoven's admiration for this composer is well known. On the evening of the fourth successive day, a cortege preceded by a small advance guard of hussars came to remove the coffin of the Peace-maker from the grenadiers and fuglemen who had stood watch. His saber and his sword bound together reposed on his bier, but a laurel wreath was entwined with them, and oak leaves, symbolic of his civic love, were placed above them. At half-hour intervals cannon were fired; pieces of artillery rolled clumsily along under the escort of infantrymen. The three colors of the Republic brightened the procession, as they floated above the horsemen, bearers of lighted torches; the soldiers carried their arms low. But the grandeur of this ceremony was not in the lugubrious music, the splendor of the staff, of the innumerable officers, of the silent troops overcome with sincere grief; it was the sadness of the peasants from Wetzlar to Coblenz; it was the respectful welcome of the magistrates and the bourgeois at the entrance to the city, resounding with the tolling of the bells; it was the courteous waiting of the prince regnant, himself at the head of his armed troops; it was the universal

sentiment of gratitude for this most compassionate of conquerors, a sentiment that on one bank of the Rhine massed the armies of the Republic, and on the other, up to the glaxis of the fortresses, the line of Austrian posts; it was the memory of ancient Rome mingled with this apotheosis, its standards united with our banners; it was the thought that the body of the hero was to join the remains of Marceau, his brother, in the silent tomb. A wonderful day when a son of Revolutionary France was lamented no less by his enemies than by his countrymen.

I reflected on that ceremony, worthy of Antiquity or of the Renaissance, on a Rhenish summer's evening, by the ridge of Weissenthurm, in front of the monument of basalt that the army of the Sambre and Meuse erected in 1797 to its illustrious commander. Beyond the old white donjon that formerly marked the extreme boundary of the Electors of Trier, all is enveloped in tranquillity: the Rhine, the plains beyond the right bank, the park, and the castle of the princes, the glade, the little city of Neuwied, so often devastated by war. Shimmering waves of heat undulate over the tall forests and the sinuous valleys, through which streams descend to the sea-flowing river. A wonderful and harmonious setting where memory unfolds at its leisure, tracing back to passages in Caesar, to the fifty fortresses of Drusus. Here not so long ago, on the 19th of July, 1919, our tenth army retrieved the ashes of Lazare Hoche and placed them in a crypt built in the form of a casemate. This entombment stirred us much more than the noble stone sculpture kept in the neighboring church of Andernach. On this mound, where he had established his headquarters, a young hero of the Revolution, the same one who had proffered the olive branch to the insurgents at Vendée, hurled the courageous troops of the Republic into combat, and he was at once so

glorious and so noble to the peasants of Weissenthurm that they named one of their streets after him, and it would seem that the roses bordering their orchards are cultivated just for him. A spirit clothed in such kindness preserves the charm and freshness of youth throughout the ages.

In the scherzo the work is colored with German romanticism, less in the motif playfully sketched by the oboes than in the mysterious fanfare of three horns. Beethoven excelled in the use of this instrument, whose tones express anxiety, aspiration, and anguish. Arnim was soon to glorify the *Wunderhorn*, the horn of ivory and silver, decorated with four gold ribbons, ornamented with bells, which a child carried on a galloping horse towards the sovereign's castle to reward him for his gentleness. The motif that Beethoven entrusted to it, disappearing on a long organ point, gives to all this part of the work a legendary aspect; Bonaparte appears for an instant like a knight out of a remote past. To the end, this work is governed by a freedom that is little concerned with rules and practices. Why does Beethoven in the finale, following a habit confirmed by many instances, resort to themes clothed in original frolicking rhythms, that he had already used in his *Prometheus* ballet and enriched with variations? For the sole reason, without a doubt, that these themes fascinated him and that it pleased him to submit them in turn to the different instruments of the orchestra. Before concluding with an energetic presto, he halts to make way in the andante for one of those lyric meditations in which he reveals himself to be inimitable: a phrase sweet, reserved, and heart-rending rises and falls. The truth of the matter is this: the unity of the *Third Symphony* is above all a unity of impression. On studying it more closely one perceives that it is an aggregation of inspired thoughts, varied and successive, received

during the course of the year 1803 when Beethoven was concentrating on several large works. If one is to love it as it should be loved, it is necessary to leave something to our imagination, itself a variable factor. But how easy to understand its having disturbed, if not all the guests of Prince Lobkowitz, prepared for it through their acquaintance with the Master, at least the musician prince, Ludwig Ferdinand. Imagine this performance, in all probability the first, in Raudnitz castle, in a Novalis-like setting! The work, dedicated to the glory of Napoleon, was played before the nephew of Frederick the Great, who twelve years before had battled against the Republican armies in Champagne, and who was to be killed by our soldiers at Saalfeld. . . . It was indeed a romantic setting, in itself heroic, which suited a composition unrestrainedly bold to the point of appearing brutal and savage at times. It was not addressed to the frivolous burghers of Vienna who required the most lucid order, and not these gusts of wind sweeping over the roughest of landscapes. It failed to please the critics, whose function it has always been to retard the progress of their period, or the teachers, one of whom ludicrously declared that he found this symphony of "dangerous immorality." Weber himself ventured to jeer at this musical insurgent. Beethoven, out of a feeling of respect for his subject, out of a feeling of confidence in his strength, without thought for proportions or dimensions, for traditional harmonies or conventions, hearkened only to the command of his genius. The *Third Symphony*, like old legends, presents a fascinating hero, and if, as *Heinrich von Ofterdingen* has it, the most beautiful and the most genuine story is that which most inclines to poetry, there is not, concerning Bonaparte, any document comparable to this one, which brings his youth and his living image to us in just such a manner.

To a work of such architecture, of such warmth, and such vehemence, it is necessary to add the two piano sonatas, the *Appassionata* (op. 57) dedicated to Count Franz von Brunswick and the other (op. 53) to Count von Waldstein, sketched, at least, the same year in which the *Eroica* was finished. In the first one, from the beginning of the allegro, the transport and the decided clarity of the themes indicate that we have here a tremendous creation in which virtuosity plays no part. A storm, an epic battle. Ries maintained that the finale was composed in a single stroke, on the return from an agitated walk. We can readily believe this; there is no work less academic or more violently inspired. It is a splendid moment in the lives of great creators when they have attained self-mastery, when they have liberated their genius, while still conserving the fire and the charm of youth; for Beethoven, the *Appassionata* represents this moment. It trembles with eagerness. "It is," writes Lenz, "the eruption of a volcano, splitting the earth asunder and blotting out daylight, while hurling its missiles into the air. . . . In Beethoven's opinion this work had some connection with the *Sonata in D minor* of opus 31. Questioned on this he replied, laconically: 'Read Shakespeare's *Tempest*.'" It was Cranz, a Hamburgian music dealer, who baptized this fantasia containing so much of serenity and so much of savagery.

During the autumn of 1803, Beethoven gave lessons to Josephine Brunswick, who had been married to Count Deym for four years. "This is a little dangerous," wrote Charlotte, one of her sisters. Therese informed her brother of it in a rather veiled phrase. "He is at our home nearly every day; he is teaching Pips; you understand me, my heart." Pips and Pepi were Josephine's nicknames. Count Deym died of consumption in January, 1804, in Prague; his widow, who was in very delicate health, took refuge in

Buda, following the example of Viennese society alarmed by the events of the war. After the marriage of Giulietta it seems to have been Josephine whom Beethoven loved during the year 1804 and the following winter. A little note from Therese to Charlotte confirms this impression: "But tell me, Pepi and B—n, what will come of it? May she be his real guardian! I think it is on account of her that you underlined the words in the score you sent me. Your heart must give you strength to say no—a bitter necessity, the bitterest perhaps." The musician lingered very willingly at the Müller'sche Kunstgalerie where the Deyms lived, near the famous gallery of casts. Josephine's worldly success, her triumphs in the Prater provoked some rather lively scenes in their household. However, when friends of the family assembled, the enormous Schuppanzigh, and Zmeskill and Franz Brunswick, both cellists, they played quartets. The Master, elsewhere so often untractable, ceded to all demands, to every whim; he composed songs for Pepi—and for her only. After the death of Deym, Beethoven felt himself justified in revealing his love. If Therese is to be believed, Josephine and he suited each other admirably. However, the seductive widow escaped; according to the discriminating analysis of Romain Rolland, it was at the beginning of the year 1805 that she discouraged him. Besides, she left for Ofen, where her mother lived, to assist in some sumptuous festivity.

From then on it was Therese who passed into the foreground. Therese, a person of quite different moral qualities, sincere, possessing, perhaps, a too exacting conscience—an earnest soul, restless and complex, but honest and loyal! "Following close on the geniuses," she wrote, "come those who know how to appreciate their worth!" When she played Beethoven's sonatas, she would turn towards the Master. As for the rest, she could direct a concert, sing, and

recite. Some day she will be better understood. Thanks to Romain Rolland, who studied her from the most intimate, the most secret documents, we see her as a dreamer, a recluse for a long time, inclined to bluntness, at times despondent, occasionally worldly but superior to the young women of her circle, fearless in manner, and ready at all costs to dedicate herself to the hero who broke loose from his shackles in the *Appassionata*. In spite of the shyness imposed on him by his malady, Beethoven at that time was not lacking in charm, if we can rely on the portrait painted for Franz Brunswick, today preserved in a private collection in Florence. His countenance is grave; framed by his hair certain features seem less common than they otherwise might be. His eyes, peering from under a prominent brow, are compelling; his gaze, straightforward but not challenging, attests to the nobility of his thought. On his lips is the faint suggestion of a pout, which the years were to accentuate. Adorned with these graces, Beethoven might have stood forth with assurance in the group of admirers who surrounded and beset some of the young women. But his infirmity paralyzed him. He knew how to express himself only in improvisation, or in the isolation of composing. His avowals, the confessions of a fiery soul, were entrusted to the *Appassionata*, and to the *Waldstein*, the sonata Moscheles preferred, glorious in the phantasy and the liberty displayed in its development, to the *Romanza in F major for Violin and Orchestra* (op. 50), to the *Triple Concerto for Piano, Violin, and Cello* (op. 56), which Cortot, Casals, and Thibaud played on an unforgettable evening in the Paris Opera, June 28, 1927. In this composition as well as in the *Waldstein*, virtuosity plays its part; but the ample phrase at the beginning of the largo would suffice to mark

its relationship with the productions of this most brilliant period.

Isn't the fact that this profusion of masterpieces, with which the period was, as it were, overwhelmed, was conceived in little more than three or four years, somewhat of a human miracle? And what other art can offer us a comparable example? The word "genius," so often debased, this time assumes its full meaning. Isolated, even in the midst of his friends who were disconcerted by his moods, in turn elated and despondent, camped in front of a hostile fate in a challenging attitude, a poet, more profound than Schiller or Goethe, unloosed the storm of the *Eroica* and the *Appassionata*. No matter what the sources of his inspiration were, what one hears in listening to the allegro of the sonata to Franz, in the vigorous handling of the themes, sometimes joined, sometimes opposed to each other, is a soul that inveighs, that resiles for a few moments, only to spring forth abruptly immediately after. A pure lyric drama. No learned transitions, no imperious developments, nothing of eloquence. When its breath rises and falls, it follows an inner impulse. In passing through such a soul, all feeling, all thought, all will are transformed into pure poetry. A high summit; a virginal field of snow, of light, and of wind.

CHAPTER VI

FIDELIO

TRUTH is indeed stranger than fiction. Beethoven finished composing the *Eroica* in the spring of 1804; he published the separate parts in 1806. And on the 12th of November 1805, Murat and Lannes made their entry into the Austrian capital, while Napoleon installed himself in Schönbrunn. Events succeeded one another with overwhelming rapidity. The vanquished at Hohenlinden and Marengo longed for revenge. Francis II hated Revolutionary France, against which he struggled after the challenge by the Legislative Assembly, which defeated him at Jemappes, dashed his hopes at the village of Wattignies, crushed his armies in Italy, and wrested from him the left bank of the Rhine. The duel continued, occasionally interrupted by short-lived truces; the Emperor apparently submitted, and recognized Napoleon as King of Italy; but believing that he could count on the support of Great Britain and Russia he attacked without even declaring war, and threw the weight of his forces against Bavaria, the ally of France.

Napoleon's reply is well known. In the autumn of 1805 the Grand Army bounded in a few weeks from the English Channel to the Rhine. A fifteen days' campaign and some illusive maneuvering blockaded Mack at Ulm and forced him to capitulate. A second campaign at Austerlitz, and Napoleon felled Francis II and Alexander with one blow. Master of an historic capital that no enemy had ever per-

trated, the victor entrusted its surveillance to General Clarke, allowing the volunteer militia to continue. Order was maintained everywhere. The army of occupation took possession of only the public coffers and the famous arsenal, stocked with munitions. Vienna was an important junction; Napoleon intended to make use of this city particularly to guard the routes that his enemies menaced. In the midst of all this disturbance Beethoven had not ceased working on *Fidelio*, the first presentation of which took place on November 20, 1805, seven days after Murat's entry and twelve days before Austerlitz; there is more pathos in the contiguity of these dates than in all commentaries.

The amazing story of this lyric drama has been told in detail by Maurice Kufferath. It is said that the learned Dr. Erich Prieger worked for twenty-five years to reconstruct the first score. But few pages of the original manuscript have been preserved. One of the most important of these is Florestan's aria, now in the Berlin Staatsbibliothek.

Who remembers Jean Nicolas Bouilly, the music to whose first opéra-comique, *Pierre le Grand*, was composed by Grétry? When, in 1791, his *Jeune Henri* was performed, preceded by a Méhul overture, Marie Antoinette, delighted, congratulated him and presented him with a snuffbox, which after the Queen's execution passed into the hands of the Société des Jacobins de Tours. Bouilly seems not to have practiced constancy in his political beliefs; one after another, he paid homage to all those in power. His sensitiveness, to which he owed the agnomen "lachrymal poet," inhibited excessive independence; his moral benevolence flows through his *Contes*, *Encouragements*, and *Conseils*. On the stage he presented popular men of letters and history, from Turenne and Descartes to Rousseau and Florian. He

gave us a memento of Berquin; it is to him that we owe—and a real debt it is—*Fanchon la Vielleuse*; Scribe took it for a model after having assisted in its collaboration. In 1798 the Théâtre Feydeau produced a two-act drama written for the composer Gaveaux: *Léonore ou l'Amour conjugal, fait historique espagnol*, inspired, we are told, by the conjugal heroism of a native of Touraine. The action takes place in a state prison some distance from Seville. The characters? Dom Fernand, minister and grandee of Spain, bass; Dom Pizarre, governor, second tenor; Florestan, prisoner, first tenor; Léonore, spouse of Florestan and turnkey under the name of Fidelio, prima donna; Marceline, daughter of Roc, seconda donna; Roc, jailer, bass; Jacquino, turnkey, in love with Marceline, tenor. After a duet in which Marceline sings,

*Go, go, let me be
To find my joy
In a young Fidelio, son to thee,*

Léonore is heard expressing her grief, *adagio espressivo*:

*How I have needed courage and patience these two long years!
Ever under heavy burdens, new dangers, fears and suspense. Ah!
I know of nothing in this world, the equal of that sacred fire, that
sentiment of conjugal devotion!*

There follows a chorus of "prisoners of all ages":

We dread, we dread the governor!

In fact, Bouilly did not err through excessive picturesqueness. History, once more, worked with greater force than fiction; after the Hundred Days, Madame de La Valette,

wishing to save her husband, was to follow the precedent of Léonore, who risks her life to snatch her mate, Florestan, from the prison in which the scoundrel Pizarre holds him.

Such a subject fascinated the upright Beethoven; after his death there was found among his books a copy of Gaveaux's scores. He considered German writers incapable of producing a good libretto; he complained about it later to Weber. The two best librettists, in his opinion, were Jouy, author of *La Vestale*, and Bouilly, whose *Le Porteur d'eau ou les deux journées* Cherubini had set to music. According to one of the *Skizzenbücher* he began work near the end of 1803. "Of all my children," he declared, "this one has caused me the most grief." Sonnleithner's libretto was a pretty close reproduction of Bouilly's text, except that the translator divided the work into three acts. It has been discovered that the sketches for the work form a volume of three hundred and fifty pages; that there are eighteen variants of Leonore's air, *Komm, Hoffnung*, and of Florestan's air, *In des Lebens Frühlingstagen*. One is struck by the difficulty Beethoven experienced in escaping banality when writing for the voice, he, whose instrumental music was stamped with such originality and authority. Around this time he thought of the possibility of marrying Josephine Brunswick, widowed by the death of Count Deym. He was soon disillusioned, to judge from the fact that publishing in September, 1805, the *Lied, An die Hoffnung*, written for Pepi, he omitted the dedication. But evidently the desire to marry haunted him and expressed itself in *Fidelio*. In the autumn of 1805 the work was ready for the stage, for that first performance of November 20th, in which the young Anna Milder sang the rôle of Fidelio, while the aged Demmer interpreted Florestan. Beethoven conducted before a half empty house; French officers made up the

larger part of the audience, while in his place Cherubini, scornful and malevolent, whetted his irony, unmindful of the high regard Beethoven had for him.

In the spring of 1805 the composer of *Achille à Scyros* had accepted a commission to come to Vienna for the composing of an opera to be produced at the Imperial Theater. This two-act opera, *Anacréon*, in spite of the enthusiastic reception of the overture, of the celebrated air (*Jeune filles au regard doux*), and of the famous storm, had not enjoyed a lasting success. Cherubini, pressed by want, settled on the shore of the Danube with his wife and daughter, became friendly with the aged Haydn, and composed the music to *Lodoïška*, along with a *Faniska* which was to be produced on February 25, 1806, at the Kärntnertheater in the presence of Francis II and the entire court. Napoleon was not overfond of Cherubini's works; one of their conversations ran this way:

THE EMPEROR: I like Paisiello's music, it is soft and quiet. You are very talented, but your accompaniments are too loud.

CHERUBINI: I comply with the French taste. *Paese che vai, usanza che trovi*, says the Italian proverb.

THE EMPEROR: Your music is too noisy; speak to me of Paisiello's; his is the music that lulls me.

CHERUBINI: I understand; you want the kind of music that does not prevent your thinking about state affairs.

For a time the musician sought consolation for this humiliation by cultivating flowers; then he expatriated himself. But in Vienna he found Napoleon again.

Need one be surprised at the failure of *Fidelio*? The hero of the *Third Symphony* had just arrived; in a few bounds he had thrown himself upon brilliant spoils; with no regard for the suffering of his soldiers or the pride of his generals he saw only his planned objective. The archives of the

French Ministry of War contain numerous references to the occupation of Vienna. I found there a short letter on a large piece of blue paper in which Murat, in Linz, on November 3 informed the Emperor that disorder and trouble were growing in the capital. He wrote again from Melk on the 7th: "Sir, the servant of Count Giulay, who has been retained here, claimed this evening, while eating with the menials and drinking a bit too much, that the Emperor of Germany wished to leave Vienna, but that the bourgeois guard of that city was opposed to his plan and retained him as prisoner in his palace, in order to force him to make peace. According to him, consternation is at a peak and most of the rich lords would be far from the capital if they had not been prevented from leaving." From Mitrau castle on the 8th: "It is certain that the Emperor wished to leave Vienna and that he was retained in spite of his wishes by the inhabitants of the capital, but the Empress and all her family departed four days ago." On the 9th Murat announced his intention of resuming the march on Vienna "with greater security, for the outpost has already received a delegate who has declared, in the name of Austria, to have an order to cease fighting." "Our troops are short of bread," reports Soult, "but I shall give one bottle of wine to each soldier." The Melk monastery, according to this report, "has a fine stock." The soldiers of the Grand Army were revictualled in the cellar of the old Benedictine Abbey, reconstructed at the beginning of the preceding century; but they respected the treasures of the church and the library, the paintings and the celebrated cross of gold enhanced by precious stones and pearls. On the 10th a note in pencil from Sebastiani to Murat revealed that the delegates were three leagues away, and that the enemy had retired. "I have again interdicted the entry into Vienna," wrote Murat. "I

think Your Majesty should be the first to enter at the head of his army." The Emperor, through his minister of war, reproached the Prince for failing to hold to the position ordered. "Rooted, according to your orders, in the Wiener Wald, I had to emerge and march on to prevent starvation," was Murat's explanation.

On the same day, the 10th, Giulay urged Murat not to advance his troops, but to wait until he had been able to deliver his Emperor's proposal to Napoleon. From all evidence they sought to save the capital. On the 11th the Prince solicited orders, for again he had been scored for his rapid march. "According to my position I am as good as in Vienna, inasmuch as the National Guard, from which I am only a league away, is posted at the gates; yet I am not there in fact; so the Emperor can find no pretext for not making peace." Soult, too, found himself blamed for false movements.

Murat, having been the first to enter Vienna in spite of his promises, was strongly rebuked. He exonerated himself in a long epistle, November 12 (21 Brumaire): "The letter from Monsieur le Maréchal Ministre distresses me; that of Your Majesty dumbfounds me, I have done nothing to deserve this cruel treatment. My march on Vienna had as its aim the outstripping of the Russians, who, I was assured, approached that city, to prevent their meeting with Merfeldt's troops fleeing before Marshal Davoust, finally to force the Emperor of Germany to sign all the conditions that it pleased Your Majesty to dictate. So you see, Sire, it was this that led me to Vienna, and not the glory of being the first to enter." A note of the same day, sent by General Mouton at Hütteldorf to the Emperor, stated that "the inhabitants are running in crowds to see the soldiers."

On the 13th of November (22 Brumaire, Year XIV) the city

was occupied. At the last moment it had been tricked by a stratagem. Generals Bertrand and Moissel and Major Lanusse, Murat's aide-de-camp, had been ordered to take the Taborbrücke; in order to do this they marched at the head of the ninth and tenth hussar regiments, and the tenth and twenty-second of the dragoons, with three pieces of cannon. They advanced so rapidly, the barrier that closed the road to the bridge to them was so quickly encompassed, that the two mounted sentinels scarcely had time to flee. The hussars succeeded in capturing a man who was going to ignite the bridge. In order to prevent the fire that would have broken out on the left bank, the troops halted. Bertrand, Moissel, and Lanusse advanced; they would have been riddled with shot had they not cried to the cannoneers that they waited on the head of the enemy's army; they were allowed to cross. Likewise, Marshal Lannes, in talking to the Austrians, prevented their firing the cannon. On being presented to Murat, who had arrived, Prince von Auersperg asked the honor of being presented to Napoleon, and declared, "I am more French than you believe." The report, in Murat's hand, of these facts is dated "du quartier général de Vienne, le 22 brumaire an XIV, à neuf heures du soir." And the Prince adds in a postscript: "I shall leave tomorrow at three A.M." General Hulin was placed in command of the city. Commissary Mathieu Favier was given charge of the rations and of the inspection of the storehouses. General Moissel directed the artillery. General Macon became Governor of Schönbrunn; Hautpoul's division, together with a brigade from Suchet's division, was posted in the city. "The Viennese," wrote Murat, in his report of the 13th of November, "appeared in no wise alarmed at our visit [*sic*]: they gathered in crowds to watch us pass. Your Majesty is awaited with much impatience."

A note with no date, but which was written a short time before the entry into Vienna, and which Murat brought to a close with two lines in his own handwriting, affirms that the Viennese were favorably disposed, that many of the "great ones" were dissatisfied with the government, that the delegates also expressed themselves that way, and that the "bailiffs" of that section besought protection of the French army from pillagers. "A wealthy individual," wrote the Prince, "said yesterday: 'Good enough, that Napoleon is to govern us, he is a fine ruler.'" Murat was trying flattery; since Napoleon had censured him, "he has lost," wrote Bertrand, "courage, energy, and activeness . . . his self-possession." Compatriots or enemies, the hero of the *Third Symphony* bent every one to his will.

The papers in the archives of the Ministry of War make possible a detailed reconstruction of those dramatic days. I have before me the general orders unprinted, and issued by Marshal Berthier, Chief of Staff of the Viennese Headquarters, November 14 (23 Brumaire). "The Emperor orders the greatest respect towards property, and the greatest civility towards the people of this Capital who have sorrowfully seen an unjust war brought upon us, and who show by their conduct as much amity towards us as hatred towards the Russians, people who by their habits and barbarous customs must inspire the same sentiment in all civilized nations." Napoleon struck the imagination in visiting the outposts at two in the morning, in himself checking negligence in duty. He repaired to Schönbrunn. He severely reprimanded an officer of the second cuirassiers who "has dishonored the name of France by collecting taxes for his own profit." (Order of the day, 25 Brumaire.) General Clarke, former Quartermaster General of the Rhine army, was named governor on the 24th. Daru received the title of Commissary General of

Austria. The German Emperor retired to Olmütz. On the 20th day of November (29 Brumaire), the day on which *Fidelio* was performed, it was learned that all of Tyrol had been evacuated by the Austrian army, with the exception of the corps of Prince von Rohan, who bravely refused to capitulate. Murat, from his headquarters in Brünn, announced that he had dispatched his forces to Austerlitz; already the great name appears. At no time was the Emperor more feared by his own marshals; we have already read the notes from Murat and Bertrand, very much like those formerly addressed to Louis XIV. They trembled at a severe word; a reproach was cause for despair. "I beg Your Majesty," wrote Lannes from Olkowitz on November 18 (27 Brumaire), "to allow me to tell him that I have been worried all night over the low spirits here. I fear that this is due to the fatigue of the troops, about which I have already opened my heart to him. Your Imperial Majesty must know my sentiments toward him, and he must also know that I have no taste for blood in these veins that are ready to flow for his glory. I say frankly, Your Majesty, that I was tormented to the point where, if the grenadiers had been able to advance, and if the enemy had held, I should have hurled myself upon them."

With regard to the Austrians, Napoleon adopted the device of showing himself irritated solely at the Russians. A bulletin of the Grand Army, signed by Marshal Ney at the headquarters at Innsbruck, November 20th, announced that the people of Vienna had recognized Napoleon's generosity when he allowed the volunteers of that city to keep their firearms, but that the corps of the Russian army, using post wagons to bring in muskets, ran afoul of the French bayonets and were annihilated. On the same day, the day on

which *Fidelio* was performed, the headquarters were moved to Brünn.

Thus it is clear that the first performance did not take place under conditions favorable to its success. One of Murat's officers, molded by Revolutionary ideology, or, as happens in armies, exempted by a life of action from the domination of ideas, could find nothing here to please him, save a military march and a few trumpet calls. French classicism, the vanguard of whose tenets reached as far as Vienna, struck against the lyricism of old Rhenish Germany, whose effusions inspired by the simplest sentiments, love of family, of wisdom, of liberty, were expressed in long odes soaring from the dark soil to the heavens. Viennese criticism was severe. The correspondent of *Die Freimüthige* recorded the failure and attempted to explain it. "The melody is strained and lacks that warm expression, that striking and irresistible charm that holds us in the works of Mozart and Cherubini. Although the work discloses some fine pages, it is far from being a work that is, I do not say perfect, but simply well conceived." *Die Zeitung der elegante Welt* of Leipzig confessed disappointment. *Die allgemeine musikalische Zeitung*, also of Leipzig, scored the piece for "its lack of originality, the banality of the overture, and the length and the repetitions of the vocal pieces." It is interesting to reconsider some of these criticisms. The Leipzig critic was astounded that the composer had invested the married couple, finally reunited, with such ardent joy instead of the calm and peaceful sentiment in harmony with the situation; this was misjudging Beethoven's character, at once chaste and passionate, and the ardor he gave to all expressions of love. It is not too much to believe that in writing the duet and even the entire rôle, he thought of

Josephine Brunswick, of the happiness of his fancied reunion with her, or even with Therese. *Die allgemeine musikalische Zeitung* declared also that the chorus of the prisoners seeing daylight "failed completely."

Once again the novelty of Beethoven's genius, of his drama, was misunderstood. When, preceded by soft chords, the prisoners appear, one after another, ragged, unshaven, and when, in a frankly lyric chorus, they celebrate, *sotto voce*, the beauty of the skies, the joy of breathing freely, the horror of the black dungeon, when they catch a glimpse of peace and freedom only to lose it again, what Beethoven was expressing with such moving simplicity, was his love of life; he was already sketching the hymn to joy. It is astounding to learn that an Englishman, present at the performance, found this music difficult, complicated, and that the composer's friends, with Stephan von Breuning at their head, had to distribute a poem glorifying the Master in order to rekindle admiration for him. Romain Rolland has analyzed in admirable terms the appeal of Leonore in the first version, restored by Prieger, "that noble song, that grief-laden hymn to hope, that prayer of stricken hearts, that none of us can repeat or hear without hidden tears."

What strikes us in the first version of *Fidelio* is Beethoven's inclination to dwell on the lyric elements of his subject, an inclination to which he later gave himself unreservedly in the *Missa Solemnis* and the *Ninth Symphony*. Even in the theater he revealed himself more as a poet than as a dramatist. The first overture—the one that is known now as the *Leonore No. 2*—is worked out with the instrumental amplitude and richness of a symphony. Undoubtedly a duet such as this one, the trio, Marceline's air, are the ritualistic trappings of the straightforward *Singspiel*. Mozart and Cherubini had sanctioned it. Romain Rolland in his

remarkable study, at once poetic and scholarly, holds that *Fidelio* was inspired by the French Revolutionary music, by Méhul in particular. But to recognize Beethoven's own inflexion, it suffices to listen to the phrase that introduces the famous quartet, that soft *andante sostenuto* of eight measures, for violas and cellos, which precedes Marceline's entrance; or again, when after the quite Italian declamation of Pizarro, Leonore, aware of the danger, makes her heroic resolve, her expressive invocation. To enjoy these pages where the Beethoven of the sonatas and the symphonies reasserts himself, where certain motives are stated that are to be found in the *G major Piano Concerto* written around this time, one must accept willingly the concessions to archaic formulas, and the weakness or deficiency, at times, of the orchestra. From the dramatic point of view, the idea of bringing together a quintet of soloists and the chorus of prisoners bidding farewell to daylight marks a distinct operatic innovation. "The great ensemble in the second act of *Tannhäuser*," writes Maurice Kufferath, "the vocal and rhythmic polyphony of *Lohengrin*, like the septet of *Les Huguenots*, and all that follows, are derived directly from *Fidelio*." But lyricism dominates, a lyricism tender and sweet, that Romain Rolland has analyzed without destroying it; the duet between Rocco and Leonore digging Florestan's grave in his cell, is treated, according to the penetrating observation of Vincent d'Indy, in sonata style; the search for instrumental color, the use of the oboes to intensify Leonore's dolor, the use of the tympani like their use in the *Fourth Symphony*, indicate that Beethoven was concerned at this time with developing the resources of the orchestra. The version performed in 1805 did not include the expansive finale introduced into the 1814 revision, that hymn of gratitude and joy that rises from the little square

of the fortress, encircling the statue of Dom Pedro, the Justiciary. As it was offered to the Viennese public (Karl Czerny was charged with making the piano transcription), as it has been reëstablished through the different versions, it represented an attempt on the part of Beethoven to master the stage. He yielded thus to the temptation that all great musicians—or nearly all—have known, although this adaptation to the stage demands from the greatest a kind of forfeiture. He failed, in spite of his competency to manage the drama, in spite of the praise the famous pistol scene brought him. Yet this work, dearest of all to his heart, is in close accord with all of his creations. Beethoven parted the curtains of the modern drama in that he returned to the simple formulas of the ancient dithyramb, in that he introduced to the theater the kind of poetry it can sustain; and this creation seems so much more moving to us when we respect its true character, its passionate simplicity.

The tenor, Josef August Röckel, who lived until 1870, and who was twenty-three years old at the time when the composer of *Fidelio* turned to him, has described the scene in which Beethoven consented to revise his work. It was in Prince Lichnowski's palace, December, 1805, in the music room decorated with candelabra and silk draperies, hung with the paintings of masters. The Princess, already aged, ill, but gracious and gentle, was seated at the piano; at her side was Beethoven, holding on his knees the heavy score of his opera; also present were the poet Matthäus von Collin, Hofrat von Breuning, and the performers of the opera. The composer was begged to cut several long passages in the first two acts, but he refused; he wanted to flee, but it was the Princess alone who succeeded in persuading him by calling on the memory of his mother, and in supplicating him not to condemn himself to failure. "The great man

with his head of Olympian grandeur," says Röckel, "stood long before the angelic votaress of his Muse; then brushing back the long locks that fell over his face, as if a beautiful dream had revealed itself to his soul, he cried, sobbing, 'I shall do it . . . shall do it . . . all; for you, for my mother.'"

When Beethoven thus resigned himself to mutilating the work he had carried in him for two years, the most cherished work of all, *sein liebes Schmerzenskind*, it was the month of Austerlitz. The capital again enjoyed a certain calm. We have discovered a pamphlet published by Solvet in Paris, 1805: *Coup d'œil rapide sur Vienne, suivi de la lettre d'un officier supérieur de la Grande Armée*. Thanks to this document, the city as it appeared around 1805 is revealed to us: its rather dirty streets bordered by sidewalks level with the pavement; the street called the Deep Moat (Tiefer Graben); a confusion of races, Austrians, Poles, Turks, and Hungarians, Cossacks and Kalmucks; the houses whose second stories belonged generally to the Emperor and served to lodge the court officials; the Graben, a famous promenade where gathered all the idle, the Argus-eyed police, and certain very coy ladies; the old monasteries of which Joseph II had made barracks; the suburbs with their little plots cultivated by Styrian gardeners; the cabarets forced by the police to close at ten o'clock in the evening; the Greek café in Leopoldstadt. The French who had just installed themselves were astonished at the complication and the tyranny of public life; following the death of Joseph II, a form of government had been reëstablished that recalled the time of Charles V. The author of the *Coup d'œil*, a Rousseauesque moralist, dwells on the abundance of titles and the spread of an evil which each nation blames on its neighbor. The war ruined a good deal of the manufacturing, and deprived the country of raw

materials. The newcomers were also astounded at the number of books placed on the Index, at the scarcity of newspapers, at the poor teaching in the gymnasiums and colleges, although there was to be met at the normal school that novelty, a teacher of physical education. Here, declares the writer of the pamphlet, "one need expect nothing great in literature or art. All the germs of genius are suffocating." This corresponds to the impressions of Madame de Staël in 1808. On the other hand the city seemed consecrated to pleasure; French officers, off duty, visited and admired the famous arsenal where there were figures of the princes of the house of Austria, in full armor, where there was revealed to the visitor the trophy of Godefroy de Bouillon, his coat of arms, his shield, and the scarlet hat topped by a small gold ball which he wore in Jerusalem, not wishing, out of humility, to show himself there with the royal crown. They paused before the spoils taken from Gustavus Adolphus: his buff sleeveless coat pierced through and through, the remains of a black hat whose brim had been swept off by a shot to the right of the skull. This was all that remained of the hero. But they also visited the walks in the Augarten, and the woods of the Prater, wherein were to be found Italian and Chinese taverns frequented by thimblerriggers, a retreat for coquettes, a course for fine equipages: cabriolets, hackneys, and American whiskies. In these public promenades, princes and bourgeois, monks and jades intermingled. Occasionally an incident occurred: a thief snatched a bonnet embroidered with gold from a promenader. Music was to be heard everywhere. Likewise restaurants were to be seen everywhere. A Viennese saw says, "Long live love, provided I eat!"

Shut up for several days in Schönbrunn, Napoleon did not allow himself to be seduced by the ready charms of the

capital. His energy carried him away; he had thrown himself upon Vienna; now he bounded to Austerlitz.

I shall leave you for a time, Beethoven. I want to see perform on the Moravian plains, amid the solemn firs, the genius who little resembles you, but who haunted you in your *Third Symphony*, I want to know that golden stream which a December sun inflamed, that plateau of Pratzen stained with the blood of one of the most terrible battles of the century. Not because the colorful tragedy of those December days still holds the interest our histories impart to it. But because a warrior drew from his troops, in inspiring them, a mysterious confidence to the point of being able to exact from them every fatigue, every loyalty, every peril; because, assured of this devotion, he was able to order his plan in the noise of the bivouac with the precision of the scholar in his study; because, as certain of his enemy's moves as of his own, he was able, and dared, to announce in advance the maneuver directed against him, and to tell how he would intercept it with his crushing answer; because he was able to regulate his arrangements on an anticipated error, this, too, is a demonstration of the power of genius. I can not, upon this field of battle, study without trembling that battler who, before dawn, quitted his tent and advanced across the field to learn by himself whether his daring anticipation would be realized. I see that meditative countenance, at once young and powerful, so rich in poetry; the countenance that Houdon would catch some months later at Saint-Cloud. This battle was a syllogism and the most concise of all. To this man one can apply, in part at least, the words of Goethe on Beethoven: "I have never seen an artist more concentrated, more energetic." On the very spot, I visualized the sun of Austerlitz on a December morning. Its shaft of light enveloped the

troops in the center, the Vandamme and Saint-Hilaire divisions, as, the golden stream leaping in the haze, they emerged upon the slope of Pratzen, rapidly and silently, without a single musket shot answering the volleys sent from the heights. With a hatchetlike movement which he entrusted to Soult, Napoleon cracked and split asunder the armies of two emperors. The forecast was realized on the precise spot and at the desired moment. Intelligence had vanquished pedantry and prepossession. Napoleon, following the accidents of time and place, allowed secondary episodes to play themselves out to his right and to his left, so that he might hold only to the essential idea, the simple idea. His lieutenants battled with varying success in the places to which they had been assigned, while he, athwart the din, athwart the dead, avoiding sight of the wounded he had ordered to be left lying, followed his Cartesian logic, whose success depended on Soult's maneuver. There were moments when the combat became so general, so confused that all impression of unity was lost. His reason watched. His words to Rapp with their classic spirit are well known: "I see disorder there; go repair it." A single man animated and directed all of this matin carnage. And he took care of his final move, when, ruler of the field, victorious everywhere, just when the tensed forces were able to relax, he seized the frightful opportunity to throw the remains of the entire army into the Rhine. One can not refuse to admire such exaltation of human faculties. Here also is genius, and an entirely French genius of logic, clarity, and decision. But the result? In a few hours of a December morning, twenty thousand lives snuffed out. Ten years later, the final act of the Treaty of Vienna. The French frontier fated to remain unprotected against future invasions. The gates of Paris wide open. Nearly all of our subsequent misfortune dating

from that time. In the meanwhile Beethoven, occupied with his *Fourth Symphony*, meditated, in his adoration of Therese, on that magnificent song of love, that cantabile which the violins transmit to the gentle flutes, lightly cadenced by the tympani.

In Vienna, Napoleon received homage more or less spontaneous, from the banks of the Rhine. At this time, Marshal Lefèbvre was commander-in-chief of the second reserve corps of the Grand Army, and of the national guard of the departments of Mont-Tonnerre, of Rhine and Moselle, and of the Roër. The archives of the French Ministry of War preserve the proclamation in which he declared that he had sent one of his officers "to the greatest of heroes" to reassure him of the fidelity of the national guard of the Rhine. "The Emperor has received," wrote Lefèbvre, "this homage in Vienna in the presence of the national guard he has organized in that ancient capital of the warring world. There under a French general they serve the cause of France, just as you do, on the banks of the Rhine. Other than its own inhabitants Vienna has no garrison; peace reigns, the fortunes of the people have not been seized, industry and commerce have not been disturbed, and this city, which might have witnessed the combined fury of two armies, has not seen even the lightest combat, due to the impossibility of its defense."

Napoleon and Beethoven so close to each other! What a theme to excite our imagination! Yet, just like the author of the *Coup d'œil* who mentions only Haydn of the living musicians, the Emperor ignored him who had just dedicated to him a work of supreme grandeur. When Napoleon needed a director for the palace concerts he engaged Cherubini. He carried away as far as Warsaw Paër who had composed an *Eleonora* on the same subject as Beethoven's *Fidelio*.

It was about this time that the poet Grillparzer, at an evening musicale given by his uncle Josef Sonnleithner, met the Master. This Josef, son of the well known Viennese jurist Christoph Sonnleithner, occupied an important position in contemporary society. At one time or another, district commissary, secretary of the Kärntnertheater, Hofrat, a founder of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde and the Konservatorium, collector of scores and instruments, he had published at the end of the preceding century a *Wiener Theater-Almanach* replete with interesting information. It was he who discovered in the year of Beethoven's death the famous St. Gall antiphonary, notated in neumes, that is to say in shorthand; a document which the musicologist Hugo Riemann believed to be a copy of a collection of anthems compiled in the late eighth century at Charlemagne's order.

Like his father the doctor, Josef Sonnleithner loved music passionately. With him, on the evening that Grillparzer was present, there was the composer of *Lodoïska* and *Faniska*. Sonnleithner had also invited the learned Abbé Vogler, the famous theorist of the organ, teacher of Weber and Meyerbeer, and the writer, almost simultaneously, of the opera *Samori* and a *Handbuch zur Harmonielehre*. Grillparzer thus saw Beethoven in the prime of his life; slender, elegantly clothed, wearing glasses to correct myopic vision, the Master listened patiently to the Abbé who improvised endlessly at the piano on an African theme.

On March 29, 1806, in the Theater an der Wien, *Fidelio* reappeared in its second version. The overture had been abridged and revised with the intention of increasing its dramatic power; it became in this form *Leonore No. 3*. *Leonore No. 1*, written in 1805 and played only to a limited audience, was not published until 1832 (op. 138). Beethoven was to compose a fourth overture in E for the performance

of 1814. His difficulties, some with Baron von Braun, director of the theater, others with the performers, contributed little to the success of the work. The singers, led by Röckel, defended it, however, as best they could in order to insure the composer a sizable profit; but although the loges and stalls were filled, the cheaper seats, always sold out when Mozart's operas were performed, remained largely unoccupied. Beethoven, in a rage, assailed the Baron. "I do not write for the masses, I write for the cultured few," he shouted. And when an explanation was offered for the small receipts he cried, "Give me my score! Immediately, my score!" Beethoven had known the Baron for some time; he had dedicated to his wife *Two Piano Sonatas* (op. 14) and a delightful *Sonata for Piano and Horn* (op. 17). No persuasion could calm him. Like Napoleon, Beethoven uncompromisingly demanded deference to his ideas. Stephan von Breuning wrote, "He will need time to recover; for the manner in which he has been treated has caused the loss of much of his love of and ardor for work." He also accounted for the failure with profound insight. Ritter von Seyfried tells us that Beethoven once said to a Saxon diplomat: "My *Fidelio* has been misunderstood by the public; . . . I know that *the symphony is my proper domain*. . . . Whenever I hear anything within me it is for the orchestra." Once again the Master analyzed himself with truer insight than the most learned savants have displayed.

Was he to receive compensation in his emotional life, at least, for his dramatic misfortunes? He spent a few summer months in 1806 at Martonvasar with his friends, the Brunswicks, and it was there, so it is claimed, that he became engaged to Therese. From the time—ten years earlier—when the Countess arrived in Vienna with her daughter to stay at the Goldene Greif, the amorous fate of the musician seemed

to lie in this family. There were three sisters, Maria Therese, Josephine, and Charlotte, and a brother, Franz. Giulietta Guicciardi was their cousin. Beethoven gave Therese piano lessons, corrected her technical faults, and then, to divert her, commented on the theater. He accompanied her to the morning concerts at the Augarten. But she, the least urbane of the sisters, spent long months in the country; it was by letter that she was told of the family soirées at which Beethoven played, and of his affection for Josephine. Not that she disdained pleasure! André de Hevesy has published a note in which she asks Charlotte for a pair of white shoes to be worn at a masquerade; she adds this profession of faith: "To live and be loved; all else is vain." These flowering young ladies who came, each in her turn, into Beethoven's life, and whom it is not necessary to delineate in too precise a manner, seem to have been, if not very passionate, at least alive to amorous attentions. Occasionally a Hungarian officer would appear between battles on the horizon of the Martonvasar domain; their little hearts would flutter; among them there were felicitations, consolations; they listened to Haydn and Beethoven; they read Schiller. On their household and their adventures, documents are so vague that one must suspend judgment. It is not impossible that, having run afoul of the bold young cousin and the much sought after young widow, the timid Beethoven sought refuge in Therese, whose slight affliction dampened the ardor of young Viennese Lotharios. The museum at the Rathaus offers only an inexpressive picture of her, a banal engraving lacking in character. However, we know—and we shall know better some day—that Therese was spiritually much richer than her sisters or her cousin. She had known suffering; a soldier whom she loved had been killed in the struggle against France. We are ill acquainted with her; and yet

we find in her all the elements of heroism. From whom, Beethoven or Therese, came the first confession of love? Therese's account is well known: a Sunday evening in the moonlight; Beethoven at the piano playing a few slow chords, then with a mysterious solemnity passing to Sebastian Bach's air: "If thou wilt give me thy heart let it be first in secret, that our hearts may commingle and no one divine it!" Countess von Brunswick and the vicar were, prudently enough, asleep; Franz was lost in thought, Therese trembled. In fact, this occurred before the 1806 sojourn at Martonvasar, since Beethoven at the time when he confided in Therese was composing *Fidelio*, and was, as it were, kindled by it. Therese, with all there was in her of sincerity and depth, trembled. "Up to the present, I have been like the little child in the fairy tale, who gathered pebbles and did not see the beautiful flower blossoming by the roadside." She refused to yield to the declarations of the Grand Duke of Tuscany; she was moved by the genius.

Giulietta, Josephine, Therese. Beethoven offered to each in her turn his shy and restless heart. For which one did he write the three consuming letters (*My angel, my all, my very self*)? Three letters? Or rather one letter twice repeated. I examined the ten pages published by Thayer, written in pencil, that are preserved in the Berlin Staatsbibliothek. It is impossible to learn their secret. The handwriting, normal at the beginning, becomes less and less decipherable; at the end it is almost as illegible as the conversation books. The famous first phrase, "*Mein Engel, mein Alles, mein Ich*," was written in a calm, reposeful hand. The final words, "*Ewig dein, ewig mein, ewig uns*," are accompanied by disordered flourishes. It is like a sonata with its andante, presto, and finale. Romain Rolland has proved that this letter was written in 1812. But to whom was it ad-

dressed? Who was this *unsterbliche Geliebte* whom Beethoven had long loved and for whose constant presence he yearned?

If only we might question the little patch of ground in Hungary where this idyll flowered, where Beethoven seems to have completed the *Appassionata*! Martonvasar is spread out about eighteen miles from Budapest, in a vast plain watered by the Danube, in the heart of the *puszta* hardly more wooded than Beauce, in a region desolated by fever. This large market-town, traversed by a dusty road, with its low houses covered with coats of white and ochre, is very much like the rustic agglomerations of France. A helter-skelter of turbulent children, solemn stiff-necked geese, and droves of swine obstruct the highway bordered by puny acacias. In the center of the town, surrounded by large trees, an unexpected and suddenly revealed oasis, the Martonvasar dwelling displays its long façade flanked by a chapel and scalloped by battlements. The park alone can move us, the park where, according to tradition, nothing since Beethoven's time has changed. Under the amber light of a Hungarian autumn, varied by tints of gold and copper, touched with shades of orange and purple, the isle, its woods, the gray-robed swans, lofty beech trees, and pearly-barked birches form a landscape not excessive but pleasant. In the glade, in the spot where Beethoven used to meet, shall we say Therese, how could one fail to find the venerable oak and the old bench? One thinks of Ermenonville, of Coppet, of the naturalized parks which Rousseau's imagination filled with temples and steles, of the creations of Joseph II, and that of Pückler-Muskau. On a narrow promontory Therese, out of filial piety, placed an urn; it was there that she consecrated herself, in a resolution faithfully adhered to, to the rôle of *Priestess of the Truth*. Profuse carvings lighten the

banal heaviness of the façade. For the rest, the house itself contains nothing that reminds one of Beethoven. The piano has been moved to the Budapest museum; the rooms have been restored; it is said that in the course of the renovation of the castle, the rooms of Therese and her guest were found to be connected. A chary and easily contestable indication.

This estate has its history: it belonged to the elder branch of the Counts von Brunswick of Korompa; the Empress offered it to Therese's grandfather Anton I. At that time the Turks occupied and devastated the country. It was only under the rule of Count Franz, the son of Anton II and the brother of Therese, that the castle took on its present aspect. From that time it has been considered a paradise. Romain Rolland finds in the family "a diversified culture, a refined taste, a love of the arts and sciences, and a special interest in pedagogy." A liberal milieu, it seems. Therese's father was an ardent admirer of the American insurgents; she herself said she learned to admire Washington and Franklin. With the extinction of the family in 1899 on the death of Count Geysa, and the acquisition of the estate first by Archduke Joseph, and then by Eugène Dreher, the old souvenirs were scattered. However, we know through Therese's *Mémoires* that, in the romanesque glade, each linden was given the name of a friend. Beethoven had his tree with his name cut into it; it was cut down in 1919 during the Bolshevist crisis. Along with the castle the beautiful art collection was sold in which there was a portrait of the musician, the one that later belonged to Marquise Capponi, and was transferred to Florence. On Beethoven's sojourn we have only a few lines from Countess Therese in her *Mémoires*. "It was then that a sincere, affectionate friendship was established, lasting until his death, alas, premature.

He came to Buda as well as to Martonvasar, and was received by our republican society whose members were distinguished men and women." Beethoven had visited Buda several years before; on the 7th of March, 1800, he had given a concert at the Buda theater, deeply appreciated by the *Magyar Kurir*; he sojourned at Prince Esterházy's estate at Kismarton (now Eisenstadt) in the district of Sopron, or Oedenburg. At Kismarton the scenery has greater depth; it is at Esterház, more precisely in the theater in the park, that Haydn's works were performed; near Eisenstadt and the huge castle, which the family enlarged in 1805, at Maria Einsiedl, the great Kapellmeister of the Prince was to be buried, and undoubtedly Beethoven would want to make the pilgrimage which tradition has since consecrated.

On Therese's betrothal we possess only the vaguest information. Was she, as Thayer believed, the *unsterbliche Geliebte*? The best informed writers, Nohl and Tenger, contradict each other, or they have been refuted. Therese's autobiography, published by La Mara in 1909 (*Das Geheimnis der Gräfin Brunszvik*), was written about forty years after the events in her life that interest us most. Therese lived until September 17, 1856; her name and her adventures have excited a good deal of romance. One hopes for new insight from the work undertaken by Marianne de Czeke, which is so carefully preserved at Budapest in the University Library. The first Hungarian children's home (*Kinderbewahranstalt*) having been founded in 1828 by Countess von Brunswick, the honorable Count von Klebelsberg, Minister of Public Education, has recently ordered a critical publication of Therese's *Journal*. He should be thanked; these confessions, written in German, number over thirty volumes, to which must be added thirty-five packets of sundry notes. The precious documents belong to Therese's great-

niece, Baroness Irene de Gerando, née Countess Teleki. Up to the present time no reference has been found to warrant the belief that there was between Therese and her guest anything more than a sincerely affectionate friendship; in the twenty volumes already examined, only five casual references to Beethoven have been found; the twentieth alone contains certain interesting remarks. Therese praises her friend's character, as we have already learned to understand it. "What he desires," she writes, "he desires with force; but he desires only good." One quite simple phrase demands reflection. "Toward women he displays a tender regard, and his feelings for them are virgin-pure." "*Gegen Frauen hegt er eine zarte Achtung, und seine Gefühle für dieselben sind jungfräulich rein.*"

In the year 1805, together with the creation and the revision of *Fidelio*, there appeared a *Sonata for Piano* (op. 54) in two movements (*tempo di minuetto, allegretto*), not always appreciated, restrained, abrupt, and outside the pale of usual forms, but quite animated in the first movement where a motive can be found that is to reappear in the *Fifth Symphony*, and in the second movement tormented to deliriousness. The important work in the wake of his great dramatic effort is the *Fourth Symphony*, in B flat major (op. 60), written in 1806, according to the indications on the manuscript. In order to understand and enjoy Beethoven fully, it is necessary to place his works not in the order of their publication, but in the order of their conception. We are thus justified in claiming that the serene adagio in E flat major with the theme that the violins entrust to the clarinet and the flute was inspired by Therese. Perhaps in this song of love can be found the secret origin of the work, the passion and tenderness of the allegro, particularly rich in invention, having no purpose other than to

conduct us to it. Observe again the use of the tympani, the rolling with which they accompany the strings, and cadence the theme of the adagio. But these details disappear in the impulse that sweeps the work on. Never has a favored woman received a more sumptuous offering; in the symphonic outpouring of Beethoven there is no poem more reflective, more intimate than this. One feels that it was created at the edge of the woods on the shores of the lake at Martonvasar, in that Hungarian landscape enchanted by music and veiled in melancholy. In spite of the absence of words, how much warmer and more colorful is this inspiration than that which gave birth to *Fidelio*! No hesitation or, as the painter styles it, repenting (*pas de repentir*); the themes enter with decision. The minuet presents itself in the manner of a survival of the old regime. Old customs were carried on in the Brunswick castle out of respect for Lord Anton; the styles of the frilled shirt and of the three-cornered hat were retained, and in the park echoes resounded like those which, in the trio, are expressed by the united voices of the horn and the bassoon. And, from the sparkling beginning of the finale, gaiety beams like the sudden rays of the sun; better, the power, the will to live, a continuous and impassioned animation unbridle the orchestra for a last outburst of enthusiasm.

At about the same time Beethoven wrote, dedicated to Stephan von Breuning, and published the *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra* (op. 61) which was first performed by Clement, and which Georges Enesco now interprets with great authority. It is a veritable musical triptych. The allegro, with two principal themes, provoked the protests of musicians by its unexpected sounding of a D sharp, repeated several times, placed contrary to rigid conservatory rules, and following a, for us, mysterious plan. In the middle of the

larghetto the song emerges in a theme, pure, simple, and candid, but with a glow of passion in it, its expressiveness augmented by the unexpected greatness of its skips. The rondo sweeps us along a joyous course, traversed by reprises of amorous emotion. In the same genre, with the same inspiration, constructed on the same plan but more florid, more complicated by arabesques, and at the beginning almost Italian in style, the *Concerto in G for Piano* (op. 58), was likewise composed in 1806. It is in three movements—*allegro moderato*, *andante con moto*, *rondo*—the last two of which are played without any pause. Into the midst of the most dazzling of developments there glide phrases of sweetness and reverie. Resignation and determination confront each other in a stirring lyric drama. The cantabile laments, gradually dominating the imperious calls of the orchestra, bursts into sobs, and then assuages itself while the strong theme of the strings is lost in the distance. After these heart-rending phrases, after these breathless pages, the elegant gaiety of the vivace, its verve would be astonishing, almost scandalizing if Beethoven by his frequent use of such a plan had not accustomed us to these contrasts. For the rest, even in the last section, scintillating virtuosity remains always the handmaid of inspiration; this is one of the most profound laws this genius imposed on himself.

To this period, to these years of passion and hope, belong also the *Three String Quartets* (op. 59), which form a clearly distinct group. An autobiographic note on a manuscript preserved in the Berlin Staatsbibliothek, tells us that the first of this group was begun on the 26th of May, 1806, two months after the repetition of *Fidelio*. The avowals confided to Bettina von Arnim have been rightly applied to this work: "From the hearth of enthusiasm steals the melody;

breathless, I pursue it, I manage to overtake it . . . Again it steals away, it disappears, it plunges into the deep gulf where passions are unloosed. I recapture it; I seize it, I bind it delicately; nothing can separate me from it; I enlarge it through diverse modulations and there I am triumphant over the musical idea." Beethoven indicates better than any commentator what in these quartets, likewise in the *B flat Symphony*, or in the *G major Concerto*, defines his genius. The musical development no longer obeys the classic rules of composition, those that Haydn observed, but inspiration itself, its nuances, its spirit, its contradictions. Quartet or symphony, the manner of creation is the same. Later, in his last works, he accentuated even more, or, according to some, exaggerated, his highly individual style. Here, we are in the presence of his most inspired and also his most equilibrated work. The lyric tide surges in its fullness; the little stream whose water coursed through the first original works has grown into a great river. River, or torrent. The ideas written in the sketch books from around 1804, those themes that were interjected into the scene of his studies for *Fidelio* and that he wrote on stray sheets during his walks, the clashing of his impressions, those phrases to which he returned to work on incessantly, were reassembled during the period of his love for Therese; he was to dedicate these quartets to the benevolent Count Rasoumowsky, when they were published in January, 1808, and it was perhaps out of courtesy to his benefactor that he was to insert some Russian airs. They seemed so strange that the most intimate friends of the Master, the musicians of the Schuppanzigh quartet, burst into laughter while playing the *F major Quartet*, for us today, so limpid. It is said that the introduction to the *Ninth Quartet*, in its provoking independence, shocked the first listeners.

In some cases we know the origin of a work. The noble adagio of the *Seventh Quartet* mourns the loss of a friend, a brother. Beethoven in all probability belonged to the Masonic order, like his friend Wegeler, who in 1806 published the song *Der freie Mann* for the Bonn lodge. A note written on a sketch indicates Beethoven's intention: "A weeping willow or an acacia over the grave of my brother." Other remarks reveal the composer struggling against his tragic infirmity. "*Even though you plunge into the vortex of society, it is possible for you to write your works, in spite of social obstacles. Let your deafness no longer remain a secret, even to art.*" To all these accumulating misfortunes, physical affliction, troubles arising out of the war, dramatic failures, torments of love, Beethoven, more than ever master of himself, opposed the free play of his genius, sometimes calm and wittingly varied (allegro of the *Seventh Quartet*), sometimes whimsical and secret, yielding to humor, fitted to evocations barely suggested, creating, finding renewed life in and panting from dances, shouting with joy or sobbing with misery, jolting the listener with violent contrasts, intimate or brutal, submissive or rebellious, expanding in a choral (adagio of the *Eighth*), summoning the capricious revelries of a festival (finale of the *Eighth*), or sinking and dragging us along into darkness, even hesitant at times like a lost wanderer, tired and forsaken, overcome by the sadness and weight of memories (andante con moto of the *Ninth*), always impassioned; moreover, he composed only to please himself, only to acquiesce to the spirit that breathed within him. The conception deepened, grew more profound from work to work. "I am very uneasy about the violin," he declared to the bewildered Schuppanzigh. Nevertheless the skillful use of instruments aided him in giving to his thought varied expressions, many colors, if it may be put

that way, without detriment to the unity of his inspiration. It is the cello, formerly restricted to executing the bass of the accompaniment, that, with its pathetic voice, announces, at the beginning of the *Seventh Quartet*, the resolute theme on which the allegro is to be constructed, and which the violins are to carry to the heavens; in the following movement, it is again the cello that introduces with a single note the playfulness of the scherzo. Bernhard Romberg, the virtuoso, was astonished by it and laughed at it as did the musicians of Habeneck at the first rehearsal of the *Eroica*. And it is again the cello that launches the Russian theme of the finale. The viola sings of solitude, of destitution, of dismal sadness. At times an expressive silence follows the questionings (allegro of the *Eighth*); it is as if, for the duration of a measure, the thought concentrates before expressing itself.

Whatever the purpose or, if one dare use the expression, whatever the subject treated, the means remained infinitely simple. One can believe the violinist Holz and Czerny when they tell us that the sublime adagio of the *Eighth Quartet* was inspired by a night of meditation in the valley at Baden. The poet contemplates the heavens, and reflects on the harmony of the stars. It is an ecstasy under the firmament, the effusion of a soul given over to itself in solitude, among the caprices of shadows, in turn dolorous, meditative, troubled, serene; the melody unfolds itself with the slow continuousness of clouds, sometimes as piercing as a cry, sometimes as tender as a prayer. Technical display gives way to reverie, phantasy, mystery. In all of Beethoven's creations there is nothing more revealing of his nature than this admirable group of three quartets. The Master had long before demonstrated that he knew tradition, that he could conform to it, that he could treat a finale according to the

precepts and models of Haydn; but now he respected that tradition or turned it upside down according to his inclination. What belongs to him alone is the sumptuous poetry of these works, the baffling luxuriance of an inexhaustible imagination that overwhelms us by the unexpectedness of its invention. Once again, let us guard against wishing to be too precise, against attempting to find the sentiment latent in each phrase. Music finds here its true rôle, which is to leave to our feelings spaces that can be filled according to our changing desires.

That strange introduction to the *Ninth Quartet*, what sort of quest through the night, what sentiment or what idea dictated it? What grief invoked, without regard for rules, that poignant *andante con moto quasi allegretto*, tragically accompanied by the pizzicato of the cello? Let us resign ourselves to the unknown. Similarly in the fugal finale, is it true that he wished to describe the terror of battle, of the turbulence of nature, the sea, the wind, thunder, flashes of lightning? Perhaps; above all else one feels that he allowed himself to be moved by his own power or his own pain, that he proved the necessity of giving way to that strength of life that trembled within him and tormented him. The prodigious creator, in the full vigor of his thirty-sixth year, consigned himself without reserve to his inner demon. We shall know later a worn, bruised Beethoven, Beethoven of the last quartets; in the three published in 1808, he presented himself no longer as a newcomer trying to beguile, but as a ruler with the right to impose himself. "Embrace your sister Therese," he wrote to Brunswick, "and tell her that I am about to become a great man." Aware of but indifferent to the crowd and its ways, spontaneous, freed of all academic influences, rebelling against classic rules and proportions when they countered him or obstructed his

imagination, attesting in his works to those contrasts that are the law of life itself, the Master of joy and sorrow, of intimacy and heroism stood erect on isolated heights, and composed not for one epoch or for one group, but for all men and for all times.

In 1807 he wrote the famous overture for the drama *Coriolan* by Collin. Heinrich Josef von Collin, his own age, or very nearly so, was born in Vienna and studied law there; he became a court councillor there and received his patent letters of nobility. He wrote poems, ballads, and *Wehrmannslieder*, but his taste was directed towards classical tragedies. The collection of his works published in Vienna by his brother in 1814, after his premature death, contained a *Regulus* and a drama, *Die Horatier und Curiatier*. At this time public opinion pronounced him, in rather effusive terms, Schiller's successor. Goethe praised him, at the same time reproaching him for not allowing the famous Roman hero, this "enormous entity," to appear on the stage. The reasons that interested Beethoven in the story of *Coriolan* are the same ones that a short time before had influenced him to write his *Fidelio*; he had a fondness for noble subjects that permitted expression of the most profound human emotions, love and patriotism. The recent memories of the war made him even more sensitive to the old legend. He could understand the alarm of the city, exposed, despite the pleadings and prayers of its embassies, to the temper of the vanquishers. More fortunate than Vienna had recently been, Rome was saved in the end by the supplications of a wife and a mother. The overture to *Coriolan* expresses these fears with a pathos free from any euphuism.

Little by little Beethoven's reputation spread through Germany. In Leipzig the public attending the weekly con-

certs enthusiastically hailed the *Eroica* during the course of several successive concerts. In Vienna during March, Prince Lobkowitz sponsored two concerts at which the *Piano Concerto*, several arias from *Fidelio*, the *Coriolan* overture and the four symphonies were performed. Towards the end of the year those who had been driven from the capital by the war, returned. Beethoven himself directed the *E flat Symphony* for a public of amateurs, and obtained a quick success. But this success did not go beyond a certain group. Weber continued to jeer at this genius indifferent to traditional technique, and, more specifically, at the incoherence of his ideas, his abuse of rests and of organ points.

In Paris, the works of Beethoven were already appearing on the programs of the Conservatoire. We know through the *Revue philosophique, littéraire et politique* of the year 1807 (page 511) that the third concert opened with a symphony of the Viennese Master. "It is beautiful," wrote the critic. "The style is clear, brilliant and fleet. It was, like everything else, perfectly executed by the orchestra, and it provided great pleasure."

It was at this time that Beethoven addressed a petition for a permanent appointment to the "Honorable Directors of the Imperial and Royal Theaters of the Court." Having "always been guided in his career, not by the thought of a livelihood, but rather by a love of art, by an interest in the elevation of taste, and by the flight of his genius towards the highest ideals and towards perfection," having to this end sacrificed his material interests, but now, in possession of a widespread reputation, received favorably by the Viennese public, the Master wished, because of his German patriotism, not to be compelled to depart from Vienna. On the advice of the Prince regnant Lobkowitz, he therefore asked for the direction of a theater, which would permit

him to establish himself permanently in the Austrian capital. He proposed: first, to compose annually at least one grand opera, on a subject agreed upon with the Directors, in return for a yearly salary fixed at 2,400 florins, as well as the gross receipts of every third performance; secondly, to deliver annually and graciously, "a little operetta or divertissement, choruses, or occasional pieces according to the wishes and needs of the Honorable Directors, in the hope that they would grant him one day in the year for a benefit concert."

The Honorable Directors made no response to this humble petition. On Beethoven's behalf we regret this, for, undoubtedly, harboring intentions of marrying Therese, he wished to establish a means of livelihood. As far as art is concerned, we should rejoice that the distinguished merchants to whom management of the Imperial and Royal theaters had been entrusted, did not transform him into a purveyor of operettas, and of "occasional pieces." Even if he were to suffer further from day to day, the genius musician who had just written the adagio of the *Seventh Quartet*, would not have known how to descend to such villainies.

CHAPTER VII

THE CONTEMPLATED DEPARTURE FROM VIENNA

THERE is a Greek word, the equivalent of which is not found in the French language—ἀχμή—that designates the greatest degree of maturation which a man and his talent can attain. This word applies exactly to Beethoven during the years 1808 and 1809.

From this period date the arietta *In questa tomba oscura*, on words by Giuseppe Carpani, the Imperial Court poet known by the works dedicated to Haydn and Rossini (Schindler relates how this text became the object of a competition among celebrated musicians, and the subject of a parody); the 32 *Variations for Piano in C minor*; four songs for soprano with piano accompaniment, on words of Goethe (*Sehnsucht*); the *Mass in C major* (op. 86), the first performance of which was given in 1807 at the home of Prince Esterházy in Eisenstadt; the *Sonata for Piano and Cello*, dedicated to Baron von Gleichenstein (op. 69); the magnificent *Two Trios for Piano, Violin, and Cello* dedicated to Countess Marie von Erdödy (op. 70); a *Fantasia* and a *Sonatina for Piano* (op. 77 and 79); the *Fantasia for Piano, Chorus, and Orchestra* (op. 80), a tribute to the King of Bavaria, Maximilian Joseph; the *Six Variations for Piano* (op. 76) inscribed to "Freund Oliva."

The *Sonata for Piano and Cello* was played for the first time it seems, in 1812, by Czerny and Linke. Alfred

Cortot and Casals performed it in the Paris Opera on June 16, 1927. A short but excellent andante separates the scherzo filled with a delicious humor from the jolly motives of the allegro vivace. In the dolorous largo of the *Trio in D*, lyric thought flowers; the poet musician has never revealed himself in a more extensive or more candid confession; in it we hear the melodic accents cadenced by the beating of this most noble of hearts. The cellist Salmond has declared that the largo is peopled with phantoms. The allegretto of the second trio, written in an almost unprecedented form, comprises in a profoundly dramatic frame the most original phantasy. After opus 70, it would seem that Beethoven could have nothing more to tell about himself. The *Choral Fantasia* was inscribed (Beethoven's dedications were never made without a motive) to the King of Bavaria, Maximilian I, an ally of France, who had received in 1802 a number of important cities, and for whom the Treaty of Pressburg had procured, in addition to the crown, Tyrol, Breisgau, and a part of Austrian Swabia. Maximilian had adhered to the Confederation of the Rhine, and had strengthened his alliance with Napoleon through the marriage of his daughter to Eugène de Beauharnais. The treaty of 1809 added Salzburg, Mozart's birthplace, to his possessions. The *Fantasia* was prompted by a song that Beethoven had written much earlier (*Seufzer eines Ungeliebten*); it already contained, at least in outline, the Ode to Joy of the *Ninth Symphony*. The theme appears in the *meno allegro*, is taken up and developed by the flute, horn, bassoon, clarinet, and oboe, after the usual style of theme and variations; it resolves into an adagio, assuming an heroic accent with a march that is shattered by the syncopated harmonies of a quartet, following a course of procedure that modern musicians (Stravinsky, in the finale of *Petrouchka*) have taken up; the theme is augmented

through the expansion of the chorus. A new proof is found here of the mistake that is made in opposing the various forms assumed by the Master's expression; the *Lied*, the fantasia, the symphony, proceeded from the same concept; there is, with him, continuity in musical evolution; the whole maintains a perfect organic unity.

The 32 *Variations in C minor* appeared in April, 1807; they are a succession of short pieces of varying character, in each of which the initial melody can be found, a simple theme of eight measures; the last is the most exuberant, the most dazzling of all. The *Sonatina* (op. 79, 25th Sonata), with its valse theme, takes us back to the past, with its delicacy, its simplicity of design, the melancholy charm of the andante, the spirit of the finale; evidently in writing it Beethoven was carried back to the days of his youth, to the evenings in Bonn. On the other hand, the *Fantasia* (op. 77) dedicated to the dearest friend of these bitter years, Franz von Brunswick, astonishes and charms by its freedom of composition, by the original introduction to the adagio, by the inspiration very close to that which prompted the quartets, and which was to manifest itself in the *Pastoral Symphony*. Its fragmentary character, its contrasts, the audacity of its presto mark, even more strongly than in the larger works, the independence of the Master. "From this presto," Lenz points out, "emerged Schubert's *Erlkönig*."

In September, 1807, Beethoven completed and dedicated to Prince Nicholas Esterházy the *Mass in C major* (op. 86) which was performed for the first time at Eisenstadt (later the work was presented to Prince Ferdinand Kinsky). This *Mass* for four voices with orchestral accompaniment is not one of the most original of the Master's works. We recall having heard it on the 11th of November, 1928, in the Chapelle des Invalides, ten years after the cannon shot that

marked the end of the last war. The setting and this date intensified the solemnity of the performance. Above the gallery, which overlooked the choir, hung old flags, tatters of faded rose-colored silk, threadbare, recalling the battles of days of yore, less brutal than our modern butcheries; royal and princely arms, white towers in the center of red escutcheons, fragments, azure and lilac-colored, decorated the proud emblems that stirred in the breeze with a last fluttering. On the right wall, plastered on the bare surface, a black cross, similar to the wooden crosses of the French soldiers, opposed its impassive severity to the marmoreal splendor of the twisted columns. One did not see the Tomb, but one felt haunted by its nearness. The candlelight reflected by the stained-glass windows, which were burnished by gold decorations, like a setting sun tinged the vault of the dome with red. The suppliant andante celebrates the Kyrie; the noble allegro of the Gloria intersperses with its outbursts of joy an impelling call for peace, for the peace of men of good will. Compared to the brilliant works of the same period, to the fiery quartets, to the *Fourth Symphony*, the second andante, that of the *Qui tollis*, the *Miserere*, the allegro of the *Quoniam tu solus*, the *Hosannah* seem cold, and of very limited transport. But a suggestion of *Fidelio* runs through the religious hymn; the strophe that presents it rises at one swoop of the wing. In the *Benedictus* the expressive meaning is emphasized; in the Agnus, the supplication is more earnest, and it is a gentle phrase that introduces the final invocation, which was particularly poignant in that place at that time. *Da nobis pacem*, sang the four voices; one felt that verily, here were imploring souls; spirits and hearts were prepared to hearken unto that simple child's voice sustained by the liturgical melody, and mourning for the millions of dead. *Libera nos, Domine!* Deliver us from these barbari-

ties! This fervent appeal that humanity has ever uttered since its beginnings resounded once again, expressed by both the ecclesiastical text and the music of the sincere genius, who would later return to it still more forcibly in the *Ninth Symphony* and in the *Missa Solemnis*.

In the year 1808, the *Fifth Symphony*, the *C minor* (op. 67), and the *Sixth*, the *Pastoral* (op. 68), were composed, or at least completed.

We can conclude from Nottebohm's publications and the autographic notebooks that Beethoven was working on the *Fifth Symphony* at the same time that he was writing *Fidelio* and the *Piano Concerto in G major*. According to tradition, the four notes at the beginning were inspired by the call of a bird heard in the Prater; no doubt a yellow-feathered oriole, spotted with black, since these birds can be seen at the edge of woods, particularly if the woods border on running water. But to this cry, if we are to believe Schindler's account, Beethoven attached a symbolic meaning. "Thus does Fate knock at the door." (*So pocht das Schicksal an die Pforte.*) The entire allegro expounds the meaning contained in this impassioned theme, hurling forth the interrogations of the horn, reserving the rests for meditation, arranging the stirring dialogues between the ensemble and the quartet before uniting the entire orchestra for the final outbursts. The immortal elegy of the andante is developed with the most expressive simplicity; a song emerges, gentle and calm, filled with memories; the instruments vary it; the cellos and violas adorn it with their embellishments; now and then it is accentuated or sometimes, indeed, it ceases, as if the weary singer were exhausted; the ensemble takes it up again and interlaces it. Beethoven is entirely evident in it; the discreet artfulness of the variations does not for one moment disturb the uninterrupted purity of the melodic line.

The hymn is unfolded, in a manner unforgettable to those who have once heard it. In the scherzo a very prudent science employs the various timbres of the instruments, directs the course of a thunderbolt that awakens the rude souls of the contrabasses to terminate in the murmur of the flutes, scans the rhythm of the kettledrums, and conducts us triumphantly to the last allegro, so magnificently annotated by Berlioz. This mingling of sustained inspiration and, in the performance, of caprice; the happy balance in the exposition and the development of the work; its very personal character, which has been justly called a rhapsody in the original sense of the word; the anxiety that is concealed in it, and if a comparison be permitted in spite of its inadequacy, these storms that rise in the distance, draw nearer, fix themselves definitely, and burst forth like a tempest; these liberties that for so long a time frightened orchestral directors and led them to omit certain passages; this contempt for proportions and for rules on the part of a musician who abandons himself to his inspiration; the tumult of the powerful finale—all these innovations succeeded in bewildering a public, well informed but accustomed to greater propriety. Schumann tells the story of a child who on hearing the end of the scherzo became frightened. It took the better critics several years to recognize that the *Fifth Symphony* introduced into music what Grove has called "a new physiognomy." This revolution, which Berlioz later glorified in exalting terms, which Fétis himself recognized, Beethoven provoked without a calculated theory, without a scholastic formula, but in an altogether simple manner, because in so ample a work, master over all his resources, he applied himself once more with a native ingenuousness.

In the same year that he finished the *C minor*, Beethoven also finished the *Pastoral Symphony*, conceived perhaps as

early as 1806, but written apparently at the end of the year 1807. He indicated repeatedly that he had not wished to compose a musical description, one of those *Tongemälde* of which he disapproved, but rather to evoke those feelings that arise on an arrival in the country, the joy of peasant gatherings, their pleasure at seeing the receding storm. We know of his fanatical love for nature: for a long time he had harbored the themes that she proffered. A notation of the murmuring of a river has been discovered in a notebook dating from 1803, bearing this oft repeated inscription: "The deeper the stream, the deeper the tone." It was in the gardens of Heiligenstadt, near his beloved Kahlenberg, under the elm trees, that he composed all or a part of this work; according to Schindler he wanted to meet the village musicians who, without a doubt somewhat the worse for wine, fell asleep while playing; at any rate, he collected the themes of the songs and dances familiar to the Austrian people, and enriched them.

The rustic motifs of the allegro are sung by the violins with embellishing secondary themes; they are so simple that they might have been culled from a peasant frolic, or heard on the lips of a beautiful country lass. The scene unfolds on the banks of a river. Although denying any intention of writing this as descriptive music, Beethoven gave to the accompaniment of the melodic phrase the cadenced sound of water. In the heart of the forest, near the nest which is built anew each spring, the nightingale pours out passionately those trills which, the season of love ended and the little ones hatched, are silenced. "When the nightingale preludes," writes Barrès in his *Colline inspirée*, "one hears no word, no song, but a tremendous hope. Expressions of a universal truth rise into the air. He eulogizes his mate, this humble nightingale hidden in the foliage; meanwhile he

reaches every heart, and beyond hearts, the Divinity. Sonority in the garden, fullness in our souls! And then suddenly this noble sentiment, this immortal hope are engulfed in death." Also come here for the beautiful spring, the fervent quail, timid, solitary, at the edge of the copse, with two flips of his short wings launches his call to the sky; the little yellow lines dividing his feathers shine in the sun. The traveler, the cuckoo, announces that he has come to mate. The trees themselves tremble, tormented by universal love; it is a Lucretian springtime. The sound of a horn makes the forest vibrate. The spring sighs, caressed by the passing wind. Flutes break the silence. Into this setting of spring, man makes his entrance only after the general outburst of life, in which all nature trembles. Animated by the exultation of the earth awakening, the peasant dances a clumsy bourrée; this is no *divertissement* of the French *opéra-comique*; it is the intoxication of simple creatures transported by the somewhat wild rapture of seeing the sunshine reappear. Here we have the classic storm scene, with its ready effects, lightning, the downpour of rain, the abating thunder. Beethoven reiterates an oft treated subject; there is, in the fourth movement of the *Sixth Symphony*, a delightful moment when the violins and the oboes little by little restore a feeling of tranquillity to this tempest-tossed scene. The final song of gratitude expresses the sentiments that Beethoven later recorded in his notes during his walks on the Kahlenberg: a deism *à la* Rousseau, a rapture born of his admiration for the wonders of nature but free from false rhetoric, an emotion proceeding from a feeling of benevolence and serenity. In this work, which some hold to be too long, the storm within Beethoven somewhat subsided; or at least he forgot it, with its sorrows and fears, long enough to permit nature, which he loved so fervently, to be reflected in him. Felix Wein-

gartner deserves our gratitude, when he directs the *Sixth Symphony*, for disclosing to us all the power (one might almost say, all the pantheism), the spontaneous outpouring, and the magnificent variety in its unity of thought.

The *Pastoral* and the *C minor* were presented to the Viennese public at a concert on December 22, 1808. It was a farewell musicale. The program included, in addition, the *Piano Concerto in G major*, played by the composer himself, the Sanctus from the *Mass in C major*, and the *Choral Fantasia*. Thanks to Ritter von Seyfried, one of the most esteemed musicians of this city and of this period, we possess several accounts of this musicale in the Theater an der Wien. Almost Beethoven's own age, a piano pupil of Mozart, and a pupil in composition of Albrechtsberger, Ignaz Xavier von Seyfried held the position of orchestral director at Schikaneder's theater; a critic of the *Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung*, a theoretician of repute, composer, prolific writer of sonatas and quartets, of masses, operas, ballets, and oratorios, he merits a place in this complex musical milieu of Vienna at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Seyfried lived in the same lodgings as Beethoven, saw him daily, together with him led the life of a bachelor, accompanied him to their customary restaurant; with him the Master was witty and caustic. "The malady," Seyfried informs us, "had not yet taken full possession of him; the loss of a sense so indispensable to a musician had not yet clouded his life." Seyfried assisted at the concert of December 22. During the performance of the *Choral Fantasia*, Beethoven made a mistake; he forgot that at a rehearsal he had ordered an omission of a repetition indicated in all the parts; he apologized to the orchestra, but the critics and the public complained about this altogether fantastic procedure, and not without justification. About this time Beethoven lost a friend. On

the 28th of September the violinist and composer, Paul Wranitzky, Kapellmeister of the Kärntnerthortheater, who had firmly supported Beethoven's endeavors, died; he himself was a remarkable example of the astonishing fecundity of Austrian musicians, in that he left operas, ballets, twenty-seven symphonies, more than forty quartets, twelve quintets, and numerous trios and concertos.

The Master's love for Madame Bigot during this period must be related. Marie Kiene, an Alsatian from Colmar, had married the librarian of Prince Rasoumowsky. Fétis ranks her among the best Austrian pianists. Haydn was enchanted by her playing. There is preserved a note from Beethoven written during the summer of 1808 containing an invitation to share with him "the cheerful enjoyment of bright, beautiful nature." Bigot, informed of it, became very angry and Beethoven apologized in touchingly humiliating terms. "I have told you myself that at times I am very rude. I am perfectly natural with all my friends and I hate all restraints; I also count Bigot among them; if something about me displeases him, then friendship demands of him and of you that you tell me what it is, and I shall certainly guard against offending him again. But how can good Marie put such bad meaning on my actions?" In certain phrases of this long letter Beethoven entirely reveals himself. "Never, never will you find me ignoble. From childhood on, I learned to love virtue and all that is beautiful and good. You have deeply pained me. . . . Since yesterday after the quartets, my sensitiveness and my imagination pictured to me the thought that I had caused you suffering." Bigot did not forgive these familiarities, which he considered impertinent; moreover he took his wife to Paris, where she gained a splendid reputation; she later gave lessons to Mendelssohn;

in 1820, when still very young (she was born at Colmar in 1786), she died of consumption.

What were Beethoven's relations with Therese after 1807? Nothing precise is known about them. Romain Rolland, the best informed biographer on the subject, states that she spent two seasons at Karlsbad for her health; she suffered from a "physical deformity," which less kindly witnesses have described as a curvature of the spine. But we are told "it is certain that during these years, which proved so difficult for the poet musician, Therese and Beethoven became very intimate friends." The crises that she underwent, the "illumination" that she experienced on her journey from Florence to Pisa, are mentioned with extreme reserve. The *Journal* under the date of the 28th or 29th of March, 1810, contains this curious note: "A year has passed since the day when by the grace of the Eternal I was placed in a situation that enabled me to look deep into my inner self and into my moral life. From this time on a complete reform of my manner of thinking and of my being began. I begin to understand what I am, and what I ought to be, and I am undertaking a great reform." This same diary reveals Therese struggling against her feelings, her *Sinnlichkeit*. What does this mean? The name of Pestalozzi is mentioned. Why? In 1810, the Swiss philanthropist and pedagogue was a man of sixty-four years, and it is very evident that in her subsequent works Therese was inspired by the precepts she had received from this stimulating disciple of Rousseau, particularly from the *Livre des Mères*. One would like to know more; but the accounts that are accessible to us are incomplete and confused. At the most it can be affirmed, since it is disclosed by one of her friends, that "she played Beethoven's sonatas turning her head towards the Master and his disciples," and that going far beyond the limits circumscribing the traditional

education of women, she applied the abundant resources of her mind to all subjects of human knowledge. As for the rest, the details of and the reasons for the crisis escape us. While visiting Pestalozzi at Yverdon, Therese underwent a profound disturbance, was consumed by the "fire of love," and made up her mind to devote herself to philanthropy; it seems also that the misfortunes of her family, the material distress of her sister Josephine constituted pressing and immediate obligations. In sacrificing herself to the education of her nephews, Therese raised herself to the same level to which Beethoven had been carried by his own afflictions. They met each other on the heights. "Without struggle and without danger," she wrote, "there is no victory." "A passive goodness is a veritable weakness of spirit and of character." Whatever the incidents in this relationship may have been, she did not cease to consider Beethoven one of her spiritual guides, together with Goethe and Herder. The *Journal* of 1811 proves this. Without expecting more we should appreciate all that Beethoven had been able to gain of power and of nobleness in the contact with so energetic and so rich a soul.

In the first days of January, 1809, the Master was on the point of changing his destiny by going into the service of Jerome, King of Westphalia, as Director of Music at the court of Cassel. He wrote to the publishers, Breitkopf and Härtel: "At last I am constrained by intrigues, cabals and villainy of all kinds to leave the only remaining German Fatherland. I am going at the invitation of His Majesty the King of Westphalia as his Kapellmeister . . . I have sent my acceptance by post today. I am waiting now only for the final order before making preparations for the journey." Should this decision be construed as proof of that attraction that everything related to Napoleon exercised on Beethoven?

In accepting the position with the Emperor's younger brother he did not ignore the fact that Jerome, after numerous adventures at sea, had commanded a Württemberger and Bavarian corps in Silesia. The musician had been requested to go to Cassel under the protectorship of Count Beugnot.

Austrian society had persisted in ignoring this musical revolutionary, this heresiarch, or, as his enemies said, this republican.

There are striking proofs of the isolation against which Beethoven revolted. During the course of this study we have already quoted several statements made by Madame de Staël in her book, *L'Allemagne*. "I was in Vienna in 1808," she writes, "when the Emperor Francis II married his first cousin, the daughter of the Archduke of Milan and the Archduchess Beatrice, the last princess of the House of Est [*sic*], greatly admired by Ariosto and Tasso." The Emperor's marriage, his third, with Maria Ludovica took place on the 6th of January. Since the formation of the Rhine Confederation under Napoleon's protectorate, or more accurately since the 8th of August, 1806, Francis II had relinquished the title of Emperor of Germany, which in reality no longer existed; he became Emperor of Austria under the name of Francis I. Corinne was present at the ceremony: the young Archbishop of Waitzen pronounced the nuptial benediction over his sovereign and his sister; the mother of the Empress drew back behind her daughter "with a mixture of deference and dignity"; her brothers accompanied her to the altar; the church was filled with the great personages of the state, illustrious families, successors to the oldest noblemen of Teutonic rank. "Nothing new was provided for the festivity; it sufficed for his pomp, for each to show what he possessed. Even the jewels of the women were inherited, and the entailed dia-

monds in each family consecrated the memories of the past to the enhancement of youth; former glory was in full evidence, and one reveled in a magnificence provided for by centuries past, but which occasioned no new sacrifices on the part of the people."

It was not enough for Corinne to describe this ceremony, at once so simple and so magnificent, to pay a visit to the tomb of Maria Theresa in the Kapuziner Gruft, to meditate in this crypt where, more than in any other place, the tragic story of the House of Austria is revealed. She loved the tranquillity of this country, its taste for the peace and sweetness of life so thwarted by events, the order according to which business was conducted, unchangeable and quiet, the respectable mediocrity of the government. Certain of her observations are not lacking in profundity. "The military spirit," she wrote, "has not truly penetrated into all classes of the nation. The armies operate like itinerant fortresses, but there is scarcely more emulation in this career than in all of the others." By virtue of desiring peace, proscribing foreign books, Austria had arrived at the point of no longer thinking, of sacrificing to material enjoyment the ardency of spirit, memories of the past, hopes for the future that make powerful countries. Vienna, despite the storms that burst over her horizon, desired nothing more than to sleep quietly on her plain and in her Florentine palaces; the absence of general ideas, the slight interest in public welfare gave rise to the clubs where everyone secluded himself, anxious to preserve the customs and to obey the laws of etiquette and courtesy while the common people were satisfied to go to the Prater in fine weather, and there to see the carriages of the more fortunate pass under the trees. From time to time the bourgeois went to *ridottos*, "submitting themselves to such amusements as minuetts," dancing as if to acquit themselves

of a duty. "Each of the partners dances alone to the right, and then to the left, forward, back, without getting in the way of the other one, who moves in turn with the same exactness; from time to time they utter little cries of joy, relapsing immediately into the seriousness of their pleasure."

There is no better way of informing us of the reasons for Beethoven's disillusionment, of his vehement desire to escape from these formal, rigid customs, and to repair to a place in which a sincere expression of feeling could be heard. Madame de Staël completely ignored the fact that at the time when she mingled with the crowds at the Prater there breathed a man who answered to her prayers, to her definition of a creator. "Genius in the midst of society is an affliction, an inner fever which must be treated as an illness if the compensations of glory do not allay the pains." She had a presentiment of Beethoven, she importuned him, so to speak; she did not know him. Musicians themselves became enraged when he wished them to play his works. His Viennese reputation did not extend beyond a small group of dilettanti.

A still more remarkable fact: In this same year, 1808, Vienna harbored a man who flattered himself on opening new horizons to the spirit. Appointed several months before temporary assistant to the Commissary, Stendhal had rejoined the army. His career can be followed in his *Lettres à Pauline*. He came from Brunswick, a city of promenades and obelisks. The *Memoirs* of Strombeck, quoted in Paul Hazard's delightful book, acquaint us with life in these little German cities during the French occupation. Never was life gayer; dances at the governor's home; dinners at Daru's; the nobility competed zealously to please the French authorities; the women were lavish with their favors. Beyle established himself in Vienna in the spring of 1809. When he passed through Ebersberg, the wheels of the carriage jolted the poor

little footmen, half burned by the sun, to within an inch of their lives. The Austrian capital gave him the impression of complete well-being, as only Geneva had appeared to him after Italy. "Too great a propensity for love; a pretty woman at every step." At the Kärntnertheater he heard excellent music and enjoyed the Italian ballets in which clowns danced. An attack of ague deprived him of the joy of being present at the battle of Wagram. While fifty thousand men battled for fifty hours, he remained stretched out on a couch noting each cannon shot. Eight days after the death of Haydn, he was present at the funeral ceremonies in the Schottenkirche, at which Mozart's *Requiem* was performed in honor of the Master. He was there in uniform, seated in the second pew, in back of the family of the great musician, "two or three little women in black, very shabby in appearance." In all probability Beethoven went also to pay homage to the one who had called him to Vienna and had encouraged him. Stendhal, who was bored by the *Requiem*, did not recognize his formidable neighbor. He was all for *Don Giovanni*; in order to hear the aria, *Deh vieni alla finestra*, he rushed "posthaste" to the theater. It seemed to him that the two geniuses were intended to understand each other. While his comrades walked gayly in the English gardens, Beyle was engrossed with his passion, indifferent to the beauties of the palace, like "a man who would have a strong drink, and to whom sugar water is offered." He ventured as far as Rasoumowsky's park; with a woman who interested him for the moment he wandered under the trees in the Prater and near the hunting lodge riddled with bullets and balls. He too saw Francis II pass on his way to St. Stephen's for a *Te Deum* in a miserable post coach drawn by six white horses. He found his appearance *coinche*, as Grenoble was told, "insignificant, worn, fatigued, a man who has to be nursed so

that he may have strength enough to breathe." This monarch, drenched by the rain, thanking God, no one knows exactly for what, under the escort of four officers who, like him, were drenched almost to the skin, amounted practically to a symbol. Stendhal observed all such things with the keenest curiosity. Beethoven alone escaped him.

However, he was intensely interested in music, he who wanted to live in Naples as Paisiello's lackey; he had hesitated between the career of a composer and that of a writer; he was passionately fond of Mozart's work, that "mistress serious and sometimes sad who is loved all the more because of her sadness." Cimarosa set him on fire. But writing his *Vies de Haydn, Mozart, et de Metastase*, which he borrowed—to use a polite word for it—from Carpani, he deliberately ignored Beethoven. The second letter written from Vienna on April 15, 1808, closes with this curious phrase, scarcely complimentary to the perspicacity of Stendhal: "After Beethoven and even Mozart himself have accumulated notes and ideas, after they have cast about for quantity and singularity of modulations, their symphonies clever and full of studied refinement produce no effect at all, whereas, had they but followed Haydn's footsteps, they would have touched every heart." Even if Stendhal mitigated the criticisms of the Italian, Carpani, who accused Beethoven of being the "Kant of music," a judgment copied with such airiness does credit neither to his originality nor to his discernment; his fondness for the Italian theater limited him and prevented him from understanding. In 1817, when he revised his *Vie de Haydn*, published by Didot, amenable to the criticism of William Gardiner, he apologized for having ignored Beethoven, saying that, "in 1808, he had not heard a sufficiently large number of the composer's works," and that, besides, "the ideal of beauty varies with the clime."

Unacknowledged by practically everyone, Beethoven would have left Vienna had it not been for the generosity of several benefactors.

At the Centenary Exposition, I saw in a glass case the contract of the 1st of March, 1809, loaned by the Nationalbibliothek, the document in which the Archduke Rudolph, Lobkowitz, and Kinsky assured Beethoven an annuity of four thousand florins, to permit him to procure the necessities of life and to follow "his extraordinary talent, his genius." The Archduke contributed fifteen hundred florins, Lobkowitz seven hundred, and Ferdinand Kinsky eighteen hundred. One German writer alone, or practically alone, paid homage to the genius of Beethoven. Wilhelm Hoffmann fortunately did not devote himself to the study of law as his family desired. The disturbance following the battle of Jena was responsible for his losing an honorable post as councilor in a Polish province; he was saved by his love of music. Charged with the management of the Bamberg theater, where he filled the position of orchestra director and property man, he became, thanks to his friend Rochlitz, and only after numerous disappointments, the editor of the Leipzig *Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung*, which was the vehicle both for his articles on musical criticism and for his first attempts at writing in a fantastic style. This curious and intriguing Hoffmann, also harshly abused by life, understood Beethoven better than others; great resemblance of character united them. In the article he published on the *Fifth Symphony* on the day following its performance, he judged Beethoven as he later did Berlioz, declaring that such music "opens to us an empire of colossal and immense proportions," perceiving in this darkness shot through with sparks "shadows of giants," recognizing in the works of the Master the "sadness of a boundless desire," admiring the simplicity and the har-

mony of their plans, a cautious but unerring science. As early as 1810 Hoffmann defined Beethoven as a "formidable genius"; he discovered in him also a taste for the fantastic, from which shortly proceeded the *Fantasiestücke in Callots Manier*. The writer who knew how to comment on *Don Giovanni* with so much intelligence and spirit, speaks of Beethoven as a musician and as a poet.

Stendhal's letters afford us a glimpse of events with which one must be familiar, if one wishes to understand certain works like the *Lebewohl* sonata.

After the battle of Austerlitz and the Treaty of Pressburg, which took Swabia and the Tyrol, Istria and Dalmatia, and Venice from Austria, and wrested three million subjects from her, Napoleon, master of all the routes leading to the Orient, amused himself by distributing kingdoms, by showering his servants or his ministers with fiefs and dotations; he ruined the time-honored structure on which the Holy Roman Empire had been founded, and in creating the Confederation of the Rhine, in crowning the work of the French Revolution, in realizing the ideals of certain German patriots, he became the Protector, that is to say, in reality, the Sovereign of an Empire in its dimensions not unlike that of Charlemagne. Peace reigned for a time, but a peace charged with forebodings, troubled intrigues, undermined by treason. As early as 1806 war broke out again; Napoleon crushed Prussia at Auerstädt and at Jena. The victory at Friedland delivered the Russian army into his hands, and imposed French allegiance on the Czar. It was then that, with the spoils carried off once more from Frederick William, Napoleon carved out the Kingdom of Westphalia for his brother Jerome, who planned to take from Austria her greatest musician.

The old Germany no longer existed. The decree of Berlin launched at England the threat of a blockade. Even the Pope had to humble himself. Austria attempted to avoid an entanglement and to make the best of the difficulties provoked by the war with Spain. The Archduke Karl had reorganized the army. Francis, aided by the intrigues of Talleyrand, formed the fifth coalition with England, and commenced campaigning without declaring war. In the spring of 1809, his soldiers hurled themselves on all fronts at the same time, and one could believe, the exhaustion of Russia supervening, that the entire edifice erected by Napoleon was going to give way.

Once more the reply was overwhelming in its force and rapidity. "Austria has never made a stronger effort," wrote Pariset. "She has more than five hundred and fifty thousand men in her infantry of whom three hundred and forty thousand are in the first line. She is undertaking a national war for herself and for her 'German brothers.' The people begin by revolting against the Napoleonic domination." The Grand Army was no more. The Emperor mustered three hundred thousand men of whom one hundred thousand were foreign troops, and won in five days the five victories of Tengen, Abensberg, Landshut, Eckmühl, and Ratisbon, crossed the Inn, and attacked Vienna. At Essling, he was repulsed on the 22nd of May, and had to fall back to the isle of Lobau to wait for reinforcements. In July, the two armies, nearly equal in strength, faced each other. The victory at Wagram on the 6th, obtained at the price of bitter sacrifices, enabled the Emperor to sign the Armistice at Znaim and to draw up the Treaty of Vienna, which was signed in October, and gave him Carinthia, Carniola, Istria with Trieste, and Croatia with Fiume.

But, if Austria was left oppressed by the war, the prestige

of Napoleon had also suffered. The fine critical studies on the year 1809 by Major Buat enable us to follow this campaign in the greatest of detail. On the 23rd of April, before Ratisbon, a stray ball struck Napoleon in the right foot; among his attendants it was noticed that this wound, however slight, somewhat affected his activity after journeys of great nervous fatigue. Masséna was informed that "the Emperor, very weary this evening," would not give him instructions until the next day. Here was no longer the unceasing hammering of 1805, by a blacksmith incapable of exhaustion. Had the hero become a man again? Nevertheless he decided to threaten Austria again by the left bank of the Danube. "Unmindful of his own method," a modern strategist informs us, "he marched on his geographical objective even though he was not ignorant of the position of the principal forces of his enemy," when he had always taught, as the principal rule of stratagem, the quickest possible destruction of the adversaries' forces, once the position of these forces is determined. On all sides, the troops were not as well disciplined as formerly. Davout testified to the huge number of laggards, and their disorderly life. "There is in the rear," he wrote to the Major General, "a multitude of soldiers, of petty officers, and even officers, who on their own authority have established themselves in safe keeping and are doing much mischief. The scenes of brigandage that are staged in this country, which one could describe to Your Highness, are unbelievable." The young men recently admitted did not possess the sound military qualities of the veterans; it was necessary to organize movable units as a repressive measure.

Having addressed some ineffectual summonses to the Archduke Maximilian, Napoleon resolved to employ vigorous methods to force the capital. The general of the artillery, Andréossy, received a command to assemble all the army

howitzers on the afternoon of the 11th, and to commence a bombardment at ten o'clock that evening, which was to cease only if the city asked for a parley. The Boudet division of Masséna's corps, together with a company of light infantry, was to occupy the Prater, in which the Austrians had built trenches and fortifications. An order was also given to connect the Prater to the right bank of the river by a bridge. There was a lively skirmish in front of the Lusthaus. The divisions of Boudet and Carra-Saint Cyr established their vanguards between Simmering and the Wienerberg, and then stationed the bulk of their troops in the suburbs of Wieden and Landstrasse. The division of Marulaz occupied Schwechat; the second corps encircled the city on the south and the west. On the 11th, at nine o'clock in the evening, the bombardment commenced; eighteen hundred shells were shot off in less than four hours. Thirty-one houses were in flames, sixty-six damaged. The garrison counted only three killed and ten wounded; the citizen guard suffered one killed and ten wounded; the civilian population—in such situations always more favored—counted eleven killed and forty wounded. It is related that Beethoven shut himself up in a cellar in order to better protect his poor afflicted ears.

On the 12th of May, the fourth corps had secured the bridge below Vienna, crossed the Danube, and gained the suburb of Leopoldstadt. The Archduke Maximilian evacuated across the Tabor and through Florisdorf, with all his apparatus and personal transportables. General O'Reilly signed the document of surrender. On the 13th at six o'clock in the morning, Oudinot took possession of the city gates. Once again Napoleon established himself in Schönbrunn. In Heiligenstadt, where Beethoven had composed the *Eroica*, the Saint-Sulpice division was quartered; General Andréossy was appointed governor, with General Razout as deputy

and military governor. Placards officially posted by French authority appeared on the walls.

In the suburb of Mariahilf, on the 11th of May, Andréossy issued the following proclamation:

To the Inhabitants of Vienna

An aggression, as unjust as unforeseen, and the chances of war have brought before your eyes for the third time, the Emperor NAPOLEON, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine.

Appointed, by His Imperial and Royal Majesty, Governor General of the City of Vienna, I shall prove myself to be faithful to his plans, faithful to my duties and to the interest you have for a long time inspired in me, in striving incessantly for the maintenance of order, for the repression of all unjust acts, and in a word, for all that will assure your tranquillity. Take up your labors again; give yourselves over to your occupations, to your customs; you will be disturbed by nothing that may bear on them. You know the French, you have been able to appreciate them; they have been in your midst, they have lived here like brothers. The Emperor NAPOLEON recalls with interest the proof that you have given, during this period, of that moral strength that places you in the rank of the most estimable peoples. He prides himself on having once saved your beautiful capital, and in spite of measures that have again exposed it to all the misfortunes of war, he would once more save it. There is without doubt no precedent for a citadel firing upon the city of which it is a part and thus exposing the people to the gravest dangers; but if, misunderstanding the customs followed in similar cases in war towards a hostile city, the inhabitants of the city should forget that those in the suburbs are their brothers, if they should continue to provoke the dangers that menace them, His Majesty will be disconsolate, more especially as He knows that the Viennese are innocent of the war, and that they have shared in the great grief the Nation has felt in seeing itself dragged into foolhardy conflicts.

Inhabitants of Vienna, conserve your right to the benevolence of His Imperial and Royal Majesty. Count on the protection of a

Monarch who has founded his greatness and power on illustrious deeds and an Immortal glory.

On May 15th, General Razout, commandant, issued an order:

In consequence of the orders of His Excellency Count Andréossy, Governor General, the magistrates of the city of Vienna will cause a census to be taken of all the lodgings that exist in the city, as well as in the suburbs.

The lodgings will be divided into Classes corresponding to the various ranks to which they will be assigned.

There will be a particular control exercised over each class of lodging.

No soldier, regardless of his rank, will be allowed to lay claim to a lodging belonging to a Class different from that appropriate to his rank.

The employees of the administration and of the army will receive lodgings taken into the Class of the rank in which their post is included.

No soldier or employee, regardless of his rank, will be allowed to have lodge with him more men or horses than the number specified on the billet.

No one will be allowed to remain in his lodging longer than the term designated on his billet, unless an extension be granted by the department of lodgings on the authorization of the Commandant.

The Magistrate will appoint commissaries of quarters where none already exists. They will be commanded to make inspections and take census daily of their quarters or districts. They will daily inform the Bureau of Lodgings in the building of the Bohemian Chancellery, of the condition of the lodgings occupied or evacuated during the last twenty-four hours.

Officers or employees will be assigned by name, according to this condition.

Residents will be consequently obliged to report to the Commissary of Quarters the names of soldiers lodged in their homes or departed from them during each twenty-four hours.

Any resident whose report is not accurate will be fined one hundred florins, which will be deposited in the Poor Box of the city or its suburbs.

Soldiers will be maintained by their hosts as befits their rank; those who believe they have grounds for complaints or demands on this point, will address them to the Commandant, who will see that the right is upheld.

Residents who have complaints about exaggerated pretensions or poor treatment on the part of the soldiers lodged with them will address the same to the Commandant, who will be impartially just to them.

THE BRIGADIER GENERAL,
Baron de l'Empire,
Commandant RAZOUT.

The Austrian authorities complied accurately with the orders of the conqueror:

The Regency of Lower Austria, having received through the agency of His Excellency the Governor General Count Andréossy, the authorization and the order of His Majesty the Emperor Napoleon, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, to attend to its affairs, as it did before the entry of the French army, said Regency considers it its duty to inform the Public and to appeal in the present circumstance to that spirit of wisdom and moderation that good citizens have never ceased to show.

It expects therefore that the Public, faithful to the compliance it owes to authority, will lend itself confidently to dispositions found necessary for the maintenance of order, the apportioning of food, and the return to their families, to their labors and peaceful occupations of those men who left them to voluntarily take up arms.

This end will be attained all the more certainly since His Majesty the Emperor of the French, exacting from the people nothing at all for the misfortunes of war, is giving them on the contrary, as a generous conqueror, considerations indicative of his clemency; and since moreover, the principles and proven character of His Excellency the

Governor General guarantee that the orders and wishes of his august Sovereign will be faithfully carried out.

FERDINAND GRAF VON BISSINGEN-NIPPENBURG
President of the Regency

AUGUSTIN REICHMANN VON HOCHKIRCHEN
Vice President

JOSEF BARON MANAGETTA
Counselor of the Regency

VIENNA, 19 May 1809

The regime of the occupation charged the inhabitants, especially the drinkers, with certain nuisances.

*Ordinance
Of the Regency of Lower Austria*

Although it has been several times decreed that taverns, smoking houses, cafés, and restaurants in the city, as well as in the suburbs, must be closed before ten P.M., it has been found to our displeasure that taverns, restaurants, etc. in disobedience to the ordinance have remained open after the hour prescribed by the law.

To put an end to these abuses, it is hereby decreed, and it is enjoined upon taverners, restaurateurs, owners of cafés and smoking houses in the city as well as in the suburbs to follow scrupulously the ordinances and laws covering this point and to close up every evening before ten P.M. sharp. All infractors will be punished without exception, to the full extent of the law.

FERDINAND GRAF VON BISSINGEN-NIPPENBURG
President of the Regency

AUGUSTIN REICHMANN VON HOCHKIRCHEN
Vice President

FERDINAND VON NESPERN
Counselor of the Regency

VIENNA, 26 May 1809

On the 31st of May, 1809, several hours before dawn, the aged Haydn died. He had stoically awaited this moment, less concerned about himself than about a sorely tried

Fatherland. It is related that after the entry of the French, one of Napoleon's officers had come to pay him a visit, and that seated at the piano the soldier had sung Uriel's aria from *Die Schöpfung: Mit Wüld' und Hoheit gethan*. Haydn, it is said, without speaking, embraced the enemy of his country. Several days later, on the 26th, he arose from his bed, and to affirm one of the greatest passions of his life, thrice played the *Austrian Hymn*, composed for the Emperor Francis. Then he fell asleep for Eternity.

That these disturbances had an effect on Beethoven's production during the year 1809 is understandable. He composed a rather large number of *Lieder*: *L'Amante impaziente* (op. 82); *Lied aus der Ferne*; *Die laute Klage*; six songs (op. 75); *Gedenke mein*; *Der Jüngling in der Fremde*; three new songs on words of Goethe; a *Military March*, and an *Ecossaise*. The six songs of opus 75 were dedicated to the Princess Kinsky: *Mignon*; *Neue Liebe, neues Leben*; *Es war einmal*, so graphic in its massive weightiness; *Gretels Warnung*; *An den fernen Geliebten*; *Der Zufriedene*. Assuredly these do not constitute the richest part of Beethoven's work; in spite of the transport of certain of them, although one already sees in them certain inflections of Schumann, these songs suffer from their proximity to the quartets, trios, and sonatas. Schubert thrust them into oblivion. Nevertheless, what somber grandeur is to be found in the ode, *In questa tomba!*

Beethoven also created more important works at this time: a piano concerto (op. 73); a string quartet (op. 74) dedicated to Prince Lobkowitz; two piano sonatas (op. 78 and 81a); a sextet, delightfully ingenuous (op. 81b) for string instruments and two horns; an overture and incidental music to *Egmont* (op. 84).

The *Fifth Concerto* in E. flat, called the *Emperor Concerto*,

dedicated to the Archduke Rudolph, comprises an initial cadenza, an allegro, and an adagio un poco mosso, connected to the rondo. It is a redoubtable work with a superabundance of ideas, whose immensity is revealed in the first phrase stated by the piano. With the brilliant development, in the animation that sweeps it along, are revealed anew the contrasts that we have so often discerned in Beethoven: strength, tenderness, and always lyric abundance. The sonorous texture, if one can use this expression, is the same as that of the symphonies. In spite of the sadness of a crushing reality, alone, in the most precarious condition, the Master imagined, in order to introduce us to it, an altogether glorious world, in which the most splendid thoughts were liberated, in which the most vigorous assertions prevailed: a magnificent protestation of intelligence and courage. The strings, muted, sketch the theme of the adagio, of a deep religious solemnity; the broad melody of the piano, whose poetry is accentuated by the dark and mystic intervention of the horns, soars above the orchestra, sweeps it along, questions it, and replies to it, and circumspectly suggests the motive with which it proceeds to take possession of the finale. In it one sees a theme shining that already reflects the Wagnerian Fire Motif. And the vertiginous course continues like an abandoned Bacchanalian round that a distant rumbling of the tympani hushes and brings to a close.

The sextet (op. 81*b*) gives the essential rôle to two horns; it is they that outline the melody, set forth the lines of the adagio, converse on the gently melancholy theme sometimes taken up by the violin; they also launch the sprightly motive of the rondo. This work is rarely heard, no doubt as a result of the difficulty experienced in finding good horn players; it has worth, by virtue of its tenderness and its simplicity.

The first of the two *Piano Sonatas* (op. 78) was dedicated to Countess von Brunswick. We descend from the heights to which the *E flat major Concerto* has carried us, to refresh ourselves by contact with a work that is beautiful, delightful in its gracious refinement and its spiritual lightness.

The *Sonata* (op. 81a) to the Archduke Rudolph—*Das Lebewohl, Die Abwesenheit, und Das Wiedersehen*—reflects events of this tragic year. The manuscript of the first movement bears this notation: "Farewell. Vienna, May 4, 1809, day of the departure of His Imperial Majesty, the venerated Archduke Rudolph." A similar indication precedes the finale: "The arrival of His Imperial Majesty, the venerated Archduke Rudolph, January 30, 1810." The anti-Beethovenians of Leipzig reviled this splendid sonata, professing to see in it only a work written for a certain occasion, a commentary on the farewell greeting: *Lebewohl*. Lenz himself overindulged in fantasy, in imagining that this piece had been composed on a program, in declaring that it seemed to him above all symphonic, in congratulating himself that a German composer had orchestrated it, had enriched the introduction by a melody for the horn, and interpolated in the middle of the andante a solo for the flute. Lenz's inexhaustible imagination, if often charming, nevertheless led him astray. It was not in this manner, we may be assured, it was not with this sentiment that Clara Wieck interpreted the *Lebewohl Sonata*. If we have taken pains to reconstruct the milieu and the times in which this work was composed, we are now recompensed for it. This composition, which begins very simply on the word "*Lebewohl*," is an intimate poem, as sincere in its conciseness as *Fidelio*, of which it is suggestive. Two friends were parting, removed from each other by cruel circumstances; the dissonances indicate the genuine sorrow of the one who remained behind; the melody of the

adagio is suddenly interrupted; the anxiety felt in it is expressive of the torment of an uncertain future. Are we wrong in thinking of *Tristan* while listening to this sonata, as we think of Schumann on hearing the *Lied, Wonne der Wehmuth*, or of Gabriel Fauré when the scherzo of the *Archduke Trio* is played?

The *Tenth Quartet* (op. 74), sketched in 1809, expresses also, by the solemnity of its thought, the tragic aspect of the conditions in which Beethoven lived, a prisoner in the heart of a city occupied by the enemy, far distant from his beloved Therese. Notations on the original manuscript prove that he was working on this quartet and on the score of *Egmont* at the same time. Still more moving than the hesitating and meditative introduction, of so modern a technique, overcast with gloom, at times despairing, the adagio is a deep lamentation; each note, as some one wrote of it, is a tear; the pathetic song is extended, becomes calm only for a moment in order to resume and to pour out in broad melodies, poignant, interspersed with sighs and twinges of pain; in the transport of the presto, one perceives a sort of feverish excitement as palpable as the exaltation of power to which we owe the inexhaustible inventions, the rich variations of the allegretto, brusquely halted at the height of its passion by two quiet chords. This work has been called the *Harp Quartet* (*Harfen-Quartett*) by virtue of a motive repeated several times in the first movement. Such definition, much too formal, limits the meaning of a forceful and somber composition that astounds us only if we know under what conditions it was first sketched. Perhaps it was conceived during the bombardment of the city gates, a short time before, in the inn whose name (*Beim goldenen Kreuz*) appears on the margin of a sketch. The adagio taken by itself (one should

hear Lucien Capet interpret it with so great a feeling of reverence) constitutes a sacred work.

The subject of *Egmont* ought to please any patriot. There was in the romantic life of the descendant of the Dukes of Gelderland, in his bold intimacy with the Prince of Orange and the confederates, in the struggle with the Duke of Alva, in this martyr who promoted the independence of the United Provinces, a fascination for a musician given to philosophizing and possessing a passionate love of liberty. One can readily understand the reasons impelling him to compose in 1809 the overture and the incidental music in which Liszt, we are told, found a glimpse of the future. Beethoven's admiration for Goethe, however poorly rewarded, is well known. In a letter of 1810, he recommended to Theresa Malfatti the reading of *Wilhelm Meister*. As early as 1790 he composed his first songs on the poems of the great lyricist. "Since childhood I have known you," he wrote to him in 1811. Wishing to write music for *Egmont*, he employed the method which Neefe had taught him, and to which he remained faithful. According to his own statement he "rethought" the work that he wished to interpret.

Egmont is the Squire Werther, so to speak. As early as 1775 Goethe had begun this work which was not published until 1788, and which Schiller criticized sharply in the *Jena Allgemeine Literatur-Zeitung*, finding the historical characters more interesting than the hero of the drama. It was somewhat of a consolation for a citizen of vanquished Vienna to hear the Dutch soldiers, roundly cursing the war, relate how they, under an excellent commander, routed the French at Saint-Quentin. How could one help being fascinated by the figure of *Egmont*, who walked with a bold stride and proud carriage in the midst of all perils, "as if no sovereign's hand could ever reach him"? This new hero

held himself accountable to no one; to turn Cardinal Granvelle into a subject for ridicule he had his servants wear grotesque liveries, and the people who understood were highly amused at these insolent provocations. "I am held in high esteem," he declared to Richard, his secretary, "but I can and I must rise to greater heights; I feel in me hope, courage, and strength. I have not yet attained the zenith of my development; if sometime I reach it, I shall hold fast to it without quaking. If I am to fall, may it be a clap of thunder, a tornado, even a blunder that will precipitate me into the abyss." The high-spirited language that Egmont addressed to the Duke of Alva, his courageous proclamations in favor of the peoples' liberty, won Beethoven over; he admired this protestation against the foreign occupation. "The common man wants to be governed by him who was born, who was brought up in the same place that he was, who has the same ideas of right and wrong that he has and whom he can regard as a brother." Goethe had created the noble character of Clara, Egmont's mistress, who aroused the people to arms in order to save her lover, and who killed herself when she lost all hope of saving him. Repeatedly, at the moments of greatest pathos, he reserved a part for music. At the end of the play, when Egmont, consoled by the devotion of Alva's son, peacefully falls asleep, Goethe provided for a dramatic piece in the style of the later eighteenth century. From behind the hero's couch, songs are heard; the figure of Liberty appears "in celestial robes" with the features of Clara; she bids the glorious condemned be joyful, in announcing to him that his death will secure independence for the provinces. "Far in the distance the martial music of fifes and drums is heard." Accompanying Egmont's speech while he expresses his hope of seeing the overthrow of tyranny, the cortège approaches, and in the midst of the blaring of trum-

pets the hero advances toward the Spanish soldiers charged with conducting him to his execution. Beethoven had only to follow these indications. Rochlitz, who directed the famous *Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung* creditably, was accustomed when this score was presented in concert, to prefacing it with a commentary taken from Goethe's work, and Beethoven heartily approved of this association of his work with that of the poet, for whom he professed a profound respect. The overture frees itself from forms perpetuated by custom; for the first time it becomes a prelude, representing the very essence of the drama; it prepares the way for the symphonic poem. Whence, no doubt, Liszt's admiration.

For the rest, concerning Beethoven's state of mind and his manner of living during the year 1809, there is the valuable testimony of his admirer, Baron de Trémont, auditor of the State Council, who about this time had been entrusted with a mission to Vienna. Beethoven now hated France and the French; moreover, he had become so unsocial that he refused to comply with a summons from the Empress. He lodged on the rampart, and during the course of the last siege, the assailants sprang a mine under his windows. Trémont had obtained a letter of introduction from Anton Reicha, who had been the Master's comrade in the Bonn orchestra, and who was at this time established in Paris. He made his way into lodgings consisting of two rooms, dirty and untidy, flooded with little pools of water. Sheets of music were piled up on an old dusty piano, under which an unemptied chamber vessel took shelter. On a walnut table were pens "crusted with ink." Straw-bottomed chairs bore the remains of a meal, and some linen. By good fortune Trémont pleased Beethoven, and he saw him often and heard him improvise; he discussed philosophy, religion, politics, literature, and above all Shakespeare with him. Through

this account, unrestrained and vivid, one catches a glimpse of a taciturn Beethoven, who with difficulty follows the conversation, makes replies to the Baron's poor German in poor French, but is interested in all elevated thought, tolerates and, on occasion, invites contradiction, and manifests an extensive knowledge. "When he was well disposed," writes Trémont, "the day well ordered for improvisation, he was sublime. There were inspiration, rapture, beautiful melodies, and a free harmony, because, swept away by musical feeling, he did not think, with pen in hand, of seeking effects; without any divagation, they produced themselves."

Beethoven renounced France now that it had provided itself with a ruler. However, in spite of the fact that he dreaded visits and invitations, he would willingly go there to hear Mozart's symphonies at the Conservatoire. In spite of all his reservations, Napoleon continued to fascinate him. Trémont writes: "He admired his rise to such heights from so low a point of departure; it was very gratifying to his democratic ideas. He said to me one day: 'If I go to Paris, shall I have to salute your Emperor?' I assured him that he would not unless he were commanded to. 'And do you think he will command me?'"

In France, moreover, Beethoven was appreciated much more than is often admitted. Consult the 1810 issues of *Tablettes de Polymnie*, "*journal devoted to all that concerns musical art.*" An amusing collection containing the most unthought-of and the most naïve surveys. We learn that an elephant in the Jardin des Plantes was subjected to a concert in order to ascertain whether this animal was as sensitive to music as De Buffon asserted him to be. They played for their extraordinary auditor, in turn, some simple airs of a pure melodic line, and some sonatas with very complicated harmonies. The animal showed signs of pleasure on

hearing the song *O ma tendre Musette*, played on the violin by Kreutzer. "The same melody, played with variations, by this celebrated artist produced no effect at all. . . . The elephant opened his mouth to yawn as early as the third or fourth measure of Boccherini's famous *Quartet in D major*. A bravura passage . . . of Monsigny, found the animal equally insensitive; but on hearing the song *Charmante Gabrielle* his joy was shown in no uncertain terms." It was very astonishing to see the elephant caressing the virtuoso Duvernois with his trunk by way of gratitude. Inasmuch as Duvernois played the horn, this became almost a duet.

Fortunately there is more in the *Tablettes de Polymnie* than accounts of such experiences. Thanks to their reports, we attend, as it were, the presentation at the Théâtre Feydeau of *Deux Journées*, which impelled "the general approbation of all the artists of Europe." At this time Cherubini was for the French the greatest musical genius. We learn that Napoleon had a magnificent box sent to Lesueur with these words engraved on it: "*L'Empereur des Français à l'auteur des Bardes*." We hear *Le Nozze* at the Opera buffa; the audience is so enthusiastic that it nearly drowns out the voices of the actors; the fashion among young composers is henceforth to write like Mozart. But the *Tablettes* also record the successes won by Beethoven's works at the student concerts of the Conservatoire. To be sure, reservations are obvious. "The amazing success of Beethoven's compositions," writes one reviewer after the concert of the 18th of March, 1810, "is a dangerous example for the art of music. The contagion of coarse harmony seems to have seized the modern school of composition that is being formed at the Conservatoire. By producing the most barbaric dissonances and by using all of the instruments with a crash they believe an impression is made." Habeneck, the Talma of the Con-

servatoire, directed the orchestra at these exercises; his patient efforts to make Beethoven's work known and appreciated are common knowledge. And of course there was the current opinion that no composer equaled Joseph Haydn in the field of symphonic writing. But the editor of the *Polymnie* gradually became accustomed to Beethoven. "A fragment of one of his symphonies," he writes, "closed the concert. This composer, often bizarre and uncouth, frequently sparkles with extraordinary beauty. Sometimes he soars with the majesty of an eagle; sometimes he crawls along stony bypaths. After having pierced one's soul with a tender melancholy, he forthwith tears it open with a mass of barbaric chords. *I fancy that I see doves and crocodiles enclosed together therein*" (pages 310 and 311 of the collection). A short time later, but still in 1810, the editor asserts his position more definitely. Haydn remained for him the foremost among the great composers; Mozart followed closely, a creator even when he imitated, personal, conquering by force of persuasion. "Beethoven is the third who has dared to launch himself in this career that is so hazardous to pursue. His two illustrious predecessors have for a long time been in possession of the principal roads, and have left him only some steep and rough bypaths bordering on precipices. . . . Beethoven, *endowed with a colossal genius, and an ardent spirit, a vivid imagination, scorns these trifling obstacles to which he believes himself superior. He impetuously leaps over all that impedes his rapid march. He thinks himself sufficiently great to create a school that would be peculiarly his, and whatever would be the danger to which young composers who have adopted this school with an enthusiasm amounting almost to frenzy would be exposed, I am forced to admit that the majority of Beethoven's works bear a stamp of greatness and of character that poignantly*

stirs the hearts of his listeners. The *Symphony in E flat*, which was performed at this tenth concert, is the most beautiful he has composed: with the exception of several *Germanisms*, somewhat harsh, in which force of habit carried him away, all the rest presents a judicious and accurate plan, although abounding in impetuosity; graceful episodes are skillfully connected with principal themes and the melodic phrases possess a freshness of color that is well adapted to them" (pages 374 and 375). In spite of these reservations, this judgment, for the year 1810, evinces a great independence and a keen understanding of the work of the Viennese Master.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SEVENTH AND EIGHTH SYMPHONIES

IN THE autumn of 1810, Beethoven wrote the *Eleventh Quartet* (op. 95) in F minor for Zmeskall von Domanovetz, in which, it would seem, he wished to summarize and concentrate his thought. A cry of rebellion, a protestation that accounts for the long lamentation of the first violin, imparts somberness of color and tragic melancholy to the allegro. To the companion who had comforted him in his sorrows, who had constantly helped him even in the minor vexations of life, Beethoven confided his perplexities. Zmeskall was one of those friends before whom one is not ashamed to weep; sometimes on departing from Rasoumowsky's soirées where he would meet him, Beethoven must have confessed to him the lamentations of grief apparent here, the anxiety that the allegretto expresses, the agitation of a soul anxiously seeking to free itself from physical and moral torture. The allegro of the third movement is accompanied by a revealing annotation: *assai vivace ma serioso*. The chorale solemnizes this shudder of anguish. Unconsciously, Beethoven, by the sincerity with which he expresses the nuances of a complex emotion, already sketches the forms that will be adopted and emphasized by Schumann, and the Wagner of *Tristan*. The *Quartet in F minor* could have been entrusted only to as accomplished a musician as Zmeskall, who was more qualified than any one else to appreciate a work of so rare a quality, of so earnest and sincere an inspiration.

According to tradition it was in May of this year that the Master abandoned his hope of marrying Therese von Brunswick. Under what circumstances? On this point we are again reduced to conjecture. The *Journal* gives us some very touching particulars. Romain Rolland, who has examined it, contents himself with saying, "Therese, frightened, found herself on the edge of a mental abyss, towards which an emotional squall, crushing and unexpected, had hurled her, and she uncovered the wild forces and sinful thoughts that passed through her subconscious." In a short fragment of May, 1810, that has come down to us, she accuses herself of moral instability. "The feeling of the moment is my Master!" The scholar Dr. Max Unger, of Leipzig, believes that the Ludwig referred to by Therese in her *Memoirs* is not Ludwig van Beethoven, but a certain Count Luigi Megazzi. Beethoven's state of mind at this time is revealed in a letter often referred to, in which he asks Dr. Wegeler to send him his baptismal certificate. He complains of having been drawn into society, where, with no apparent results, he has lost his peaceful mode of living; however, he would be happy "had not the Demon established residence in my ears," and tormented him to the point sometimes of contemplating suicide. In any event Beethoven's friendship with the Brunswicks was hereafter reinforced. For Therese—she herself states this very positively—he remained a spiritual master, in the same capacity as Herder and Goethe. She sent him a sketch in which he was represented as an eagle gazing at the sun.

At the time that he relinquished the thought of marriage with Therese, Beethoven established an acquaintance with Elisabeth Brentano. Here we meet Bettina for the first time, the daughter of a rich Frankfort merchant whose household furnished Goethe with part of the plot for his *Werther*.

Peter Anton Brentano, a grocer, who claimed to have descended from the Visconti family, had five children by his first marriage, with a Dutch woman. In 1774 he married Maximiliane von Laroche, twenty-two years younger than he, who became the mother of Marie-Clement, and Bettina. This family occupies a rather important place in the history of German literature. Maximiliane was the daughter of the famous Sophie von Laroche, a friend of Wieland, who wrote a number of novels in Richardson's style bearing titles suggestive of their nature: *Schönes Bild der Resignation; Briefe an Lina, ein Buch für junge Frauenzimmer die ihr Herz und ihren Verstand bilden wollen*. Goethe drew a charming picture of Sophie in the thirteenth book of *Dichtung und Wahrheit*; we catch a glimpse of a slender and delicate woman, graced, even in her old age, with exquisite manners, her face framed by a pretty mobcap, and always prudently dressed in brown or gray, possessing great independence of opinion, and presenting to one and all an inflexible good nature, and an irreproachable dignity, which she maintained even through the misfortunes that reduced her to poverty.

Sophie's grandson, Clement, after a sulky childhood, struggled to escape his father's occupation, manifested a very pronounced taste for letters, and a definite bent for satire, visited several universities, became acquainted with the Schlegel brothers, launched himself with the writing of a parody on a work of Kotzebue, and wrote the "barbarous" novel, *Godwi*. His best claim to recognition during these formative years lay in his having sketched the legend of *Die Lorelei* before Heinrich Heine. In Heidelberg, where he established himself with his wife, Sophie Méreau, he met Achim von Arnim. The association between the two writers exercised a deep influence on German Romanticism; they

were the first to conceive the plan of collecting folk songs in order to enrich lyric poetry. Arnim forcibly and very intelligently indicated the bond that ought constantly to unite the language and the literature of the country to the nation itself. And in his person, as in his ideas, impetuosity, audacity, and a pleasant humor were to be met. The collaboration of Arnim and Brentano in Heidelberg resulted in 1806 in the publication of that important collection the first volume of which, *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, was dedicated to Goethe, who praised the reaction against "the insipid and clumsy doggerel of the Meistersinger" very highly. The war somewhat interrupted the undertaking. Arnim in 1806 published his *Kriegslieder*, directed against Napoleon; then he left Heidelberg. The *Wunderhorn* continued to incite the imagination of musicians and poets; towards the end of the nineteenth century Gustav Mahler was inspired by it.

Bettina, who, as we shall see, married Achim von Arnim, had not yet commenced her literary work, which later comprised some ten volumes. It is best to be somewhat skeptical of the accounts that she has handed down to us, especially in the three volumes published in Berlin in 1835: *Goethes Briefwechsel mit einem Kinde*. In 1810 she was twenty-five years of age. The letter Bettina claimed Beethoven wrote to her from Vienna on the 11th of August, gives evidence of a keen enthusiasm. ". . . I was surprised by you at a moment when ill humor had complete control of me; but truly, it vanished at the sight of you. . . . I knew at once that you belonged to another world than this absurd one. . . . My ears unfortunately are a barrier through which I cannot easily have friendly intercourse with mankind. Otherwise—perhaps!—I should have more confidence in you. As it is I could only understand the great wise look (*den grossen gescheitern Blick*) in your eyes, which so impressed me that

I shall never forget it. Dear Bettina, dearest girl! Art! Who understands it? . . . How dear to me are the few days in which we chatted or, rather, corresponded with each other! I have preserved all the little bits of paper on which your bright, dear, dearest answers are written. . . .”

Bettina's wise glances! We remain skeptical. The most well-wishing critics have not been able to protect her altogether from suspicions of untruth; Goethe's mother reproached her for her excessive faculty of fabrication, for her freedom with falsehoods. Beethoven, ever artless, allowed himself to be distracted; we see him wandering about in the walks of Schönbrunn in search of the absent one; then he counted on her to recommend him to Goethe, and playing the two objects of his admiration one against the other, he sent Bettina two songs on the poet's words: *Kennst du das Land?* and *Neue Liebe, neues Leben* (op. 75). Bettina, as we might expect, proved to be the more verbose; she wrote to Goethe that she saw Beethoven every day, and that he took her walking; that, near him, she forgot everyone she had known up to then. The good Schindler believed that Bettina exaggerated greatly; when he saw her in Berlin she refused to show him the originals of these allegedly genuine letters. “We should be inclined,” he wrote, “to call it only the overflow of an unlimited imagination.” The fact that is certain is that this idyll, to speak in terms most favorable to Bettina's pretensions, lasted only a short time. In April, 1811, Fräulein Brentano married Achim von Arnim and went to Berlin with him; Clement's collaborator published very incoherent and abstruse works, such as his novel *Die Kronenwächter*, dedicated to Renaissance Germany; he attempted in vain to gain success in drama with his play *Halle und Jerusalem*. Tieck rebuked him for his diffuseness and extravagance. As for Bettina, the rest of her life scarcely

encourages giving credence to the three letters so often commented on, that she claimed to have received from Beethoven.

"Bettina," wrote Varnhagen von Ense to Leopold Schefer, "throws herself with a sort of mania on men noted for their power of intellect; she wishes to gnaw at all of them and finally to throw their bones to the dogs." During the course of a long life, which was not terminated until 1859, one sees her, after Beethoven and Goethe, in turn setting upon Schleiermacher, the architect Schinkel who beautified Berlin, Louis of Bavaria, General Gneisenau, the diplomat Wilhelm von Humboldt, the historian Ranke, the brothers Grimm, and Liszt. To all of them she offered the same myrtle branch, symbolical of glory and love; the leaves might remain green, but the flowers faded. August Ehrhard tells of her besieging the shrewd and pompous Prince von Pückler-Muskau. This nobleman, even though he presented her with a magnificent inkstand to enable her to engage in her epistolary mania, remained incredulous of the truth of so many exploits. He maintained that Bettina boasted, that she unseasonably interrupted his card parties, that she overindulged in metaphors, in kisses, in thee's and thou's, in odes to the moon, that she exaggerated the importance of her relations with Beethoven and of her influence on Goethe. When he could not avoid her, he mystified her, and submitted only in the last extremity to her lectures and her point-blank declarations. She, unrelenting, multiplied her offers of service; she invoked, in the autumn of his life and even on the threshold of his winter, "the vernal ardor of a redoubled love that set his cheeks burning." In the end Pückler turned her out of doors with a "bon voyage" and left her sleeping one whole night under the stars, refreshing her besetting ardors; it is true that the park was charming.

In order to console herself she had to offer her encouragements and "the milk of her breast" to the pious Schleiermacher. Pückler defined her in terms of forceful simplicity. "She," he said to Varnhagen, "is crazy." His friend replied, "A mistake; she is hysterical." Hence, let us not allow ourselves to be too much moved by her relations with Beethoven; the day when she deserted him, he escaped a formidable danger. As for the rest, in September, 1811, she had an affair with Goethe; in May, 1812, Bettina's first child Freimund, was born.

Did not Frau von Arnim style Frau Hofrat Goethe a "stuffed sausage"?

After Bettina's departure for Berlin, the Master thought of marrying Theresa Malfatti. Her uncle Johann, born at Lucca, had been established in Vienna as a doctor since 1795; he came from a rich family and owned two villas, one at Hietzing, and the other at Weinhaus, a Viennese suburb, in which Beethoven's cantata, *Un lieto Brindisi*, was performed for Malfatti's name day. Malfatti attended several princes and princesses; we see him at the bedside of the Prince of Ligne, Archduke Karl, and the Duke of Reichstadt. Introduced to this household by Gleichenstein, Beethoven became enamoured of Theresa, then aged twenty, a very exuberant person, of a most charming appearance. It is believed that he proposed marriage to her, and was not accepted. Theresa married Baron von Drossdick in 1817; at this time, moreover, the musician and the doctor were at variance. Concerning this relationship between the composer and the young woman there are few documents of interest, aside from an undated letter in which the teacher gives some suggestions to the pupil, particularly on the manner of treating a theme improvised before her. Beethoven confided to her his ardent love of nature. "How happy I am

when I can wander about in the thickets, through the forests, under trees, leaves, and cliffs! No man could love the country as much as I do." He announced that he was sending her several new works, and recommended to her reading *Wilhelm Meister*, or Shakespeare in Schlegel's translation. One remark only makes an allusion to a more definite affection: "Forget my absurdities," he said, "and be persuaded that no one could wish you a more carefree, happier life than I, even though you take no interest in your devoted servant and friend."

So many successive repulses discouraged the Master. We quote here from his revealing letter to Gleichenstein: "For you, wretched Beethoven, there can be no happiness from the outside; you must create everything within yourself, and only in the world of ideas will you find friends." However, he had yet to meet Amalie Sebald. She was born in Berlin on the 24th of August, 1787, of a musical family greatly interested in the Singakademie. She was famous for her soprano voice. In 1811 she chanced to be at Teplitz with her friends Elise von der Recke and Tiedge, and met the forsaken musician, who proved to be susceptible to her charms. Again there are only the faintest of clues by which to judge his fondness for her, supplied by the letter of the 6th of September, 1811, to Tiedge, in which he sends to the singer "a kiss of fire . . . provided that no one sees it." A note sent directly to the youthful Amalie about this time, reveals only that Beethoven was ill, and had to keep to his bed. Towards the end of September, 1812, she asked him for a lock of his hair; in 1815 she married a certain Krause, an official in the department of Justice. Theodor von Frimmel relates that at the house of Rudolph Brockhaus in Leipzig he examined a small sheet of paper on which Beethoven had written, "You must not forget even if you wish to."

Amalie Sebald recorded that she found this note dated from Teplitz, August 8, 1811, on a table in 1812 in place of a calling card. This was, she said, a precious relic. There has been some controversy over dates; an error of one year may be possible. As for the rest, it is of little consequence. The letters published in the voluminous biography by Thayer, remain rather confused and vague to us, but they imply a close intimacy at any rate. One phrase particularly needs some elucidation. Beethoven was astonished that Amalie "can be nothing to me" (*dass Sie mir nichts sein können*), and begged her permission to explain himself on this subject in an interview with her. "I have always wished only that my presence might bring you rest and peace, and that you would have confidence in me; I hope that I shall be better tomorrow and that, during your sojourn, we may spend some hours in the enjoyment of nature to our mutual uplift and enlivenment." We also know that she called him "my tyrant," in jest. Beethoven, moreover, spoke to her always with the greatest circumspection. And she came to see him during his illness only when she deemed the visit proper!

And now the problem of ascertaining to whom the letter to the immortal beloved (*Mein Engel, mein alles, mein ich!*) was written. Romain Rolland, after an ingenious analysis, concludes that it was written in 1812 from Teplitz, where Beethoven went on July 5th after another journey to Prague. We consider his evidence on this subject to be conclusive. Thomas San Galli, in 1909, and Dr. Max Unger, in 1911, expressed themselves as of this opinion. But to which woman did Beethoven intend this lament on a love "condemned to sacrifice and renouncements"? To whom did he send this impassioned petition: "Can you alter the fact that you are altogether mine, that I am altogether yours?" We

should indeed be tempted to give the name of Amalie Sebald; but since the point in question is love, it is necessary to eschew an appeal to the logic of the case, and we must resign ourselves to the still numerous shadows on Beethoven's sentimental story of these years in which his desire to unite himself for always with a woman worthy of him is perceived so easily. This woman, for whom he constantly sought, he never found.

The village of Teplitz, thirty miles northwest of Prague, had already become known as one of the famous hot springs of Europe. It is sheltered in the valley of the Biela, between the Erzgebirge and the Mittelgebirge. Behind the castle of Prince Clary-Aldringen, a park in the style of the later eighteenth century offers to bathers the tranquillity of its forests and the view of its lakes. The memory of Frederick William III, who came seeking a little calm and peace during the years that were so tragic for him, is dearly preserved here.

At the end of August, 1811, Beethoven found a most brilliant society here. Karl August Varnhagen was then still a young man, a petty officer wounded at Wagram, quick to observe, to listen, and to take notice; he was fitting himself for his rôle, that of an exceedingly prolific novelist; he was not yet married to Rahel Levin, whose salon came to be a meeting place for the savants and the literati. Tiedge—Christoph August Tiedge—had the experience and the authority of an ancient. He is to be thanked for his efforts in the defense of a national literature, and his lyric poem, *Urania*, published ten years earlier, has many times tempted musicians. After having worked hard in inferior positions as secretary and tutor, he became intimate with Baroness von der Recke, who bequeathed him a part of her fortune. In

his work, in his philosophic or religious meditations, in his *Elegien*, his *Spiegel der Frauen*, in *Alexis und Ida*, there is a very obvious influence of eighteenth century France.

Varnhagen, in the second volume of his *Denkwürdigkeiten*, gives his impressions of the Master's sojourn at Tep-litz. He writes: "At this time I became acquainted with a musician who thrust all precedence into the background. This was Beethoven, whose presence we had been aware of for a long time, but whom no one had yet seen. His deafness made him flee from people, and the eccentricities of his character, which were accentuated more and more by his secluded life, made chance relationships with him very difficult and very brief. During some of his lonely walks in the Schlossgarten, he saw Rahel several times and was impressed by the expression of her face, which recalled to him similar features dear to his heart. An agreeable young man, by the name of Oliva, who served him as a faithful companion, easily arranged an introduction for us. What Beethoven stubbornly refused on the most urgent entreaty, what on one dreadful occasion no coercion had been able to drag from him, not even that of a prince willing to force him by physical violence to exhibit for his guests, he accorded us cheerfully and lavishly; he seated himself at the piano and played his most recent compositions still unknown, or completely gave himself up to unrestrained improvisations. In him, the man captivated me more forcibly than the artist; and as Oliva and I shortly became close friends, I met Beethoven every day. My relations with him were still more reinforced by the thought, eagerly welcomed by him, that I could furnish him with librettos for his dramatic works, or revise those he had received. It was known that Beethoven was a violent French hater and a thorough German [*ein heftiger Franzosenhasser und*

Deutschgesinnter]. On this point also, we were in perfect agreement."

More forceful, of infinitely greater personal appeal, was the man who dominated this entire group, Johann Gottlieb Fichte, the Berlin professor, the great disciple of Kant, the modern Stoic, the philosopher of liberty and duty; he proceeded to deliver during the French occupation his *Reden an das deutsche Volk*, which prepared the way for the moral insurrection of Germany. Fichte was like Beethoven, for he also had attempted to revive the human spirit; by a vigorous effort he opened new paths to the mind in placing it in the center of all action, and in reclaiming for it all rights.

It would be interesting to compare Fichte's and Beethoven's ideas in their evolution. The philosopher, too, believed in the salvation of humanity through the doctrines of Revolutionary France; in his lectures at the University of Jena he defended his liberal principles against the constant attack of calumny, with so much courage that he was forced to resign his chair, and was banished; he too, believed in the civilizing mission of France, in the republican heroism of Napoleon; he corresponded with Bernadotte, who asked him for his portrait. He dreamed, as Xavier Léon explains, of an international institute that would be a sort of "federation of humanity for the advancement of pure science, and that would involve a union of the German and the French spirit." Thanks to Fichte, we have a better understanding of the minds of those Germans who had confidence in the country of Voltaire and Rousseau to spread the spirit of peace and the love of reason; and it should be pointed out that a true European unity will never be established without recourse to the teachings of this intrepid precursor. How many of our present problems were already discussed in the dialogues written in 1806, *Gespräche über Vaterlandsliebe*

und ihr Gegentheill! To be sure, the wars that ended in the defeats at Auerstädt and at Jena changed Fichte. For him, as for Beethoven, the Bonaparte of former days became the *man without a name*; his confident optimism gave way to an empirical pessimism, to the brutal dogma of public safety; the internationalist of Jena henceforth shut himself up within the German frontiers, barricaded himself there, and prepared that German credo which inspired an entire century; but do not think that he apostatized; what he desired for the future was a republican and pacific Germany, respectful of the claims of other peoples as it was heedful of its own rights. In spite of externalities, with which one is so often contented, Fichte remained hostile to imperialism, the evils of which were revealed to him by Napoleon's conquests; his theories countenanced neither the aggressions the Germans inflicted on us, nor those to which we formerly subjected them. In the face of events that swept fools to the point of frenzy, a Fichte, a Beethoven preserved the equilibrium of their mind, and loyalty to their conscience; the author of *Die Republik der Deutschen*, and the composer of the *Ninth Symphony* unite in counseling us to take up again the plan of a united Europe, too often disrupted; for us it is this that gives significance to their meeting, or at least to their simultaneous presence in the parks of Teplitz.

In 1811, on words of Kotzebue, and for the opening of the German theater of Pesth, Beethoven composed the score of *Die Ruinen von Athen* (op. 113), performed on February 9, 1812, as well as the overture and choruses for *König Stephan* (op. 117). But the important work, that which leads us into the rich, inmost recesses of his imagination, is his *Trio for Violin, Piano, and Cello* (op. 97), dedicated to the Archduke Rudolph, the autographed manuscript of

which bears the date March 3, 1811; it was played in public on the 11th of April. Lenz pronounced it "a miracle of musical ensemble, one of those perfect creations, such as one meets from century to century in the arts." Correct as they may be, such definitions are not adequate. The Master cherished this work so much that on his bed of suffering, scarcely more than a few days before his death, he discussed it with Schindler in a conversation as moving by the literary references (Goethe, Euripides, Aristotle) as by the inquiry that one feels had absorbed Beethoven, into what produces the quality peculiar to heroes. Schindler explains; he wished to formulate the meaning of this superhuman inspiration for posterity. "The first movement expresses happiness, whimsicality, playfulness, stubbornness (*à la* Beethoven, of course), does it not? In the second movement the hero has arrived at the height of happiness; in the third, happiness is changed to emotion, suffering, and compassion. I hold the andante to be the most perfect ideal of saintliness and blessedness. Words are of no use here; they are poor servants for the Word of God, which the music expresses." This was, moreover, the last work that Beethoven himself played, at a concert given for charity, with Schuppanzigh and Linke.

Truly this choir of three voices discloses musical lyricism in the most expressive form it has ever attained. Personal revelations or reveries, the melodies of the allegro moderato, at once so impassioned and so tender, are developed without artificiality, without needless eloquence. The scherzo sparkles with humor, gaiety, and charming gracefulness. Certain passages of the violin and cello already reveal a meaningful embellishment: was Chopin not to drink at this spring? Who are the young maidens, who in the meadows lead this vigorous round stimulated by the call of the shepherd's pipes? The andante unfolds and the piano sings a

lament coming from the very depths of the heart; it is continued in the ensemble, earnest but not turgid, telling its sorrow as no words could with an emotion even more affecting when it is murmured or merely intimated. From the first to the last measure, inspiration is sustained and renewed without faltering. A beautiful melodic stream flows before us; it is an enchanted stream, a stream of sonorous waves, now pressing onward, now broadening, which discharges into the allegro of the finale after having imparted the most moving of its songs. Never have life and spirit mingled in a more intimate and touching union. This *Seventh Trio* represents the utmost point to which musical expression can attain; here is to be found poetry in its purest form, disengaged from all material elements. The solution to the question that the cleverest scholars have pursued in vain is found here without effort. The *Trio in B flat major* to the Archduke ought to remain inscribed among the greatest masterpieces of human intelligence and sensitivity.

Unfortunately, the contract that Beethoven had signed with his patrons had not settled his financial difficulties. Kinsky, affected by the war, was unable to make his first payment until the summer of 1811 at Teplitz. The Archduke Rudolph and Lobkowitz generously intervened to compensate for the musician's loss through a decline in the exchange. Kinsky died from the consequences of a fall from his horse, and his heirs, only after long delay, finally guaranteed a reduced payment. Lobkowitz himself suffered such losses that he was unable to keep his promises. Austria had been passing through a very difficult financial crisis since 1804. Specie was lacking. Vienna, prosperous for so long, witnessed the decline of its business, and the impoverishment of its people. In 1809 all subjects were compelled to deliver over to the Treasury their silver plate and their

jewels, in exchange for a depreciated currency. In 1811 the debt exceeded 1,500 million francs, and bank notes had lost ten per cent of their value. Officials and persons who depended on fixed revenues suffered from starvation. Through the Act of February 20, 1811, Count Wallis reduced the gold value of notes to fifty per cent of their nominal value. Remarkable fatalism of history, which after the great wars always brings the same financial consequences. People forget, and allow themselves to be overtaken by these catastrophes; we, who have just submitted to a crisis astonishingly like that of 1811, have good reason to understand it thoroughly.

In May, 1812, Beethoven, according to the superscription on the manuscript, finished the *Seventh Symphony*, in A major. The first sketches appeared before 1811. On reflecting that at this time his deafness rendered him, according to the testimony of his own friends, almost unsocial, on recalling that he proceeded to give up Therese and that he had vainly proposed marriage to the youthful Malfatti, one is astounded at the inner force that, after the serene introduction, sweeps the full orchestra along, through the vivace on a flute motif, exalting the joy of a dancelike theme. Was this work conceived perhaps after a night of pleasure, when, to escape from the obsession of his malady, he laughed so violently that he was reduced to tears the following day? Beethoven himself admits that he was wont to pass abruptly from intoxicating joy to despair. The *Seventh Symphony* expresses these capers of his soul exactly, one of those souls that Stendhal liked to praise for their "lack of prudence." The dolor of the allegretto contrasts sharply with the transport of this rondo, as with the abandon of the presto. The clarinets and bassoons introduce a passage charming with its sweetness and melancholy, colored with German romanti-

cism by the accompaniment of the horn. A mysterious scene unfolds; under golden trees the last echoes of a hunt lose themselves. The bacchanale begins again, brutal at times, abates only to unloose itself in a kind of fury, only to burst forth in a final crescendo. Certain audacities of writing, particularly a dissonance of the kettledrums, shocked the dilettanti, but Beethoven refused to change the smallest detail. Weber declared that now the composer was ready for the madhouse. Fifteen years later Castil-Blaze again called the end of the work "musical lunacy," and Fétis adjudged it one "of those incredible creations that can come only from sublime and diseased minds." For a long time the public and the critics obstinately relished the allegretto alone. Fairer and better informed, we refuse to dissociate the different movements of this work, obviously far in advance of the music of that period, deeply romantic in the German sense of the word, bold, and without triviality, abrupt as the very character of the composer, but forcibly evoking images completely enveloped in magic. Together with Berlioz, it was Wagner who best judged this, in spite of needless verbiage, and an excessive reference to mythology. "Beethoven," he writes, "threw himself into a limitless ocean, into the sea of his despair. But it was on a gigantic vessel of solid frame that he undertook the tempestuous voyage; with a clenched fist he seized the mighty rudder; he *knew* the goal of the voyage; he had resolved to attain it. . . . He desired to measure the very limits of the ocean, to discover the land that must be found beyond the watery desert." The breadth of the *Seventh Symphony*, its transport, its strength of spirit, the defiance of ordinary means, justify this bold description.

In July, 1812, Beethoven's doctors ordered him to Teplitz. "His unfortunate deafness," wrote Varnhagen, "is only too

contributory to his natural shyness; it renders him practically unsociable in the company of those people in whose affection he places no confidence; he maintains, however, a slight perception of musical tones; in conversation he hears not even the words or the inflections." He was presented to Goethe, who marveled at his talent but found him uncouth and far too laconic. Here belongs the anecdote of his encounter with the Imperial family, related in his third letter to Bettina.

As a matter of fact this letter is very surprising. Beethoven flattered himself on having pulled his hat down firmly on his head before a group including the Empress and the Archduke Rudolph. Is this attitude likely at the very moment when the Prince was having his new symphony copied? Schindler protested against this story, and we believe him right. At any rate, the musician permitted himself to be subjugated by Goethe. "Since that summer," he said to Rochlitz, "every day when I read, I read him. He has killed Klopstock for me."

Isabey arrived in Vienna in September to paint the portraits of the Imperial family, and was presented to Emperor Francis I at the palace of Laxenburg, and at Baden; he was astonished at the modest appearance of Prince Karl, "a little man with a sweet and modest look, who speaks of his tulips with the fervor of an Amsterdam burgher." He painted Napoleon's ardent enemy, the Empress Maria Ludovica d'Este Modena, the third wife of Francis I, stepmother of Marie-Louise, frail, of very delicate health, enveloped in veils and furs, but implacable in spite of the graciousness of her lips and her eyes. He also painted the eight brothers of the Emperor: the Archduke Anton, of the long face; Ferdinand; Karl, Napoleon's steadfast enemy; the stern Archduke Johann; the Archduke Joseph, Prince Palatine; Rainer;

Ludwig, and the Archduke Rudolph, the future archbishop and cardinal of Olmütz, the pupil and friend of Beethoven. These portraits were for a long time preserved in the bed-chamber of the Emperor at the Hofburg palace. With a black velvet collar, his face slightly bewhiskered in the Austrian fashion, his hair worn in long locks combed over his forehead, Rudolph presents regular features, but dull lusterless eyes. Isabey also painted the Emperor's son, Ferdinand I, smiling in the freshness of his nineteen years, as well as the four sisters of Marie-Louise: Karolina, the future Duchess of Saxony, Leopoldine, who was to become the Empress of Brazil; Maria Clementine, and the youngest, Maria Anna.

Beethoven left the capital for Upper Austria.

It was in Linz in October, 1812, that the *Eighth Symphony* (op. 93) was dated, published only at the end of 1816 in Vienna by Steiner. The Master established himself in the home of his brother Nikolaus Johann, the apothecary, to induce him to terminate his relations with Theresa Obermayer. The place was indeed inspiring: the old Landhaus on the Promenade had just been rebuilt; a road, very pleasant in autumn, led the dreamer to the Freinberg and to the Jägermayr. He must have found at Linz an influential musical society; here Schubert, several years later, supported by his friend Josef von Spaun, obtained his first success.

In spite of the angry protests of Berlioz, the *Eighth Symphony* received the name of *Little Symphony*. It must be admitted that, in spite of the warmth of the short allegretto, and the classic grace of the minuet, in spite of the brilliance of the long finale, it does not possess, in its discreet gaiety, the power, the breadth of the preceding work. It contains, however, inspirations of the rarest fantasy. The allegro vivace ends on a motif of reserved, secret poetry. After the

furious explosions of the *Seventh Symphony*, one enjoys the charming and moderate relaxation of the scherzando, as one does a short respite. Beethoven wrote few phrases more touching than the theme in A flat major sung by the first violins at the beginning of the last movement. One has a feeling that the *Eighth Symphony* was composed more rapidly than the *Seventh*, in the midst of journeys, distractions, or even difficulties that hampered the composer's inspiration. Beethoven himself did not place it on a level with the preceding symphonies.

To the year 1812 belong the *Equali* for four trombones, which were played in 1827 at the Master's funeral services; a *Sonata for Piano and Violin* (op. 96) which the French virtuoso, Rode, played at the home of Lobkowitz; a group of Irish and Scotch songs, several canons, and a *Triumphal March*. Beethoven was ill and miserable. There is an admission of this in a letter he wrote to Varenna. However, he was always ready to share in patriotic demonstrations, or fêtes for charity. Solicited for a benefit concert for a nunnery, he wrote: "I am just as disposed as in the past year to do good for my friends, the worthy Sisters, and as I shall always be at any time for suffering humanity until my last breath." The *Tenth Sonata for Violin and Piano in G major* (op. 96), dedicated to the Archduke Rudolph (which confirms the improbability of the anecdote recounted by Bettina), was inspired like the *Pastoral Symphony*, by natural scenes. "It is," wrote Marcel Herwegh, "a rural painting of chirping and warbling," scintillating with humor. A bird sings and, at the farther end of the grove, others reply. The adagio is like a spontaneous melody improvised in a garden. Peasants skip about to Tyrolean airs, then, returning home, a bit the worse for wine, they stumble down the road. But now we shall see Beethoven in a new capacity.

CHAPTER IX

BEETHOVEN—OFFICIAL MUSICIAN

ON DECEMBER 8, 1813, the Viennese public gathered in the University Hall to hear the *Seventh Symphony* on a program organized by Johann Nepomuk Maelzel. This eccentric character, established in Vienna since 1792 as a music teacher, became famous through his metronome; he was already well known for his automatons (a trumpet player, and a chess player). Since 1808, the Viennese Vaucanson had borne the title of Court Mechanician. He had just invented a sort of orchestrion, a panharmonicon. He became acquainted with Beethoven, for whom he invented ear trumpets.

This concert of December 8 was given for the benefit of the Austrian and Bavarian soldiers wounded at the battle of Hanau. In Teplitz, Russia, Austria, and Prussia formed their alliance, to which England gave her support. Bernadotte commanded the combined armies of the North. Napoleon had lost all of his allies. Murat betrayed him. The pitiable remnants of the Grand Army beat a retreat across the Rhine; Drouot had been able to open a passage for them only by thundering at the enemies' cavalry at fifty feet with a battery of fifty cannon. By December 5, our last troops, ravaged by typhus, had recrossed the river. Coignet described the heaps of corpses which convicts, under threat of grapeshot, loaded into huge carts and bound with ropes like piles of hay. The harvest of vengeance had ripened. Even

before the encounter at Hanau, the defeat at Leipzig, the desertion of the Saxons and the Württembergers, the lack of munitions had undone the French domination of Germany and reduced the Confederation of the Rhine to nothing. The call for deliverance resounded on all sides. The concert given by Maelzel included *Die Schlacht bei Vittoria* (op. 91), dedicated to the Prince Regent of England, the future King George IV. The man of the hour, the hero in vogue was now Sir Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, the victor over Junot and Marmont, the soldier, a captivating figure, to whom France had given a military education, but who, covered with the glory of his successes in India, as Bonaparte had been by his triumphs in Egypt, made Portugal and Spain a grave for our armies. Our disasters in Russia determined him to undertake the offensive, which permitted him after the battle of Vittoria, to cross the Pyrenees. For him, for this gentleman soldier, whom Lawrence painted as a cold and haughty figure, Beethoven composed his military symphony; we are told that at the performance Salieri and Hummel directed the cannonade. Schuppanzigh led the first violins. Beethoven directed. When he was asked if he had heard all the parts of the symphony, he said: "I heard the big drums clearly." The work was assuredly mediocre, but of a nature to flatter the vanity of the Viennese public, which, unsparing in its approbation, encored the *andante*, and demanded another performance. On the 27th of February, 1814, Beethoven gave a benefit concert for himself and, thanks to the success of *Die Schlacht bei Vittoria*, derived some profit from it. It was high time; he had not received a single kreutzer of his annuity. Unfortunately the score of *Die Schlacht bei Vittoria* provoked protracted misunderstandings and a temporary falling out between Beethoven and Maelzel; the work had been written first for

the panharmonicon, and the mechanician demanded a part of the profits. There was an exchange of high words and ungentlemanly behavior; it was even brought before the Viennese courts; the affair was not settled until 1817. The King of England did not deign to take notice that this symphony had been dedicated to him. "He might easily have sent me at least a turtle or a knife," remarked Beethoven grumblingly.

What a pity! Beethoven who till now had succeeded in obtaining the appreciation of only a small select group for his immortal works, won great success after he consented to run foul of that most loathsome of all species, political music. Schindler was bold enough to write that this was a "decisive moment for his glory." The effect, he added, was striking: enemy troops were made to march along both sides of the hall; nearly five thousand listeners were assembled. The Master's ill humor was not appeased by these triumphs. Varnhagen von Ense met Beethoven again about this time; his overtures are related in the second volume of *Denkwürdigkeiten*. The Prince Anton Radziwill, the composer of *Die Klage Maria Stuarts* and several vocal quartets for Zelter's Liedertafel, was working on a score for Goethe's *Faust*, certain fragments of which were performed in 1810 by the Berlin Singakademie. He wished to meet Beethoven, who, becoming more and more deaf, refused to receive visitors, especially those of "high society." To overcome his objections, he was reminded that Radziwill was the brother-in-law of the musician prince, Ludwig Ferdinand of Prussia. Beethoven granted an interview but would not consent to go to Rahel's home. Varnhagen states: "As for the rest, his name, although renowned and respected, had not yet the prestige it has since attained. In the mixed society gathered

in Vienna, Italian lightness and grace was plainly preferred to German seriousness."

For the occasion of the Allies' entrance into Paris, Friedrich Treitschke had written a play, *Die gute Nachricht*, which was produced at the Kärntnerthortheater on April 11, 1814. Beethoven composed the chorus *Germania, wie stehst du jetzt im Glanze dal* for bass solo, chorus, and orchestra. He wished Körner to write an opera libretto for him; but the German Tyrtæus had left the Viennese court theater to which he had been attached, to enroll in the Lützow volunteer regiment of infantry in 1813. A bullet ended his life in the battle fought at Mecklenburg on the 27th of August, 1813; it was only in the following year that his renowned collection of martial songs, *Harfe und Schwert*, appeared. It is sad to think that Beethoven thus associated himself with the happiness provoked by the woes of France and the capitulation of the 31st of March. Alexander, Frederick William, and Schwarzenberg who represented the Austrian Emperor, had just made their triumphal entry into Paris. It is true that our people maintained their dignity; the rich bourgeois of the boulevards and the Champs-Élysées hailed the vanquishers of Marmont. The Marquis de Maubreuil rode around Paris on a horse to whose tail he had tied the ribbon of the Legion of Honor; the Viscount de la Rochefoucauld attempted, vainly however, to overturn the Vendôme column, and the Opera House public acclaimed Alexander and William with as much warmth as had the Viennese in the Hoftheater. Talleyrand received the sovereigns and the diplomats of the allies at his home.

Europe breathed freely again, believing itself liberated. Napoleon's defeat affected another artist of genius who, in many respects, merits comparison with Beethoven. Francisco Goya had rallied to Joseph Bonaparte. Certainly not out of

servility; the whole story of his life, his character, his later voluntary exile, his end, protest against this suspicion. But like the Viennese Master, perhaps longer than he, like many Europeans, like his own friends, Jovellanos, Olavide, Moratin, Goya who was known to be hostile to all dogma, sensitive to the existent misery, faithful to his simple memories of the peasants of Aragon, welcomed enthusiastically the revolutionary ideals, and placed his confidence in Napoleon to realize them; if, thus, his feeling appears more violent than Beethoven's, it is because the abuses whose abolishment he hoped for, cried out much more vehemently. Had he not depicted, from an actual occurrence, the auto-da-fé of Seville, and seen the burning of a woman convicted of witchcraft? While recognizing Joseph Bonaparte as King, he accepted neither violence nor despotism; as proof, the canvases in the Madrid Museum, the *Second and Third of May*, trembling with the hate aroused by the brutalities of the occupation. As proof, above all, the powerful series of *Disasters of War*.

Deaf also, a fact that explains in part his unpleasant disposition and his eccentricities, shut up in his *Quinta* during the occupation, Goya protested in his own way against the heinousness of conflicts among peoples, and expressed his hope for their reconciliation. Those soldiers who killed with or without reason (*con razón ó sin ella*), those butcheries, in which the women themselves took part, those piles of men and animals slaughtered pellmell, rape, drunkenness, imprisonment, summary executions, pillage, bodies racked with wounds, the corporal punishment which sadism has refined to a degree of nicety, the decay of corpses on a tortured earth, the mothers or broken-hearted widows who concealed their faces under their hair, those spectacles of horror whose truth is confirmed by the words, *I have seen it*

(*yo lo vi*), Goya pessimistically described without caution, fear, or reserve. The reputedly seductive aspects of glory he refused to recognize; he reserved his sympathy for the afflictions that, under a thousand varied forms, tortured the poor people, the ransom of this Iliad. Inasmuch as the most forceful of these engravings is dated 1811, one can readily believe that he gave way to despair for having too deeply believed in an illusion. "Truth is dead" (*Murió la verdad*), he cried. "Will it come to life again?" (*Si resuscitará?*) At least he did not abandon his lifelong ideas. But when the Imperial Eagle was vanquished, when the *carnivorous vulture* (*el buitre carnívoro*) fell to earth, his hope was restored. The conclusion of the *Disasters of War* is supplied by the engraving fortunately recovered: *Here is Truth* (*Esto es lo verdadero*). Under a radiant sky a woman with bared bosom, head garlanded with flowers, rests one of her hands on the shoulders of a man bowed down with toil and suffering; to this wretched being, to this *old man*, the apparition points out the horizon where the light of a new hope beams. On the ground are baskets filled with fruit, and heavy sheaves; under the woman's mantle is a lamb, symbolizing peace. The idea that inspired this engraving was that which gave birth to the *Ninth Symphony*.

The *Piano Sonata* (op. 90), dedicated to Count Moritz von Lichnowski, the *Elegiac Song* for four voices and string instruments (op. 118), of so elevated and serene an inspiration, written in memory of Eleonora Pasqualati, were composed in 1814.

Beethoven sought to profit by his recent success by gaining public approval of a work he cherished above all others. On May 23, 1814, *Fidelio* was again presented to the Viennese public, on the invitation of three musicians of the Kärntnertheater. Once more the score had been

revised, this time with the collaboration of Friedrich Treitschke. Beethoven undertook to "restore the deserted ruins of an old castle." "This opera," he added, "will earn for me the crown of martyrdom." The first act took place in the courtyard of a prison, as in the production of 1806; Leonora's aria was changed by the omission of virtuoso features. No more concessions to Italianism; first of all was the concern for scenic effect; the drama closed on the terrace of the castle, and in the song of the Minister, Don Fernando,

*Es sucht der Bruder seine Brüder
Und kann er helfen, hilft er gern,¹*

are expressed the humanitarian sentiments that were soon to spring up. As far as the rest is concerned, there were numerous changes: a new overture, a new chorus for the prisoners, and a new finale. This time the success satisfied the expectations of the Master and his friends. Beethoven had wanted to direct the orchestra himself; but, placed behind him, the Kapellmeister Umlauf guided the performance. The rôle of Florestan was given to the Italian, Radichi; the lethargic Anna Milder appeared again as Leonora, the rôle she had created in 1805. Beethoven considered her the best of the cantatrices; he regretted very much that she was compelled to remove to Berlin in order to earn an adequate income. The composer was the object of numerous ovations. Urged by public interest, Artaria immediately engraved the work. Moscheles undertook the transcription for the piano. On the 18th of July a benefit performance was given for Beethoven.

In the year 1814 Vienna received a visit from a German musician whose opera *Jephthas Gelübte* had been presented

¹ A brother seeks out his brothers, and if he can help them, he does so gladly.

by the Court Theater of Munich, and whose *Die beiden Kalifen* had been performed at Stuttgart. Meyerbeer sought advice of Hummel and Salieri, who sent him to Italy. His music is that of a rich man, or even that of an excellent pianist, but (with apologies to this personage who amounted to considerable when he became converted to Rossinism) in all of his operas, to which might be added also his cantatas, there is not as much poetry as in the lovely sonata (op. 90) in E minor that Beethoven wrote about this time for the marriage of Count Moritz von Lichnowski with the actress Stummer. A charming wedding gift! The first movement was intended to evoke the objections that this union had raised. To write the second movement, the tender rondo, the loving conversation, to express the quiet joy in a union finally realized, the mind was not enough; the heart was necessary. In default of a similar happiness, a new friend entered into the intimacy of the Master: the amateur violinist Anton Schindler, who was introduced to him by Schuppanzigh. Henceforth, this good companion, often the object of calumny, but worthy of all esteem, accompanied the Master to the end of his journey through life. For the rest, the setting had changed. Vienna was in a state of festivity. The Congress had opened. From the 3rd of October, 1814, to the 9th of June, 1815, it was the center of all activity. Beethoven again assisted with the official ceremonies.

On the 29th of November, 1814, his *Seventh Symphony*, his recently composed cantata *Der glorreiche Augenblick*, and *Die Schlacht bei Vittoria* were performed in the Redoutensaal. The Empresses of Austria and Russia, the Queen of Prussia, and numerous other personages attended the concert. The correspondent of the Leipzig *Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung* announced a new success; Schindler

states that there were almost six thousand people present. But the enthusiasm was not sufficiently strong to fill the concert hall on the 2nd of December. Beethoven complained to Dr. Karl von Bursy: "In the meanwhile the words have been pruned and raked like a French garden. But look at the niggardliness of the audience! The King of Prussia paid only an extra honorarium of ten ducats. Only the Emperor of Russia has handsomely poured out one hundred ducats." We learn with a certain amount of satisfaction that Beethoven experienced some difficulty in setting the mediocre text of Dr. Alois Weissenbach to music; he had to call upon his friend Karl Bernard (who is encountered so frequently in the conversation books) to revise the awkward poem.

The Master, however, continued to be discussed. Major Weil in his *Dessous du Congrès de Vienne* published the informative note to Hager, dated the 30th of November, 1814. "The recital given yesterday did not serve to increase enthusiasm for the talent of this composer, who has his partisans and his adversaries. In opposition to his admirers, the first rank of which is represented by Rasoumowsky, Apponyi, Kraft, etc. . . . who adore Beethoven, is formed an overwhelming majority of connoisseurs who refuse absolutely to listen to his works hereafter." Vienna sought other diversions. Of this we are informed by the diary of the charming Jean Gabriel Eynard, whom Geneva had sent to the Congress to defend its sovereignty. People were content with the light music played in the Augarten under green arbors, and the beautiful evening illumination. When there were festivities in the Reitschule, how gloomy and monotonous they were! Sovereigns promenaded to the strains of a polonaise, offering their hands to the women they had singled out. These marches, to a tempo slightly faster than an andante, had become traditional since the celebrated proces-

sion of the nobility at the coronation of Henry III; they corresponded to the entrées of old French ceremonies. At the dull receptions of Lord Castlereagh, the important thing was the supper, after which one listened to a miserable violin and bass viol; one waltzed, but without gaiety. Emperor Alexander, in a black domino and without a mask, danced at the home of Prince Metternich in the very midst of the mob, and the democratic Eynard was greatly pained by such lack of dignity in this sovereign. To inquire after the health of Mademoiselle Aimée the ballerina, who had suffered a fall, the same Alexander sent a councilor of state, a Grand Knight of the Order of St. Anne and St. Vladimir; and an indulgent society condemned this overture of a monarch to a woman who was not even his mistress, as lacking in tact. They danced at the home of Rasoumowsky, as well as everywhere else. Fifteen salons, fifteen orchestras, all playing the same polonaises. This madness was so rife that one evening when the admiral Sir Sydney Smith had assembled all the dignitaries of high orders and the women of the court, at nine o'clock, a polonaise for the men alone was organized. As far as he was concerned, Lord Castlereagh preferred the music of two blind Italians who played the guitar and the violin; he proved to be so entranced that, leaning against a wall, he failed to respond to the greetings of his guests, or to the announcement of supper; at midnight, when the unfortunate wretches, weakened by fatigue, begged for indulgence, Lord Castlereagh had to be dragged away. "Just at the time," wrote Eynard, "when we believed that he was going to rest, they played a Scotch reel, which he immediately began to dance with three Englishmen, and without any women. Nothing could be more singular than the sight of this handsome face, cold and impassive, above a body swaying violently with all the movements that the dancing

of the reel necessitates. When the three Englishmen became pale with weariness, Lord Castlereagh was obliged to desist, and said, 'Ah, I'm completely exhausted too.' As it was one o'clock, we retired, but I am convinced that the Minister began to dance again."

Talleyrand, impeded by his crippled legs, played piquet. Eynard was converted or assuaged when the Emperor Alexander extended an invitation to his wife. If Napoleon's return from Elba had not disrupted the Viennese music, without any doubt the democratic Genevan would have taken a turn himself.

A second witness, among many others, confirms this information.

Jean-Baptiste Isabey, who had been ruined by the overthrow of the Empire, returned to Vienna with Talleyrand; the comprehensive work of Madame de Basily Callimaki enables us to follow his activities there. He lived in Leopoldstadt, near the Café Jüngling on the bank of the Danube, near the entrance to the Prater; he engaged a former soldier to guard the door to his studio, who rigorously carried out his instructions; he was visited by Prince Eugène who reminisced with him on the gay receptions of former times, the dances in the Hôtel de Salm, the ball in the Louvre, the coronation. Isabey had been commissioned to paint the diplomats assembled at the Congress; a delicate business, that it was, to consider precedences alone; he was asked to leave the president's armchair empty to indicate that the session was adjourned; in turn, Nesselrode, Hardenberg, Dalberg, Prince Metternich, and Wellington posed for him. The plenipotentiaries and the sovereigns met in his studio to exchange official visits. "My home," declared Isabey, "was the coulisses of the Congress." The Prince of Ligne dictated the etiquette. The artist left his apartment only to place his

talent at the disposal of the Empresses of Austria and of Russia, to direct the festivities at the Castle, to organize the soirées, then very much in fashion, where, in front of all the assembled kings, the Princesses of Thurn and Taxis, and Esterházy, the Countess Apponyi, the Princess Bagration, whose wit was even more dazzling than her complexion, the Countess of Périgord and her two sisters, and the Duchess of Sagan displayed their charms. With regrets, or with remorse, in the midst of these splendors, Eugène de Beauharnais and Isabey evoked old memories of Malmaison.

Balls and dinners followed one another. Prince Esterházy and Prince Rasoumowsky strove to outdo each other in splendor; it was said that the Imperial table cost 50,000 florins a day. One evening at the residence of the Prince of Benevento there was a serious discussion of the relative merits of the national cheeses, *stracchino* and Chester; however, a French courier arrived with a magnificent gift of Brie, unexpected victor! Isabey chanced to meet Prince Rasoumowsky the same day that his palace burned; the latter, smiling, indifferently playing with his diamond snuff-box, refused all condolences for an accident so insignificant after all since Canova's *La Flore* had been saved. The Empress of Austria dominated this fashionable confusion; born in Italy of the House of Este, she preserved about her, as it were, a reflection of the homage rendered to her ancestors by Ariosto and Tasso, so we are told by Count de la Garde-Chambonas; her entertainments were devised with imagination and executed with charm. According to the fashion of the times, tableaux vivants were given in the evening with only the scene illuminated; Louis XIV at the feet of Madame de la Vallière; Hippolytus defending himself before Theseus. During the entr'actes the orchestra played pieces by Mozart and Haydn; they listened to the works of Queen Hortense,

Partant pour la Syrie, Fais ce que dois, and of Coupigny, *Le jeune Troubadour qui chante et fait la guerre*. To conclude the spectacle, gods and goddesses thronged an imaginative Olympus that was not quite like Offenbach's. Fräulein von Wilhelm represented Venus, and Count von Wurbna, Apollo, having consented only at the last moment to cut off his hussar mustache.

Every pleasure, every joy. The Emperor of Russia and a Viennese lady made a wager as to which one of them could change clothes faster. The blonde Princess Bagration, excelled by virtue of the beauty of her youthful countenance, by her delicate features, by the shyness of her glance; thus Isabey painted her in a cloud of scarfs, among rose bushes. She danced in the costume of a Russian boyar, but played her part in the comedy like a Frenchwoman. The Countess Sophie Zamoyska, the Grand Duchesses Marie of Weimar and Katherine of Oldenburg triumphed in the carrouels that the Emperor gave in the huge Reitschule of the Burg palace. Isabey painted in turn the Emperor of Austria, a confirmed foe of all innovations and pleasures, who left the business of discussions to Metternich but reserved for himself the right of making decisions; King Frederick William III of Prussia, a man of good judgment but narrow-minded, indolent, and obstinate; the Emperor of Russia, who always pushed himself into the foreground, sought to please, remembered the lessons of Laharpe and the books of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, admired the principles of the Revolution while combating its achievements. In a dark blue coat decorated with the Order of the Golden Fleece, Metternich with his cold gray eyes scrutinized this society which he dominated, and made love to the women in order to learn their husbands' secrets. Isabey appeared frequently at the home of the rich Count Fries, whose lavish hospitality at-

tracted all the élite. There were several ceremonies more serious than this folly of entertainments. On January 21, 1815, a memorial service for the late King Louis XVI was held in St. Stephen's Cathedral; Isabey and the architect Moreau designed the catafalque and the decorations of the church. Apart from the Congress there were also several rather touching events. Count de la Garde and the Prince of Ligne, paying a visit to the young Duke of Reichstadt at Schönbrunn, found Isabey with him; the French servant attending the vestibule still wore Napoleon's livery. When a certain field marshal was announced the boy cried, "Are you one of the men who betrayed Papa? Do not let him enter." The little Duke was dressed in the uniform of the hussars, and wore the star of the Legion of Honor on his jacket. The Prince of Ligne noticed his resemblance to Joseph II as a child. The portrait that Isabey was sketching that day was the one he gave to Napoleon during the Hundred Days, when for the last time he painted the Emperor, with his belligerent look, his head held erect in a last gesture of defiance.

Beethoven is to be commiserated with for having to hide his genius to play his part in this mediocre and blustering official concert. To the Empress of Russia he dedicated a *Polonaise for Piano* (op. 89), a composition in a form very unexpected of the Master. In spite of sacrifices to fashion and to convention, in spite of a very artificial introduction and a rather poor conclusion, it bears his stamp, and already contains suggestions of themes and rhythms that Chopin later enriched.

At the time of the second capture of Paris he composed the chorus *Es ist vollbracht* for Treitschke's drama *Die Ehrenpforte*, which was performed on July 15, 1815. The title of this work alone possesses the power to move us. In-

deed, everything had been accomplished; the military agreement signed by Blücher and Wellington delivered the capital of France to the Allies; the hero of the *Third Symphony* embarked on the *Northumberland* for the upland of Longwood, for the little spring in the valley of the Slane where his grave was dug. May one risk a last comparison? When he died one day in May, one of those days when France is so beautiful, when the man who stirred the whole world could no longer stir an eyelid, a tempest accompanied his agony; this departure in a storm was to be the end of Beethoven also.

To the same year, 1815, belong the compositions compiled by the publisher Schönewald, that collection contained in the musical libraries of our grandmothers: *Sehnsucht, Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt* (op. 112), for chorus and orchestra. Beethoven borrowed his inspiration for the latter from two *Lieder* by Goethe, *Meeresstille*,

*Tiefe Stille herrscht im Wasser,
Ohne Regung ruht das Meer . . .*

and *Glückliche Fahrt*,

*Die Nebel zerreißen,
Der Himmel ist hell . . .*

These little pictures—the tranquillity of the water, the slumbering ocean, then, after the tempest, the clouds rent apart, the clear sky, the shore visible—are lacking neither in force nor in charm. *Meeresstille*, for four voices and orchestral accompaniment, was performed in 1815 at a Christmas celebration. The *Lied, Sehnsucht*, was composed during the latter part of 1815, or during the first part of the year 1816, on a text by the poet Reissig. But it is very little compensation

for so many occasional pieces, unworthy of the Master. Was the great Beethoven to disappear forever?

Fortunately, no. After so much political music and military fanfare, it is a joy to find the beloved poet again in the wonderful *Two Sonatas for Piano and Cello* (op. 102), composed in July and August, 1815, and dedicated to Countess Marie von Erdödy. We find our great Beethoven again in the *C major Sonata* (op. 102, no. 1), which baffled the first listeners by the freedom of its form. The *Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung* was once again astounded by this "unusual and strange" style. The Master of the last quartets had himself already well in hand in these compositions, in which the lyric improvisation rejects all restraint. After the brilliant introduction, the first movement, allegro vivace, as D'Indy remarks, is written in an original manner, not in the principal tonality of C, but in the relative key of A. The adagio of the *D major Sonata* (op. 102, no. 2) expresses a feeling of sadness with almost a spiritual solemnity that seems to set it quite apart; one should hear Pablo Casals, whose playing is itself poetry, express all the soulfulness of such meditation. Let us not even speak of skill, so much has the concern for form disappeared. One thinks of Lamartine's *Méditations*, which appeared shortly after, and which were poured forth with the same abundance and the same natural ingenuousness. The voice that speaks to us in the *D major Sonata* has no need of words; the melodic texture unfolds itself; the phrase is inflected, interrupted by pauses, it murmurs or declaims, becomes animated with a reflection of gaiety, or is darkened by a passing shadow, is stated precisely in a fixed design, or evaporates like incense. Technical skill is manifested in the fugato of the finale. Throughout the andante, will seems to be abandoned; it is life that is expressed while avoiding, even in its fury, all excessive violence. We are re-

mindful of that musicale of the 29th of March, 1927, given at the Musikverein of Vienna, when, transported by this lyricism which mounts to the stars, an entire hall communed by voluntary agreement. Among so many worshipers in this crowd of conquered souls, would there not be a Therese, as mysterious as the other one, but like her, subjugated? In front of me was a young woman with fine features, very delicate, fashionable and slender, a dusky Princess Bagration; from the very beginning of the adagio she had closed her eyes; accordingly as the strings took up and transformed the melody, her neck drooped like a supple stem; her emerald earrings dropped over her bowed face. Her cheek resting on her hand, weeping, she sank into a deep meditation, which one felt was prompted less by religion than by love. The effect of such music on old, weary souls does not matter much, if this impassioned spirituality continues to be communicated in this degree to youth. With the two sonatas of opus 102, Beethoven leads us back to the heights from which his military extravaganzas had driven us; there is the same insight, the same pure melody as in the *Archduke Trio*; but already gleaming are the lights that flash through the last quartets.

CHAPTER X

THE MAN: HIS CHARACTER

LET us enter the apartment where toils a man of less than average height, possessing strongly marked features, a bony face, chin jutting out like a shell, and a powerful and formidable breadth of shoulder. When a rage seizes him, the locks of his bristling hair fall in confusion over his forehead, but his eyes, his blue-gray eyes, reflect his kindness of heart. He storms; his rage brings into prominence two jawbones apparently designed to crack walnuts, we are told; it accentuates the redness of a face blemished by smallpox. He has just flown into a passion at a servant, or at Schindler, that good-hearted drudge, or at a theater director, or possibly at a publisher. His imaginary enemies are numerous; he detests Italian music, the Austrian government, and lodging houses facing north. Let us listen to his grumbling. "I can't understand how a chimney so shameful, so pernicious can be tolerated by the government!" He perceives that some one has made a mistake in numbering his works: he explodes. "What abominable swindling!" We hear his *ha-ha!* punctuate the loud discourse; then he falls into an interminable silence. His conversation, or rather his monologue, breaks loose like a torrent; his language is bristling with humorous expressions, sarcasms, or paradoxes. Abruptly he falls into silence, and muses.

What violence! The other day he invited Stumpff to lunch, and when the cook entered without having been

called, he threw a whole plateful of vermicelli on her apron. That he sometimes expresses himself rather harshly to his housekeeper is easy to believe when one reads the advice given to him by a friend in one of the conversation books: "You must never strike; you would only incur difficulties with the police." Sometimes in these family duels the cook emerges triumphant; Beethoven often leaves the scene of battle with cuts on his face. Accordingly he readily enough prepares his own meals; he makes bread soup, breaking the eggs one by one, and throwing against the wall those he does not consider fresh enough. His guests often find him in a nightcap, a blue apron tied around his waist, preparing impossible mixtures that he alone enjoys; some of the recipes suggest the traditional formula for theriaca. Dr. von Bursy once saw him make his coffee in a glass alembic. A Lombardy cheese, a Veronese salami repose on the top of the sketches for a quartet. Here and there are scattered half-empty bottles of red Austrian wine: Beethoven is a heavy drinker.

Would you like to know more about his habits? Try to surprise him when he is making his toilet; you are warned of it outside by his bellowings. The *ha-ha's* are redoubled. When he has bathed, puddles of water cover the floor, to the great loss of the landlord, of the innocent tenant below, and of the apartment itself. But is it really an apartment? The eminent Cherubini pronounced it a bear's cage. The more spiteful affirmed it to be the cell of a madman. Bettina claimed that it was the hovel of a poor man and his pallet. Rossini was much moved at discovering how filthy the house was and at Beethoven's saying to him, "I am an unhappy wretch." The bear often left his cage; he was fond of walking, of Schönbrunner park, of any corner of woods. He would put on the back of his head an old hat, much the

worse for rain and dust, shake out his blue coat with metal buttons, tie his white scarf around a large open collar, and depart. He might seclude himself in some Viennese Keller; there he would settle himself at some remote table, light his long pipe, demand newspapers, red herrings, and beer. If the neighbor seated near him, by chance, displeased him, he departed grumbling. Wherever one met him, he wore the air of a restless and suspicious man; he was at his ease only in the country, in the "garden of God." Along the streets and the roads he was wont to make wild gesticulations; people who met him stopped to watch; street gamins jeered at him to such an extent that his nephew Karl refused to accompany him. What did he care for public opinion! The pockets of his coat bulged with a music notebook, a conversation book, sometimes also his ear trumpet, to say nothing of the huge carpenter's pencil which projected therefrom. Thus, at least, he was seen towards the end of his life, by numerous witnesses who have left us their impressions.

When he was entertained, the contrasts of his character were speedily disclosed. In a moment of rage he attempted to break a chair over the head of Prince Lichnowski. But after a fit of temper, he would burst into laughter. He was fond of puns and crude pleasantries; he was less successful with them than with fugues and variations. When he did not bully his friends he jeered at them; Schindler and Zmeskall understood him very well. Even with princes, he maintained his taste for jocular chatter. His pupil and friend the Archduke Rudolph having directed him to write certain fanfares for a carrousel, Beethoven informed him that he would defer to his wishes. "The requested horse music will arrive at the home of Your Imperial Highness at full gallop." His absent-mindedness was renowned; one day at the home of the Breunings, during the course of an animated

conversation he spit on a mirror that he had mistaken for a window. Ordinarily he isolated himself with all the indications of misanthropy. "He is," Goethe wrote, "an untamed person." He would hurl himself against obstacles; then he would immure himself in solitude and silence to commune with his spirit. The singer, Magdalena Willmann, who had known him in her youth, spurned him, because she considered him half insane (*halb-verrückt*).

This so-called misanthropy was first of all provoked by his deafness. One would like to follow the progress of this malady that so long tortured him. Is it true that it began about 1796, following a cold? Did it have its origin in the smallpox which left scars on his face? He himself attributed it to an intestinal disorder, and stated specifically that the trouble began in his left ear. During his entire youth, when he had been a fashionable cavalier, sociable and worldly, very bewitching with his large lace frills, he had possessed excellent hearing. But from the time of the *C minor Symphony*, he complained to his faithful Amenda of the growing infirmity that obliged him to isolate himself. It was at this time that he supplied Dr. Wegeler with the specific symptoms. "There is a continual buzzing in my ears, day and night. . . . For almost two years I have shunned all society, for it is impossible for me to converse with people: I am deaf. . . . At the theater I have to lean close to the orchestra in order to hear the players." He placed reliance in Dr. Vering, then considered recourse to galvanism. At the time of the Heiligenstadt Testament, that is to say, in October, 1802, after a tragic confirmation in the course of a walk, he admitted to himself that he was to be henceforth permanently afflicted with the malady. In 1806, the confession on a leaf of sketch paper: "Let thy deafness be no longer a secret, even in thy art!" Four years later he confided to Wegeler

that he again contemplated suicide. A short time afterwards Broadwood and Streicher manufactured a special piano for him. His friend Haslinger accustomed himself to the use of signs in conversing with him. Towards the end of his life he was obliged to place a resonator on his Graf piano.

Doctors have studied the nature of this deafness. The *Comptes rendus des séances de l'Académie des Sciences* (Vol. 126), contains the notes of Dr. Marage confirming the fact that the malady began in the left ear, and was provoked by "lesions of the inner ear, including, in this term, the labyrinth, and the cerebral nerve centers from which proceed the various branches of the acoustic nerve." This deafness, according to the specialist, "presented the peculiarity that, if it cut him off from the external world, that is to say, from all that might have influenced his musical production, it had the advantage of maintaining his auditory centers in a state of constant excitation, producing musical vibrations and hummings that he sometimes perceived with the utmost intensity. . . . Deafness to the vibrations of the external world, but hypersensitiveness to the internal vibrations."

Beethoven also had difficulty with his eyes. Ritter von Seyfried, who during the first years of the century visited him very frequently, relates that his vision had been much weakened by smallpox, and that since childhood he had been compelled to wear very strong concave glasses. Dr. Andreas Ignaz Wawruch, professor of clinical surgery at Vienna, stated that in order to stimulate his failing appetite, Beethoven began in his thirtieth year to abuse alcoholic liquors, and to imbibe too much punch. "It was this," he declares in plain terms, "this change in his manner of living that led him to the brink of the grave." He died of cirrhosis of the liver. One might well wonder whether he did not suffer

also from another malady, very prevalent in Vienna during this period, and less readily combated than it is today.

This man had two passions: *art* and *virtue*. Virtue, or, to use another word that suited him as well, honor.

He made innumerable declarations of his devotion to art; there is nothing more touching than his profession of faith written to a little pianist in thanking her for a pocketbook. "The real artist," he wrote to her, "has no pride at all; he knows, alas, that art has no limits; he senses daily how far distant he is from the goal, and while others admire him, perhaps, he deplores the fact that he has not yet arrived yonder where a greater genius beams like a far-off sun." "This monarch of the empire of sounds," as a contemporary called him, composed and improvised only in the fire of inspiration. "I do nothing incessantly," he confided to Dr. Karl von Bursy. "I always work on several things at once. I apply myself sometimes to this, sometimes to that." A study of the Sketches confirms this statement. Beethoven taught that musical creation, like poetic creation, ought never to be undertaken at scheduled times; he advised Potter not to take recourse to the piano during work on composition.

It was in improvisation that he triumphed with all his gifts of sorcery and magic. The *Two Sonatas* of 1802, *quasi una fantasia* (op. 27), and particularly the second, the so-called *Moonlight Sonata*, give us an idea of what these ecstatic creations could be. His natural gifts had been developed by his excellent training as an organist. The father of Karl Czerny was present at one of these improvisations and was fascinated by it. The Master provoked either astonishment or reproach by his extreme velocity, his strength, his frequent use of the pedals, and his altogether individual fingering. He contributed to the improvement of the piano. Col-

laborating with Johann Andreas Streicher, a schoolfellow of Schiller at the Karlsschule, he gave him advice on the manufacture of more solid and more sonorous pianos. He played the works of Gluck, Handel's oratorios, and Sebastian Bach's fugues admirably, while complaining, in spite of his virtuosity, of his inadequate technical training. According to tradition, practically every day for two years he played with his nephew the *Variationen über ein französisches Lied* for the piano, four hands, which Schubert had dedicated to him. Ritter von Seyfried, who occasionally enjoyed the honor of turning the pages, related that, when he played his concertos, he read from a score in which appeared only a few signs. Beethoven's rival as a pianist was Josef Woelfl, a pupil of Leopold Mozart and Michael Haydn, a very picturesque character moreover, who was famous no less for his eventful life than for his talent. Certain amateurs preferred Woelfl; among them, Baron von Wetzlar, who entertained lavishly at his villa at Grünberg. People found it amusing to bring these two pianists together; they played four hands, or exchanged themes for variations. Seyfried, a capable judge, has given us his criticism of both of them. Endowed with tremendous hands, Woelfl played in a composed and unruffled manner, like Hummel. Beethoven, carried away, allowing free rein to his feeling, would almost break the piano, giving his listeners the impression of a cataract unharnessed, or of an avalanche rolling along, but in melancholy passages the sound would become softer, the chords more languid, melodies would mount like the smoke of incense. Camille Pleyel, hearing him in 1805, found that he possessed fire but "lacked training." If an inspiration did not come to him, he would rise, even in the middle of a most solemn Academy, bow to the audience and disappear. Gerhard von Breuning and Friedrich Wieck pointed out that

he played with very curved fingers, after the old style of playing.

But, for Beethoven, the beautiful and the good were one. Because he was devoted to art he believed in the necessity of virtue. Carpani scoffed at his Kantism; the Königsberg philosopher influenced the poet musician as he had influenced Schiller. In the sixth conversation book, Beethoven recorded the renowned thought: "The moral law within us, the starry sky above us." The indications of his desire to know Professor von Littrow's observatory, expressed in the hasty notes that reiterate his intended visits, lead one to believe that it is there he would have gone to meditate on this immortal phrase. Perhaps it is the solemnity of this idea and of this feeling that is expressed in the wonderful ode of the *Eighth Quartet*.

Beethoven's whole life was concerned with moral improvement. When still young, in the full vigor of his thirtieth year, he expressed to Dr. Wegeler his hope of returning to his Rhenish fatherland some day, to the blue ribbon of the Rhine, a greater man than when he left it. Greater not in his degree of fame, but in the scale of moral worth. "I acknowledge in man," he wrote again to his friend the little pianist, "only one superiority, that which permits of counting him among the number of good people. There, wherever I find these good people, there is my hearth." In this concern for spiritual perfection lies hidden the secret of his confirmed independence. We give no credence to the disclosures that the famous letter to Bettina attributes to him; but certain confessions lead us to understand that he took amiss, even if he suffered them, certain demands of his most beloved pupil, the Archduke Rudolph; for example, he would not consent to dance attendance. He rebelled against injustice, particularly if it came from the nobility. His

friends often had to endure the onslaughts of his ill temper. The recently published book of Stephan Ley (*Beethoven als Freund*), shows to what point he knew how to attach himself to the best among them.

His morality centered around a sincere love for humanity, tenderness towards the poor and the unfortunate. In general, he despised the wealthy for the poverty of their inner existence. Despite his very moderate circumstances he loved to work for those who suffered; he commanded Varenna to offer several of his works with due propriety to charitable institutions. An order of nuns gave a concert for the benefit of their convent; he accepted the fees since he supposed it was a rich person who had to discharge them; learning that the sum had been remitted by the Ursulines themselves, he retained only the amount covering the expense of copying and sent back the remainder. His scrupulousness proved to be overparticular. Having accepted an invitation to dine with Czerny's parents, he insisted on reimbursing them for the expense he had entailed. Feeling and temperament were for him, according to his own expression, "the lever to all that is good." "However derisively and meanly temperament has often been looked upon, yet it is considered by our great writers, Goethe among others, as a special quality; many even maintain that there cannot be a really distinguished man and that there can be no depth in him without temperament," he wrote to Giannatasio del Rio. He was sometimes accused of avarice; Dr. Karl von Bursy made this insinuation against him. It is an unjust reproach against a man who was compelled to count his money, and who, according to his own statement, had to work for his shoemaker and his baker. When he was economical, when he made secret investments, it was for his nephew Karl.

Was he religious? His disciple Moscheles relates that, en-

trusted by him with the voice and piano transcription of *Fidelio* in 1814, he brought his work to Beethoven, on the last page of which he had written: *Finished with the help of God*. The Master corrected this notation in his big scrawl: *O man, help thyself!* However, at the time when he was concerned with Karl's education, he desired that a priest should teach him the duties of a Christian; for "on this basis alone can true men be brought up," he wrote to the municipality of Vienna. Metaphysical discussions occur frequently in the conversation books. In the sixteenth notebook a questioner asked him, "I should like to have your opinion on our condition after death." Beethoven's reply is missing. "It is not certain that the wicked are punished and the good rewarded," continued the friend who was questioning him. The Master listened for a long time; this is evident from the philosophical elucidations of his visitor. Without doubt, the day before his death, he submitted of his own free will to the last rites of the Catholic Church; throughout his whole life it seems that he was content with the principles of natural religion according to the formulas of the eighteenth century, with a deism whose origin we shall soon see.

Politics interested him deeply. A liberal, and even more, a democrat, republican, according to the positive testimony of those who knew him best, he followed closely the events that stirred his adopted country and the rest of Europe. He never missed an opportunity to affirm his aversion to the Austrian government, which remained faithful to the theory of absolute power and mixed together, in a confusion scarcely favorable to a rapid solution of problems, ministers with higher councilors, furthermore complicating this amalgamation by those conferences dear to the Emperor. The clumsiness and slowness of this mechanism became famous; red tape ruled, formality dominated. Count Stadion, whose

dismissal Napoleon demanded after the battle of Wagram, but who presented himself again as a plenipotentiary at the Treaty of Teplitz, was considered a fanatic because he ventured on his own authority to issue a decree to a province. If ever a government lacked strength it was indeed this one; in the midst of a society in which the aristocracy defended its privileges, its exemptions, its feudal rights, it thought only of reducing the liberty of the people, or of circumscribing it. The secret police and the censors found here a propitious field. Did they not go so far as to prohibit the admission of Broussais's medical works? Foreigners, intellectuals, officials, and ministers themselves were zealously spied upon; the postal department was ordered to unseal the greatest possible number of letters. The case of the young Swiss who were arrested in 1819 for having founded an historical society whose statutes too greatly resembled those of Freemasonry, is an example of this despotism. Beethoven seems to have been a Freemason, although there is no definite proof thereof. One can imagine his enmity towards Metternich's egregious system, towards this regime in which letters of confession continually reclaimed by the authorities were bought and sold as if they had exchange value.

However, it cannot be denied that he wished to be and was a good German. Repeatedly, but particularly during the last war, efforts have been made to refute Germany's claim to the genius who has conferred so much distinction on her. His Flemish derivation has been greatly emphasized. His ancestry is incontestable, and it has already been shown. The works of Raymond van Aerde have brought some valuable details to light on this subject. One cannot ignore the ties that united the Beethoven family to Mechlin; the contentions that Michael had with creditors and with the authorities have been examined with profitable inconsiderateness.

Carrying the investigations still farther, Philip van Boxmeer, an architect in the city of Mechlin, has ransacked the general archives of Belgium, and has proved, in his still unpublished memoirs, the Brabantine origin of the Beethovens. Thanks to him, the following genealogy has been established:

1. Marcus van Beethoven, born at Campenhout before 1600; m. Josine van Vlesselaer.
2. Cornelius van Beethoven, born at Bertem, October 20, 1641; m. Catherine van Leempoel.
3. Michael van Beethoven, born at Mechlin, February 15, 1684; m. Maria Ludovica Stuyckers.
4. Ludwig van Beethoven, born at Mechlin, January 5, 1712; m. Maria Josepha Poll.
5. Johann van Beethoven, born at Bonn, March, 1744; m. Maria Magdalena Kewerich.
6. Ludwig van Beethoven, the Master, born at Bonn, December 17, 1770.

Thus we can prove the genealogy of this family from the end of the sixteenth century. Its early home was Mechlin, the old religious capital of Flanders, the city of cathedrals: Notre Dame van Hanswyk, with its famous wooden pulpit; the Cathedral of St. Rombaut, a veritable historical museum, which Van Dyck's *Crucifixion* has made famous; St. Jans, brightened by Rubens' brilliant triptych; and St. Catherine, and the Chapel of the Béguinage, and Notre Dame across the Dyle River. All of the Beethovens were musicians; the most insignificant parish church had its choir school; Grandfather Ludwig entered that of St. Rombaut while still a child. He probably treasured these memories in Bonn, and described to his children the beauty of the Virgin's face in the Van Dyck painting, the history and visions of the Saint, and told them of the beautiful legends of St. Luke and St.

John, of the famous armorial bearings of the Golden Fleece, of the memories of Marguerite and Charles V, and also of the charm of the streets bordered by old business establishments, of which the most picturesque was the fish market, above whose entrance hung a salmon suspended by a string. There is no doubt that all this past, this long sojourn in a milieu charged with religious and artistic influences reacted on the formation of an unpretentious family. It is especially in the evolution of musical genius that the rôle of heredity and the unconscious must be treated with caution. The magnificent plant that grew in the sunlight of Bonn, and that proceeded to cover the whole world with flowers, thrust its roots into Flemish soil. This is to the honor of modern Belgium, heir to so precious a patrimony; an honor great enough to require restraint in measuring it.

In the same way we have tried to point out what it was that attracted the Master in his formative years to the ideas so liberally disseminated by France at the end of the eighteenth century; his interest in the splendid illusion that the citizen soldiers of the Republic spread abroad at the points of guns; his admiration for the most expressive of these missionaries of liberty. With these reservations, bearing in mind that Beethoven modeled his spirit after Rhenish traditions, he was completely a German, a genuine German. Eulogius Schneider, whose lectures he may have followed at Bonn, and who may have commented in his presence on the fall of the Bastille, was a real German, a native of the region of Würzburg. One should not exaggerate the influence of Méhul or Cherubini on *Fidelio*, or make it a revolutionary drama, when all the composer's ethical principles offer a sufficient explanation for it.

With the *Abschiedsgesang*, composed for them, Beethoven sent off the Vienna burgher militia, proceeding against the

victor of Arcole; when he decided to remain in Vienna in 1807, it was—he explicitly said—through “German patriotism.” He even underwent frequent attacks of xenophobia. Ritter von Seyfried wrote that Beethoven wished to have all his works printed with titles in the national tongue; he wanted to have the term *Hammerklavier* substituted for “pianoforte.” This attachment to one country is the essential condition to a sincere love of a larger humanity. Abstract internationalism is only a chimera; genuine internationalism progresses by radiation. The man most bound to his duties towards other nations is he whose soul has resources abundant enough to encompass love of family, native soil, and country. It is fitting that a Gabriele d’Annunzio wishes to be only a beautiful Italian pine on a Roman hill when the moon reveals itself in all its fullness, or the blackest cypress in the villa of Este when the fountain peers through its veil of Venus’s hair to spy out the distant sound of a Latin mountain stream. The sensitive soul that tenderly wrote down the song of a Rhenish boatman had only to expand in order to conceive with infectious conviction the idea on which the *Ninth Symphony* is based.

At the end of his life, Beethoven inclined towards the English. This inexplicable man who freely voiced his opinions in the cafés, and who was thought seditious by the police, who openly attacked the Emperor Francis and his bureaucracy, at this time of his life transferred the confidence he had formerly shown in Revolutionary France to the people across the English Channel. He admired the functions of the House of Commons. He declared to the pianist Potter: “You people in England, you have heads on your shoulders.” He was grateful to the British, not only for holding artists in great esteem and remunerating them, but for tolerating, in spite of publicans and censors, free criti-

cism of the actions of the King himself. He could never console himself for not having been able to go to London.

Aside from Rousseau's nomadism, summing up everything, Beethoven and he were alike. Beethoven at Heiligenstadt suggests Jean-Jacques fleeing from his city home because he could not work under a roof, and establishing himself in the chalet of Montmorency, where he was welcomed by Madame d'Epinay with these words: "My dear, here is your refuge!" If the author of *La Nouvelle Héloïse* compromised his theories by his own conduct, if he gave to the love of ideals qualifications to which he hardly conformed, was it not he who, taking from literary work all conventional trappings, revealed the riches of the inner life, restored to man's ego its worth, opened the path for lyricism, and offered to the imagination and to the powers of reflection almost infinite subjects? This love of nature, considered the most unerring protector of man against his vices, this constant association between the spirit and things, was this not also characteristic of Rousseau? Whence then came this incessant desire for passion, this need of tempests in the lives of writers of the new century? When the Master proceeded to devote himself to the education of his nephew, did he not act like Emile's teacher? From what source did he draw his zeal for liberty, his horror of all forms of despotism, his democratic instincts so manifest not only in his discourse but in his habits, his desire to assist in relieving the poor, and in establishing a fraternal understanding among men? Baron de Trémont was one of the first to mark the resemblance between the two geniuses. "There was between them a similarity of erroneous judgments arising from the fact that their misanthropic dispositions had led them to create a world according to their own imaginations, without

close attention to human nature and the social state," he wrote.

Now and then an attempt has been made to carry the comparison still farther. There has been a claim to the discovery of a Madame d'Houdetot in the Master's life. Not the good and simple and devoted Nanette Streicher, a kind of voluntary servant. Could it have been the Countess Anna Marie von Erdödy, born Countess Niczy and married to an Hungarian nobleman, who often visited the receptions of Van Swieten? The home of the Countess was the scene of much music; as early as 1804 Beethoven had become acquainted with her; in 1808 he lived in her house; he dedicated to her *Two Trios* (op. 70), and willingly called her his confessor (*meinen Beichvater*). Unfortunately, in spite of her illustrious name, the Countess was without a doubt only an adventuress like Giulietta, and in 1820 was banished by the police. By itself, this disobliging detail stands in the way of establishing a comparison between Anna Marie and Elisabeth Sophie Françoise de Bellegarde, who at the age of eighteen married Du Berry, a captain of the gendarmes. Françoise, we recollect your first visit to the Hermitage, the mired and overturned carriage, your muddy boots, your bursts of laughter sounding like the warbling of a bird! After we have seen your smile in the Perroneau pastel, can we forget the provoking curve of your lips? We know you well: a face slightly marked by smallpox, eyes inclined to be round, and a forest of black, curly hair, a pleasing figure but a little gauche, a spirit gay and abounding with witticisms, fire, a talent for music, or even, to be gallant, for poetry. Françoise was frank and faithful: frank to the point of confessing her faults to her husband, faithful to her lover, of course. Rousseau was intoxicated by her; she became Julie. We remember the scene at Eaubonne in the moonlight:

the garden and its thicket, the waterfall, the grass bank under the flowering acacia. "I was transported," wrote Jean-Jacques.

Beethoven also was transported, but without saying so. He dedicated several works to Countess Erdödy without compromising her by indiscreet disclosures. The men who are most active in love are those who say the least about it. The mysterious disclosures are the poetic *Two Sonatas* of opus 102. Anna Marie—one more shadow in the Master's secret life. We know indeed through von Breuning that he made many conquests. But the evidence that *Fidelio* provides, more important than all the anecdotal prattling, his confidences to Giannatasio's daughter prove that above all he sought the sole companion to whom he might dedicate his entire affection. Therese's statement attests to the purity of his sentiments when he addressed himself to women worthy of the name. It was only after the death of Deym that he earnestly sought the hand of the delicate and nervous Josephine, the living image of his Leonore. Therese attracted him and restrained him by her moral richness. We shall probably never know to whom the ring of gold that he wore on his finger bound him; but we know that he never consented to divide his life, to dissociate his love of art and his respect for virtue. Virtue, he invoked less often than did Rousseau; he thought of it more often. Above all else, like the hero of his *Fidelio*, Beethoven placed DUTY.

CHAPTER XI

THE MAN: HIS INSPIRATION

IN THE introduction to a translation of *Die Lehrlinge zu Saïs*, Maurice Maeterlinck refuses to inquire into Novalis's intellectual sources: the real inner life rests on events often ignored. Goethe in his spirited autobiography neglects the important facts of his past in order to emphasize the simple games of his childhood. "The soul never listens, but sometimes understands, and if we were to trace back to the remote and ultimate sources of our existence, we would often find there the utterance of a drunkard, a servant maid or a fool instead of the wisest remarks of our teachers which had been spoken for years in vain." Respecting these reservations, which apply to musicians even more than to poets and novelists, one would like to know to what spiritual influences a man of Beethoven's genius was subjected.

He was self-taught. Toward the end of his life he proposed compiling a list of literary works that had inspired him; inimical to program music, opposed to "musical painting," nevertheless, according to Ries, he never composed without some subject in mind. During the last months of his life he conversed with Schindler on Aristotle, Euripides, and Shakespeare, and one can readily imagine that he also explained his own creations. Schindler, although he reproached his friend for his taste for romantic epigraphs ("Music should not, nor can it, at all times, give direction to feeling"), sought for the meaning of the *Archduke Trio*

(op. 97). It is accordingly certain that Beethoven did not desire to charm with merely a succession of pleasing sounds. His music obeys certain mental preoccupations. To find them, to avoid all stupid or inopportune comment, the best guide is Beethoven himself.

He read the classics and believed in the benefits of a classical education; he expounded on this in his long letter of February 1, 1819, to the "honorable municipality of the imperial and royal capital Vienna." His argument? Any man who wishes to be more than, or better than, an artisan must have received a general, unbiased education extending over a period of five or six years. He himself, having been deprived of this education, made up his deficiencies as best he could. He read Homer, which enabled him on his choleric days to call Vienna a land of Phaeacians. He had some knowledge of Latin. His *Konversationshefte* reveal him curtailing his daily resources to buy classical writers, even a Pausanias or a life of Agricola. Antiquity fascinated him; he endowed it with every virtue; he contemplated composing an opera *Romulus* on a poem by Treitschke. His favorite, as one might have expected, was Plutarch, the common man who ended his days serenely at Chaeronea, surrounded by a beloved family and some intimate friends after a life rich with deeds of service and noble examples. Plutarch moralized history, which stood in great need of such an approach; he abandoned the epics of combats for those well known accounts that bring us into close acquaintance, real or imaginary, with famous men; his biographies complete his treatises and vice versa. Beethoven valued this idealism for the middle classes: another trait of resemblance to Rousseau. "I have often," wrote the Master to Wegeler, "cursed my existence and the Creator; Plutarch has led me to resignation."

In the notebooks in which he recorded his proposed reading, Beethoven entered *The Italian Parnassus*, the *Divine Comedy*, and *Jerusalem Delivered*. It is known how the young Wilhelm Meister admired the adventures and the character of Clorinda and in fact the entire poem, which had just been translated by Koppens; he made a puppet play of it, fashioned two suits of armor out of cardboard for Tancred and Rinaldo, and attempted a performance, which would have succeeded had the young actors taken the precaution of learning the greatly admired text. But Beethoven was particularly enthusiastic over Shakespeare. In Berlin, during the years 1797-1811, August Schlegel and Tieck published their famous translation in eleven volumes. After the French conquest had obliged him to return to Germany, the elder Schlegel founded the *Athenäum*, center of a romanticism whose influence, from all evidence, Beethoven felt. His translations, together with those of Johann Heinrich Voss, placed at the disposal of German artists the treasures of the geniuses of all countries and all times. Voss, an admirer of Klopstock, but no less devoted to the cult of antiquity, translated the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, as well as the *Georgics*, into the national tongue; he also attempted Shakespeare. Wilhelm Schlegel, who later established a Sanskrit printing house at Bonn, gave his *Vorträge über die dramatische Kunst und Literatur* in Vienna in 1808, in which he sacrificed to Spanish, and above all to English plays, all those plays derived from Greek drama, particularly those by French writers. He studied Shakespeare for a long time; as early as 1789 he ventured on *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and in 1797 on *Romeo and Juliet*, with the collaboration of Caroline Boehmer. In a letter which Jean Chantavoine ascribes to the year 1807, but which was written in 1811 in the wake of the famous lectures in which

the critic-historian announced the advent of romanticism, Beethoven recommended to Theresa Malfatti the reading of *Wilhelm Meister*, and Schlegel's translations. Beethoven could not understand English, and he expressed his regret at this to Lady Clifford when he entertained her in Baden in October, 1825; it was a source of vexation to him, for, conforming to Schlegel's precepts, he preferred the English writers to the French, whom he considered less natural and less spontaneous.

Shakespeare astonished him. The upright Amenda has already informed us that the adagio of the first quartet was inspired by the tomb scene in *Romeo and Juliet*. The tragedian Heinrich Anschütz, meeting Beethoven on one of his walks, talked with him about Shakespeare, and advised him to write a score for *Macbeth*. "The idea apparently electrified him. He stopped as if rooted to the spot, looked at me with a penetrating gaze almost demoniac, and replied quickly: 'I am already thinking about it. The witches, the scene of the murder, the ghost's banquet, the magic cookery, the sleep-walking scene, the madness of Macbeth's death!'"

It has been noted that Beethoven's style became enriched and enlarged with the sonatas of opus 31, and the *Appassionata*. Rather, it is he himself who anticipated this observation in the oft quoted remark to Krumpholz. But when he was asked the secret meaning of these two works, he contented himself by replying, "Read Shakespeare's *Tempest*." Let us follow this advice, certainly not to search out the "subject" from which the two compositions originated, but rather to attempt, in our desire to approach the profound sources that inspired him, an understanding of his inspiration. We can presume that he meditated on Prospero's address to the two lovers:

*"The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."*

What more is there to know? What question did Beethoven ask himself in the recitative of the largo, so expressive and so simple? The adagio with its beautiful cantabile, what is it trying to express? The happiness of the young prince in *The Tempest* at the appearance of the ingenuous Miranda? Let us guard against such horrible program music commentaries. It was in another way, probably, that Shakespeare exerted an influence on Beethoven; in extending the narrow domain of poetry, in introducing the fairy scene into the drama, in making all creatures and all inanimate things participators in the actions of human beings. (In *The Tempest* one knows the forests of the Island, one understands the streams of Caliban, as it were.) Similarly, in opus 31, Beethoven, were it only by the use of constantly changing tonalities, succeeds in producing effects such as the varying colors of the sky and the sea, in encompassing with a poetic envelopment the themes wherein are marked the great lines of thought. No more than he describes does he imitate. The impact of his reading unloosed his inner mechanism; the pencil strokes marking his favorite copy of Shakespeare give evidence of this. It would be pedantic and imprudent to attempt a more precise definition of an influence that was constant and profound.

Beethoven also read Thomson's poem *The Seasons*, and perhaps *Liberty*. He appreciated his sincere love of nature,

his modest life in the little house in Kew, his affectionate nature. A note in the fourth conversation (page 67) indicates that he followed the stormy career of Lord Byron.

Of the German heritage, the author that Beethoven preferred above all others, the one who directly and constantly inspired him, was Klopstock; this was the case until one day, when meeting Goethe at Teplitz he felt himself subjugated. Till that time he had been passionately interested in the poet who had enchanted him in his youth, as he confessed to the musicographer Rochlitz. "I have carried him along with me all these years," he declared, "when I went walking, and everywhere. Ah, certainly I have not always understood it. He jumps about so; he always begins at much too lofty an elevation to descend! Always *maestoso!* *D fiat major!* Isn't that so? But he is great and exalts one's soul. When I did not understand him, I guessed a bit. But if only he did not continually wish to die!" Klopstock was also Charlotte's God.

This time one of the sources of Beethovenian inspiration is clearly exposed. The musician remained long under the influence of a poet endowed with a greater talent for the elegy than for the epic, who, dominating the entire period, came forward as the German national lyric poet, and through his *Oden* and his *Messias*, by his very vagueness, prepared the way for music, as Schiller so clearly pointed out. In Eckermann's *Gespräche mit Goethe* we are told how Klopstock worked. Whatever he wrote, even an epic poem, he wrote from his heart; he sang of dreams, melancholy, and disillusionment. But it is unjust to maintain that he lived only in an artificial world created by his own imagination. He was kindled with enthusiasm for liberal ideas, for our Revolution through which he awaited the emancipation of

Europe, and which occasioned his becoming a French citizen. His political creed was that of Beethoven. A more striking coincidence: this mournful poet, who so often wept, was obsessed with the idea of happiness. Even in his youth, writing the ode *To My Friends*, he invited them to "embrace one another under the wing of Joy, like the immortal heroes on the Elysian Fields." And reminiscing about a walk around the Lake of Zurich with Fanny, the sister of his friend Schmidt, he invoked the young goddess who knew how to make another Elysium of the smallest valley. "Come, imbue my song with the youthful calm that is your lot, O sweet Joy! Let it be as the enthusiastic and moving cry of a young man! Let it be sweet as the face of the gentle Fanny!"

Klopstock remembered his youth in Lower Saxony, in the environs of Quedlinburg on the bank of the Bode River near the Harz Mountains, "rich in legends and in metals." He was very fond of the pleasures of the fields, of strenuous exercise in the open air in summer, and ice-skating in the winter. Beethoven was bound to appreciate his lofty character, his love of justice and equality, his passion for solitude. It has been said of Klopstock's characters—especially in the *Messias*—that their primary occupation was meditation. As a matter of fact, they served only to construct an interminable series of subjects, prayers, lamentations, effusions, and songs of gladness. The *Messias* is much more a lyric than an epic poem. It is no longer read, and who wonders at that? Who could possibly interest himself in the adventures of the fallen angel, Abaddon? There are, however, pleasant episodes in this endless succession of songs. The daughter of Jairus, raised from the dead by Jesus, falls in love with the orphan from Nain. Beethoven remembered this beginning of the work in which Klopstock describes Jesus ascending the Mount of Olives to pray to His Father.

Toward the middle of the eighteenth century, Klopstock fell in love with the cousin from Langensalza, Sophie Marie Schmidt—the spiritual Fanny—for whom he was to write the verses to the future beloved—*die künftige Geliebte*. Fanny remained unmoved; at most, she threw a flower one evening from her window to the poet, who had to content himself with the hope of finding the beloved again in heaven after the resurrection. . . . Later, with greater success, Klopstock married Meta; before many months had passed, his young wife died. Despite these ordeals, the poet remained faithful to joy. His *Frühlingsfeier* announces the *Pastoral Symphony*. When the *Oden* were published, Herder wished to indicate the originality of this poetry in declaring it to be, above all, full of soul (*eingeeistete*). There was to be met in the German lyrist too much mythology, too many allegories, too many bookish references for his dithyrambs to survive; Klopstock's desires exceeded his powers; but the nobility of his ambitions, his personal dignity, certain simple and strong rudiments that he laid down, such as a return to inspiration and sincerity, exercised on German youth a long and enduring influence, introduced it to the love of liberty, substituted for pedantic theories a bold, natural conception of art, and influenced customs much as Rousseau did.

Thus, Klopstock early prepared the way for romanticism, directed the young Göttingen poets to new goals, combated Wieland's influence, and *impassioned*, if this word can be used, *poetry*. Goethe himself bore his stamp; he thought of Klopstock, he says, "as a father," and he felt "a religious respect" for his works, without sacrificing his own originality. Similarly, by contact with this courageous soul, Beethoven felt himself strengthened in his adherence to the ideal, his tenacious hope of a liberated and noble humanity, his enthu-

siasm for liberty. He was to express in his *Ninth Symphony* the feeling that inspired the ode *An die Deutschen*, after the 4th of August: "After the storm, the breezes hold their breath. . . . In an azure sky the arch of peace suspends its smiling colors; all is life and gaiety. The nightingale sings of Hymen, the betrothed expresses herself with greater love! Children lead a dance around the man whom no despot now scorns, and young maidens around the mother who quietly suckles her child."

In spite of the indignation that the Reign of Terror aroused in him, Klopstock remained true to his liberal principles. "Even if Europe does present a sad spectacle," he wrote in the ode *Freude und Leid*, "still, good people hold forth their hands like so many brothers! . . . Let us live by the thought that guided the great souls of the past and oppose joy to sadness!" One of his last poems is again a hymn to gladness, *Der Frohsinn*. Beethoven, we can be sure, was not unmoved by the account of the obsequies in the spring of 1803, at which an immense crowd accompanied the old poet, the apostle of liberty and fraternity, to the tomb which he had selected, under the linden tree, planted by his own hands.

One would be astonished at not encountering in this connection the name of Ossian, which Klopstock claimed for Germany "as being Caledonian." The young poet, Johann Sporschil, who intended to write an opera with Beethoven, *The Apotheosis in the Temple of Jupiter Ammon*, in which the score of *Die Ruinen von Athen* was to be used, declared that the Master, because of his personal appearance, reminded him of the gray-haired bards of Ullin and the "prince of songs himself," as a portrait circulated by commercial firms represented him. By their mystery the counterfeits of Macpherson fascinated Europe; Goethe himself was deceived.

Klopstock left behind him some disciples; one of them inspired Beethoven's *Adelaide*.

Friedrich Matthisson, born in 1761 near Magdeburg, had over a long period studied theology and philology, letters and natural sciences at Halle. He taught, but spent his time chiefly in traveling in the company of the Princess of Anhalt Dessau; he was well acquainted with Italy. When he became the head librarian at Stuttgart, his reputation as a poet extended through all Germany; his dreamy poetic descriptions and his melancholy were praised. Schiller wrote: "His poetry is animated by an enlightened and serene humanity; beautiful scenes of nature are reflected in his calm and limpid soul, as on the surface of water." Beethoven must have known his *Lieder*, which appeared for the first time at Breslau in 1781, and his *Gedichte*, published at Mannheim in 1787. Matthisson's works lack personality, and his success has not endured; but he was able to please a musician by his delightful way of describing a countryside, of painting the seasons of the year or the hours of the day, and by a certain elegiac charm. In the school of Göttingen, groups of other poets mawkishly imitated Klopstock. With Matthisson, there was Salis (Johann Gaudenz, lord of Salis-Seewis), whose rôle in the service of France merits attention; there was Christoph August Tiedge, whose *Urania*, "a lyric-didactic poem, in six cantos, on God, immortality, and liberty," was so long popular. Beethoven set to music the *Lied, An die Hoffnung*. There was also Ludwig Heinrich Christoph Hölty, who, because of his premature death at the age of twenty-eight, was still more touching than his brother poets. Two strophes from an ode to Voss express the young poet's faith: "Follow the upward path courageously, beloved friend, the path of thorns, upward to the clouds, until you entwine that radiant wreath around your brow that gleams only for

the wisest poets. May your grandsons and granddaughters be inspired through you to a more ardent love of God and Nature, of the brotherhood of man, of simplicity, freedom, purity, German honor and probity."

*Heisser liebe durch dich Enkel und Enkelin
Gott und seine Natur, herzliche Brudertreu,
Einfalt, Freiheit, und Unschuld,
Deutsche Tugend und Redlichkeit.*

Beethoven set to music Hölty's *Die Klage*. In evoking the group that the author of the *Messias* dominated, we discover one of the most incontestable sources of Beethoven's inspiration.

We should, we must reascend.

Beethoven read Christian Gellert with pleasure, from whom he borrowed the words for six *Lieder* composed in 1802. The author of *Geistliche Oden und Lieder*, whom Germany proclaimed a national poet, died in the year preceding Ludwig's birth at Bonn; his tomb, like the site of Caesar's burial spot once, had become the goal of such numerous pilgrimages and such frequent demonstrations that the authorities had to refuse admission to it. One can readily believe that Beethoven was fascinated by his character, by the integrity of this gentle-eyed man before whom Goethe himself bowed. Gellert insisted on subordinating art to moral philosophy; it was the theory that he expounded from his chair at Leipzig, and applied in the, for us, somewhat dull collection of his *Fabeln und Erzählungen*.

But of greater importance is a knowledge of what the poet musician owed to his illustrious contemporaries: Schiller and Goethe.

From Schiller, Beethoven borrowed primarily, to immortalize it, the poem *An die Freude*, published in 1785 in the second issue of *Thalia*. He probably had become acquainted with his work in Bonn, at the home of the von Breunings with Eleonora.

This poem has its history. Financially pressed at the time that he was writing *Don Carlos*, Schiller founded a magazine. The first number, which bears the date of March, 1785, contains the first act of the drama on which he was working, as well as a partial translation of *Jacques le Fataliste*. Unfortunately Schiller also included certain criticisms against the performances given at the theater, which were so badly received by the public that the writer's continued sojourn at Mannheim was made impossible. In the midst of his embarrassment and his troubles, Schiller received some encouragement from Gottfried Körner; this was the beginning and the basis of an enduring friendship between the two men. A short time later, the poet was kindly received by the Duke of Weimar, Karl August, and obtained a court post from him. At Mannheim, he had been in love with Charlotte von Ostheim, the wife of an officer who had served with France in the American Revolution. Upon leaving to enter the service of Karl August, Schiller wrote a letter to his Leipzig friends, which in certain respects recalls the Heiligenstadt Testament. "I write to you in the inexpressible anguish of my heart. . . . For twelve days I have carried about with me, as it were, a resolution to abandon this world. Men, all my family, the earth, the sky, are loathsome. I have not a soul here, not a single one, to fill the void in my heart; not a friend. . . . Oh! My heart thirsts after new sustenance, better men, friendship, affection, love . . . I shall never again be happy. . . ."

In April, 1785, Schiller left Mannheim for Leipzig; then,

in the middle of the summer, he went to rejoin his friend Körner at the village of Gohlis. Here it was, in voluptuous idleness, that he composed *An die Freude*. Regnier relates, without attesting to its veracity, that one morning while walking through the Rosenthal, the poet saw a young man half undressed who, after praying, threw himself into the river; a poor theology student distracted by misery. Schiller rescued him, consoled him, and, impressed by this incident, wrote his ode interspersed with choruses.

"Joy"—writes the poet—"Joy, divine spark, lovely daughter of Elysium, drunk with your fires, heavenly one, we enter your sanctuary. Your charms bind again that which custom has torn asunder; all men become brothers, where your soft wings are spread."

*Freude, schöner Götterfunken,
Tochter aus Elysium,
Wir betreten feuertrunken,
Himmlische, dein Heiligtum.
Deine Zauber binden wieder,
Was die Mode streng geteilt,
Alle Menschen werden Brüder,
Wo dein sanfter Flügel weilt.*

And the chorus replies: "Be ye embraced, ye millions! The whole world be kissed! Brothers, above the starry canopy there must be a loving father."

*Seid umschlungen, Millionen!
Diesen Kuss der ganzen Welt!
Brüder,—über'm Sternenzelt
Muss ein lieber Vater wohnen.*

The ode expresses, above all, the poet's gratitude to his friend Gottfried Körner and the youthful Minna. We believe

that the strophe should be interpreted thus: "You to whom has fallen the happy destiny of being a friend to a friend, you who have acquired a beloved companion, mingle your joy with ours!" But the chorus expresses a general thought: "Let all who inhabit this great terrestrial globe render homage to fraternity! It guides us toward the stars where the throne of the unknown is erected. Let all creatures drink with joy from the breasts of Nature. Let all the good and all the evil follow her path, strewn with roses. She will give us kisses, wine, and will be a proven friend until death. Pleasure is the share even of the worm, and the cherubim are standing before God."

Schiller, who had contemplated becoming a clergyman, submitted to the mystic inspiration of his mother; he never forgot the day when she had related to him the story of the disciples of Emmaus. At the ducal military school, *Karlsschule*, he nurtured himself on Klopstock and the *Messias*. Then he wrote *Die Räuber*; dating history in terms of our own national events we tend to forget that such a work was also revolutionary, appearing as it did four years before the publication of *An die Freude*, and in the same year in which Schiller assembled his first lyric efforts in an *Anthologie*. Had not Schiller, harassed because of his liberal ideas, been compelled to flee from Stuttgart? He is to be found again with all his independence of judgment in his *Fiesko*.

Schiller remained loyal to his own opinions when he wrote his wonderful ode *To Joy*, "mighty source of eternal Nature" (*die starke Feder in der ewigen Natur*). This Joy that he eulogized might very well be called Life. It is the power that quickens seeds, that scatters the stars about the firmament, that attends heroes and sustains martyrs. The writer's enthusiasm indulged in every freedom of expression: "On the radiant hills of faith one sees floating the banners

of Joy, through the wide-sprung cracks of coffins one sees her standing amidst a choir of angels."

*Auf des Glaubens Sonnenberge
Sieht man ihre Fahnen wehn,
Durch den Riss gesprengter Särge
Sie im Chor der Engel stehn.*

The chorus thus bids man to suffer with courage, in the hope of a supraterrrestrial recompense. "Let us forget hatred, vengeance! Let us forgive our mortal enemy! Let no tear burden his heart! Let no remorse consume him. . . . Let us destroy our book of debts (*Unser Schuldbuch sei vernichtet*)!

"Courage and strength in bitter suffering! Aid whenever innocence weeps! By the sworn promises of faith eternal! To friends and foes, alike the truth! A manly pride even before the throne of kings!" In the magazine *Thalia*, the work ends with the following stanza: "Deliverance from the chains of tyrants; magnanimity even toward scoundrels; hope to the bed of the dying; forgiveness on the scaffold! Let even the dead be living! Brothers, drink and sing together: May all sinners be pardoned and let hell be no more!"

Beethoven never ceased reading Schiller. In memory of his friend Wenzel Krumpholz, who died in May, 1817, he set to music *Gesang der Mönche* from *Wilhelm Tell*. But it was *An die Freude* that produced the first and most profound impression on him. Julien Tiersot mentions a letter of January 26, 1793, in which a citizen of Bonn, Fischenich, informed Charlotte Schiller that the young Beethoven proposed to set to music this ode written by her brother.

Did Goethe's influence work more slowly?

Because Beethoven did not meet his idol until somewhat later, in 1812 at the baths in Teplitz, one might be led to

think at times that the musician had long ignored him. This would be wrong. From his childhood—his letters affirm it—Beethoven had been influenced by Goethe. In the chronological catalogue of his works is listed, from the year 1789 or 1790, a song, *Es war einmal ein König*. Shortly before 1800 Beethoven borrowed from *Faust* the song, *Gretels Warnung** (*Mit Liebesblick*) (No. 4 of op. 75, published in 1810) and composed on words of Goethe three songs that remained uncompleted: *Neue Liebe, neues Leben* (New Love, New Life), *Wechsel lied zum Tanze* (Song Varied for Dancing), and *Nähe des Geliebten* (Near the Beloved). After 1800, that is to say, following the *First Symphony*, he wrote a melody with variations for piano four hands, on Goethe's *Ich denke dein*.

In 1808, in the same year that he finished the *Fifth* and *Sixth Symphonies*, he conceived four songs for soprano with piano accompaniment on Goethe's *Sehnsucht*. Two years later, while working on the music for *Egmont*, he borrowed no fewer than nine subjects for *Lieder* from the poet. It was his brief affair with Bettina Brentano that inspired the desire to meet the great writer, whom, through her, he addressed with the greatest of respect. He was evidently very anxious to learn Goethe's opinion of him.

Goethe's musical adviser was, as we know, Karl Friedrich Zelter, with whom he engaged in a copious and interesting correspondence. Zelter, who moreover knew and admired Beethoven exceedingly, directed the Singakademie and founded the Liedertafel of Berlin. It is indeed a curious story, this of a mason's son, who as a youth plied his father's trade, and later exercised so great an influence on the development of choral music in Germany. Goethe preferred his melodies, his *Lieder*, his quartets for male voices to all

* Nottebohn and Grove credit G. A. von Halem with this poem.—TRANSLATORS.

other musical compositions. In spite of the fact that Goethe appears not to have understood all the innovations and all the mighty power of the composer of the string quartets, in spite of the fact that he did nothing to assist him, Beethoven never neglected an opportunity to assert his veneration for the author of *Faust*. "What an influence he has had on me!" he declared in 1822 to Friedrich Rochlitz. "I would have gone to my death ten times for him. . . . Since the summer at Karlsbad I read him every day—when I read. He has killed Klopstock for me. . . . No poet is set so easily to music as he. And, moreover, I do not write songs readily." The Leipzig editors made him a proposition through Rochlitz to compose a score for *Faust*, and we can conclude that he would have accepted this offer had he not been, at the time he received it, engaged with his *Ninth* and *Tenth Symphonies*. "Ha!" he exclaimed. "That would be a great work! Something might come of that!"

It is very easy to see what separated Goethe and Beethoven. Two completely different childhoods. Not far distant from the village of Bonn where Ludwig had so early learned to know want, Wolfgang grew up in easy circumstances under the tender care of a charming mother, in all the luxury that a middle-class, affluent, strictly ordered family could provide. The University of Leipzig, the salons, the most celebrated writers in Germany fêted the young student whom no material preoccupations separated from his peaceful study; Breitkopf, the wealthy publishers, offered to set his first *Lieder* to music. Women, whom we see gliding like shadows through Beethoven's life, escaping when pursued by him, adorned Goethe's favored adolescence; indeed, *Die Leiden des jungen Werther* was based on memories. Rousseau and Klopstock, these were the teachers of the two men, their secret counselors; with the disciples there was the same

richness of nature, the same power of lyric expansion; an inspiration so abundant that it streamed forth in improvisations, a personality strong enough to free itself from the shackles of the past; obedience to inspiration alone, a love of risk, a passion for the "high seas" as the writer expressed it. Follow Goethe in his first amorous adventures, or at the very least, when, without a farewell, he forsook first Friederike Brion and then Lili Schönemann. Timidity? None at all. He had decided to dedicate himself to that fire that ever urged him on, to submit only to the laws of his own genius; and he explained, by way of the rigors of fatalism, all the decisions that were prompted by self-love. Beethoven permitted himself to be restrained by common morality; he denied himself dubious joys and magnified his scruples and his duties. What laws could have circumscribed the brilliant companion of Prince Karl August, this real master of Weimar, this seducer who was not yet thirty and yet possessed complete authority? When he ran the risk of being engulfed, Goethe saved himself by his magnificent egotism; he deserted his ministerial office just as he had left the garden of Sesenheim; a new flight carried him to Italy, and what mattered Frau von Stein and her lamentations! Caprice brought him back, or at least, the need of a change. One admires this splendid, vital force, this aggressive contempt for conventions, this horror of habit and routine, this desire for constant regeneration, this impassibility of judgment, which sustained his critical sense even in the face of events such as those of the French Revolution. Intelligence, with him, ruled over feeling; sufficiently informed to permit his domination at the same time over science and art, it protected him from and defended him against easy emotions, popular beliefs, and political illusions. Goethe imposed on others that order which he himself so frequently dis-

regarded. As he wrote to Jacobi as early as 1793, he drew "a circle into which, aside from friendship, art, and science, nothing could penetrate." He was opposed to Beethoven just as he was to Schiller. While discussing his life in his mature age in one of the fragments translated by Porchat, he defines himself thus: "I have never known a man more presumptuous than I; and in saying so I already prove the truth of what I assert. I never believed that it was a question of striving for something; I always believed that it was an accomplished fact. They should have allowed a crown to be placed on my head; this would have appeared quite simple to me. In just that, I was only a man like any other. But what distinguished me from a veritable fool was that I attempted to succeed in what I undertook that was beyond my powers, and to deserve what I obtained without meriting it!"

By this definition Goethe approaches the Napoleon from whom Beethoven recoiled for his betrayal of the principles of the Revolution; whether he admitted it or not, the writer prided himself on assuring, through his prestige, the security of a city filled with field marshals; the respect with which he was addressed flattered him; how could he resist the honor of dining at the home of the French minister of foreign affairs, or of being received by an Emperor who had read *Werther* seven times? But let us not disparage him. Napoleon was for him Law, and even in his cosmopolitanism, Goethe remained faithful to the idea embodied in this peremptory word. Like Beethoven, he had to make his contribution to the national rejoicing of 1814; and he wrote a lamentable allegory which seemed in certain respects a denial. Indeed he was interested in little more than himself, in the illusions that Oriental poetry still provided him, and in the hope of one last love. He should be compared to our

Chateaubriand, in his seductive egotism, in his resolute wish to indefinitely renew the fountains of his life, in his refusal to grow old, in his profound serenity that harbored so much contempt. Grillparzer, who took so deep an interest in Beethoven and who was to accompany him to his grave in 1827, trembled, the preceding year, before His Excellency, icy and solemn, constellating with decorations; at the table, or in an intimate circle, Goethe would unbend and consent to become a man again; the master of the last quartets could never have consented to this duality. No writer has surpassed Goethe in scope; no one has done more in attempting to create a universal literature which would be in itself the image of universal reason; his intellect went farther: he conceived not only unity of thought, but even unity of nature, on which he bestowed a logical plan, the law of order. His intellect, yes; his splendid intellect, which even up to his last hours charged him with strength, mastered his aged body, sought to rejuvenate him and to hold him erect near the end of this long ascent above morals, religions, and codes. Viewed from the heights to which Goethe rose, what becomes of human sadness, be it that of a woman or that of a man? When the composer of the *Mass in D* called to him in his distress, Goethe did not hear him.

To complete our understanding of Beethoven, his character, and his inspiration, it is indispensable to consult in the Staatsbibliothek of Berlin, the famous *Conversation Books* in which, from April, 1819, are written the remarks of the interlocutors, and sometimes those of the Master. Schindler, in 1845, sold the one hundred thirty-seven books of coarse paper which Walter Nohl undertook to decipher (the first volume was published in 1922 at Munich, by the Allgemeine Verlagsanstalt). Our reaction to these pages is

like that provoked by an examination of the manuscript of Pascal's *Pensées*. Very difficult reading, rapidly written notes, very diverse penmanship, complicated still more by abbreviations and ellipses in the conversation. With the assistance of Dr. Lachmann, we in turn undertook an exploration. Karl, the notorious nephew, enters the scene. From the first pages of the first notebook we see Beethoven, preoccupied with finding the best boarding-school master for him, and with securing for him various pieces of furniture of which he had need. We follow the poet musician's various activities. He presents himself at the home of the Archduke Rudolph to call for news; the person who receives him writes in the notebook that His Highness will summon his teacher as soon as he can. Farther on are notices of books with their prices. Beethoven notes the address of a respectable woman (*aus einem soliden Hause*) who has offered her services as housekeeper or lady companion. He has learned that Karl's mother wishes to solicit the Archduke Ludwig's influence, and he requests the Archduke Rudolph's intervention. The first book reveals the Master in frequent conversation with Karl Bernard, the young editor of the *Wiener Zeitung* who revised Weissenbach's cantata, *Der glorreiche Augenblick*. What can be done to save the unmanageable nephew? It is a question that is repeated in the most varied forms. But, also, how to relieve his constantly increasing deafness? Bernard announces that a Dr. Mayer has just opened an establishment (*Schwefelräucherungsanstalt*) on the Landstrasse, where he claims to cure the deaf by combining the action of sulphur and vibrations. Beethoven shows himself to be equally occupied with questions of money; we know with what care he invested his income in Karl's interest. He notes that the National Bank charges a yearly interest of 3 per cent on loans. "How much value has a louis

d'or?" he asks on a page of the fourth notebook. Household accounts are interpolated between two conversations on Karl's lawsuit and on music. From time to time a forceful thought of the Master dominates the confused details of daily life. On page 87*b* of the first notebook, he writes in an impetuous hand: "Power, which is unity, is able to do anything against plurality, which lacks this unity." (*Gewalt, die eins ist, vermag alles gegen die Mehrheit, die es nicht ist.*) In such a phrase we find Beethoven anticipating Nietzsche.

Another day he indicates his admiration for Cherubini. The questioner protests, "He is a much too stylized musician!" Bernard, another time, jests: "Czerny knows a widow who is deeply in love with you and wishes to marry you. Her name is Stramm. I am your rival for her affections (*ein Nebenbuhler von Ihnen*). Let us both go with Czerny to see her." Then Karl himself; undoubtedly he refers to his mother: "She has told me that she wants me to remain here, but that it will be difficult to furnish twelve hundred florins instead of nine hundred. Can't you withdraw some of your money? . . . Where do all these lice come from?" Beethoven's answer is lacking. Karl continues, "Yes, but it is healthy to have lice."

Is it in connection with this curious boy that Beethoven sadly wrote in the fifth notebook in January, 1820, "Ingratitude towards me is commended" (*Undankbarkeit gegen mich wird gelobt*)? But the cook enters and takes possession of the notebook: "Do you want roasted red herring or pickled herring?" One of the most frequent interlocutors is Franz Oliva, to whom the Master dedicated opus 76, that is to say, the *Variations on a Russian Theme*, which recur in *Die Ruinen von Athen*. Oliva, altogether delighted that the doctor had just prescribed Tokay for Beethoven, points out

to him that it is less dangerous to drink than to eat. And a conversation of which we see only a part, is resumed. Hearty laughter is sometimes heard, and there are plays on words difficult to translate: "Cyprus wine gives one gout." (*Man bekommt das Zipperlein vom Cypernwein.*) The talk becomes bold. An interlocutor writes in French: "Dieu n'est qu'une bambouche (sic) qui n'est jamais venu sur la terre." (God is only a puppet who has never descended to the earth.) Another one says: "The aristocrats have now found a prop in Austria, and the Republican spirit can only sit on the ashes." Then anew, the accounts; Karl, the center of all the Master's preoccupations; farther on, a caricature. Bernard maintains that there are no natural laws, that laws appear only in the social state, that an isolated person has no titles. "If tomorrow I should win fifty thousand florins," declares one of the group, "above all I should destroy natural law." A quotation from Schiller is mixed in with some remarks of young Karl, who invites his uncle to a student exhibition. A pun on Hoffmann, who "is not a courtier [*Hoffmann*]." We should like to continue this investigation. Let us close with a thought from the eighth notebook, whose import was first noted by Schindler: "The world is a king who requires flattery in return for favor, but true art is self-willed [*eigensinnig*], will not be driven into flattering forms. . . . It is said that art is long, life is short. It is life that is long; art is short; if its breath is to lift us to the gods, it is an instant's grace." (*Soll uns ihr Hauch zu den Göttern heben, so ist er eines Augenblickes Gunst.*) Are we wrong? Surely this collection, so wonderfully vibrant, interests us infinitely more than *Die Wahlverwandtschaften*.

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CHAPTER XII

"MISER ET PAUPER SUM"

THE conversation books explain themselves.

Little by little, step by step, Beethoven sank into misfortune. Prince Lichnowski had, using Schindler's expression, taken leave of this world; Schuppanzigh quitted Vienna to enter the service of a Russian lord. Oliva taught German literature at St. Petersburg. Beethoven had quarreled with von Breuning. Zmeskill, suffering from gout, had to keep to his room. Around the Master were few others than the lawyer Bach, his attentive *famulus*, and certain Brauhaus companions before whom he loudly expounded his republican ideas. Beethoven also visited at the palace of the Archduke Rudolph, and at the home of Rasoumowsky, lately elevated to the rank of a prince; but the respect that his official successes won for him did not ameliorate his material condition; his quarrels with Maelzel, the death of Prince Lobkowitz, the impossibility of receiving even his annuity, his constant difficulties with publishers, his incessant lawsuits, his generosity towards charity, which procured for him from the Viennese City Council only the title of Honorary Citizen, the disbanding of the Russian ambassador's quartet, the indifference of a society wearied by a succession of grave events and desirous of giving itself over to superficial pleasures—all of these facts contributed to his dejection. "I have no friends," he wrote, "I am alone in the

world.” The old companions had departed; the new ones had not yet given proof of their devotion.

A family misfortune brought him an unexpected burden. Karl Beethoven, employed in the National Bank of Austria, died in November, 1815, leaving his brother Ludwig a son born of his union with Johanna Reiss, a boy of nine years whose education he entrusted to Beethoven. Beethoven did his best to help the household, proceeding to spend 10,000 florins for it. But let no one speak to him of Johanna, “the Queen of the Night”! She was a wicked woman: he hated her. All that is known of the Master’s moral worth is confirmed by the truly intense zeal with which he occupied himself in little Karl’s behalf. He granted his dead brother’s wish to the extreme limit of his means. And at first he litigated, for the Queen of the Night dragged him before the court of Lower Austria, and there are endless stories of lawyers, lawsuits lost and won, of appeals, of negotiations, of appearances before a heraldic committee charged with deciding whether or not Beethoven had a right to the jurisdiction of the nobility. These difficulties certainly exercised a lamentable influence on the musician’s artistic production. From this time on he sacrificed everything to this nephew, of whom he wished to make a cultivated man and an enlightened citizen.

The duel with Johanna continued relentlessly. In spite of the moderateness of his resources he placed the child in the home of the Spaniard, Giannatasio del Rio, and entrusted Czerny with the task of teaching him music. With a tenacious passion, attentive to the slightest details, he concerned himself with the education of this new Emile without neglecting the most trifling matters of dress, food, and health. On anniversary days he took Karl by the hand and led him to his father’s grave. He kept a check on his teachers,

and had his circumstances permitted it, he would have gone to live at the home of Giannatasio, in a garden house. Fanny, the daughter of the boarding-school master, relates how, every evening or nearly every evening, he would come for news. He would arrive carrying violets when they were in season. "Ha, ha, here is spring," he would cry. He would settle himself near the family table, spit into his silk handkerchief, chat or preferably, since he could no longer hear, pull a newspaper from his pocket, amuse himself in silence with the children, dream, and often seem distracted and even incoherent. Karl tyrannized over the poor deaf man, jumped onto his shoulders, threw him off his chair: Beethoven was enraptured. As soon as he had grown up, the nephew asserted his stubborn character; his uncle had taken a most luxurious apartment for him, but the rascal had a secret understanding with the maids, who helped him sneak out to his mother's house; one day he refused to return. Nothing discouraged his guardian; when Karl grew up, he had him enter the house of Blöchlinger to prepare himself for the commercial division of the Polytechnic Institute. Henceforth the good-for-nothing was the vexation of his life.

On the other hand there were attacks of illness. During the winter of 1816-1817, bronchitis, which had long tormented him, left him with a chronic catarrh and depressed him with the threat of consumption. His servants, Nanny and Babette, neglected him, not even taking the trouble at times to light his fire. Some consolation came from without. His *Seventh Symphony* was successfully performed at the Leipzig weekly concerts; but Friedrich Wieck, Clara Schumann's father, considered it only the work of a drunkard.

A new star appeared.

In Italy, Rossini had triumphed with his *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* and *Otello*, and his successes had changed the taste

of the Viennese public. During the course of the year 1813 the performances of *Tancredi* at the Fenice Theater in Venice revealed that Italian national opera henceforth had a new master. The battle that was waged around *Il Barbiere* at the Argentina in Rome perpetuated the triumph of the "swan of Pesaro." Franz Schubert had not yet succeeded in finding sufficient resources to devote himself to his inclination for music; he continued to teach the rudiments of knowledge to the young children of Lichtenthal, and he also suffered from the new vogue. When the theater manager Barbaja was mentioned to him Beethoven said, "He is a good scene painter." In the fourth conversation book, which dates from December, 1819, there is a discussion on the Italian composer; we should like to know what the Master may have said about him. The interlocutor replies, "He possesses some genius; that cannot be denied; but he is a scribbler (*ein Sudler*) without any taste." The symbolic duel between German and Italian music has often been spoken of; reverberations of it are found in the numerous writings of the Viennese musicographer, Mosel, head of the nationalist group, who had just directed the "Musikfreunde" concert, the first person, we are told, to use the term *Tondichter* (tone poet) to designate the composer, which later was so often used by Wagner. The spread of Rossinism accentuated the hostility or, at least, the indifference of the public of the Austrian capital to a musician who persisted in his desire to express the drama of the inner life in his works.

One has no wish to believe that a man like Beethoven could be discouraged in the face of all the complications Fate brought on him. However, it is a fact that between the wonderful *Sonatas for Piano and Cello* of opus 102 and the great *Hammerklavier Sonata* dedicated to the Archduke

Rudolph (op. 106) he composed little more than some canons and some *Lieder*. Vincent d'Indy, in his *Cours de composition musicale*, has described the canon very precisely, that polyphonic form, vocal or instrumental, in which the theme announced by the antecedent is afterwards imitated by all the series of consequents. Beethoven amused himself with this game, which Albrechtsberger had taught him, and wrote many such pieces: *Kurz ist der Schmerz; Lerne Schweigen* (a puzzle canon in the style of an Italian *ricercare*); *Rede, rede*, etc. The *Lieder* followed one after another: *An die Hoffnung*; the cycle of six songs, *An die ferne Geliebte*; *Der Mann von Wort*; *Ruf vom Berge*; *So und so*; *Resignation*. In November, 1817, he wrote the *Fuge* (op. 137) for his friend Tobias Haslinger, a collaborator of the publisher Steiner. Vincent d'Indy has shown how Beethoven turned to account a form handed down from the ancient motet to refresh the symphony; how his fugue, inferior to those of Bach in plasticity, appears in contrast more dramatic and more human; also how this form, employed with genius, enriched the last part of his work, opening new horizons to the art of the future, while remaining faithful to the laws of tradition and to unitary cadence.

In the spring of 1817 there came a fresh sorrow in the death of Wenzel Krumpholz, a musician of the Kärntnertheater, author of the well known *Abendunterhaltung*. Beethoven had loved him; he had called him his "fool," had held him for the most enthusiastic and the most obstinate of his friends, and had been grateful to him for having presented Karl Czerny to him. In memory of this beloved companion he wrote the *Gesang der Mönche*, for three male voices, on words by Schiller. But the most important work during these dreary years following the artificial splendors of the Congress of Vienna, was certainly the

Piano Sonata dedicated to Dorothea Ertmann, and played as early as February, 1816; it contains the first indications of an obscurity that henceforth continued to increase. This sonata (op. 101), the “Empfindliche,” and, according to Schindler, the only one that was publicly performed during the Master’s life, bore underneath the title the inscription, *Mit der innigsten Empfindung*. Dorothea, to whom it was inscribed, was considered the first pianist in Vienna; she possessed an exceptional talent for nuances, for expressing the most hidden meaning of a composition, for utilizing rubato. Without this woman, moreover very beautiful and cultured, who by herself rendered more service than an entire conservatory, Beethoven’s poetic creations would have disappeared from the repertory, according to the best authorities. Enlightened by this information one can better understand the opus 101, and the originality that inspired all the later modern music, but which Beethoven did not deliberately seek. The first movement, with its two themes stated in rapid succession and briefly developed, expresses without any intervening padding the emotion of a soul more and more tormented. The scherzo is treated in the manner of a march; the finale introduces and develops the fugue form, which became more and more for Beethoven, and perhaps by the very reason of the increasing complexity of his feelings or his ideas, a favorite means of expression. We do not believe in, and we would that no one believed in a “third style,” these arbitrary divisions succeeding only in destroying the organic unity of Beethovenian development; but it is certain that the sonata to Dorothea marks the transition to the most deeply intimate, most subtle, and most inwardly spiritual forms of his art.

It was at Mödling and in the year 1818 that the magnificent sonata (op. 106) dedicated to the Archduke Rudolph,

shortly before named Archbishop of Olmütz, was begun. We can approach such a poem only with feelings of emotion and tender reverence. Beethoven struggled in the midst of difficulties of all sorts; it was about this time that he wrote in his Tagebuch: *Miser et pauper sum*. On one occasion he could not even pay the pensioner, Giannatasio. "I am almost reduced to beggary," he wrote to Ries. The portrait in the Bonn Museum, painted by Ferdinand Schimon, reveals Beethoven still vigorous but with features already harassed by this incessant struggle, and with a distant look. By way of contrast one reflects on that pastel in which Duplessis has drawn an ecstatic Gluck, eyes raised to the skies and sparkling with happiness, powdered hair, an open coat of peacock-blue silk over a white shirt, serene and splendid like a great priest of music whose religion is no longer debated. Even Beethoven's title, "Kapellmeister," was contested.

In the years 1818 and 1819, which gave birth to the opus 106, Beethoven was compelled to work hard to earn his living. The Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde in Vienna gave him but little aid, if the letter addressed to the cellist Hauschka, at once ironic and sad, can be relied upon. "I wander about among the mountains, clefts, and valleys with a sheet of music paper, and I scribble a lot of things for the sake of bread and money; for I have arrived at such a point in this all-powerful and miserable Phaeacian country that if I want to win time for a great work I am always compelled beforehand to do so much scribbling for the sake of money." When in April, 1819, he sent Ries the tempi indications of the various movements of the sonata, he added: "Excuse the muddle. If you knew my situation you wouldn't be surprised at it, but rather at what I am able to do in spite of it." He could no longer even pay a copyist. The let-

ter of April 19, 1819, is still more brutally frank. “The sonata was written under painful circumstances, for it is hard to write almost for the sake of bread; and to that I have now come.”

This sonata to Rudolph is a poem of human distress. In composing it Beethoven was absorbed anew in making room for the fugue, claimed by all the musicians of that time to be a definite proof of *savoir faire*. But with a much more elevated conception he intended above everything else to reflect in it his inner life with all its complexity and even its confusion. Musical analysis permits of a much better penetration into the secret of this work than an abstract comment. D’Indy, who considered it a model of musical architecture, has analyzed in great detail the first movement, so famous for its impetuous beginning; he disengages the two main pillars connected by one of those transitions that César Franck called *melodic bridges*; he points out that the second theme is already included in the first. Let us remember at least this conclusion, that with an exposition thus constructed the musical material is as condensed as it is brilliant. In the development Beethoven submitted to the unrestrained inspiration of his spirit, followed the undulating movements of thought and of life, alternated “tonal movement and tonal rest,” “directly set his modulations towards light and shadow,” marked off the different planes; opus 106 shows the difference in genius that separates his compositions from antecedent pieces in sonata form with their garrulous repetitions, their conventional rhetoric. A sense of order and of measure commands his compositions. The recapitulation restates those themes already heard, with a variation of design, with a more somber coloring, with an accentuation of the feeling of sadness that pervades the entire composition.

The minor passage of the scherzo releases fantastic visions, mad images of a nightmare; according to some, the gallows under which Faust and Mephistopheles passed, galloping by on their black chargers. In the adagio, the *Tondichter* (it is indeed a word that more than ever suits him) abandons himself to his impassioned lamentations; he multiplies indications to guide his interpreters: *con molto sentimento, doloroso, con grande espressione e libertà*. Thus he himself defines the meaning and the style of this meditation, but he insists above all on the nature of the reserve that he wishes maintained in this plaint: *dolcissimo, calmato, nobilmente, tranquillo, misterioso e solenne*, and near the end *perdendosi, come lontano*. The exposition of the first theme is traversed by a temporary modulation (to G) for which there are profound explanations in various treatises, but which startles the ordinary listener like one of those outbursts, one of those cries so frequent in the last quartets; by way of contrast, the second theme vanishes like smoke rising to the sky. After the end of the adagio has testified to the exhaustion of the man depressed by suffering, and the tears have been dried by virtue of having all been shed, a free largo introduces the fugue, treated also "with liberties," in a formidable and full development in which Beethoven, using all the resources of counterpoint and introducing in particular the famous crab canon, reveals all the torment of his soul, allayed for an instant under the influence of a precursory theme of the later *Mass in D*.

Ordinarily, the too fantastic images that Lenz's unbounded admiration for Beethoven suggested to him, should be treated with suspicion. This time the description that he gives to the sonata of distress quite corresponds to the impressions it arouses. "Contemporaries, Viennese and others, did not at all notice this man-of-war that bore *Caesar and*

his misfortunes. The huge sail receded from the distant horizon of their intelligence." In this exceptional work, almost unique, lyricism exhausted all of its resources, from serenity to the borders of frenzy, to the almost un pianistic passages where one hears it shriek in revolt, and scream with pain.

To ameliorate his situation, Beethoven, about 1819, contemplated leaving for England. One can understand his reasons. Austrian musicians often undertook tours abroad when adequate remuneration was wanting at home. Ries, before establishing himself on the Rhine, traveled through France, the northern countries, Russia and Great Britain, which honored musicians—and knew how to reward them. Moscheles settled in London in 1821, and won a rapid success. It was to lure young Felix Mendelssohn, whose *Symphony in C minor* was performed by the famous Philharmonic Society, and whose overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was enthusiastically received. In 1820 the Royal Institution appointed as lecturer in music William Crotch, a composer of oratorios, anthems, and glees who had formerly been acclaimed for his talents as a child prodigy and was now known for his skill as an organist and as a teacher. Connected with the private chapel of King George IV, Thomas Attwood disseminated Mozart's teachings. The pianist, Potter, in whom Beethoven was much interested, was to be appointed to the Royal Academy of Music. Johann Baptist Cramer shortly established his famous publishing house. After the comparative failure of *Sémiramis*, Rossini gave some concerts in London, and in five months earned more than ten thousand pounds sterling. Covent Garden requested Weber's *Oberon*. Julius Benedict, a pupil and friend of this master, former director of the Kärntnerthortheater

orchestra, made himself as it were, a naturalized Englishman, and through his attachment to his new country, forgot his native city of Stuttgart.

Beethoven would gladly have imitated his colleagues, but he lacked the money. However, Dr. Max Reinitz has recorded researches in the archives of the National Bank. There it was discovered that Beethoven the musician endorsed eight Austrian bank notes on July 13, 1819 (Nos. 28623-28630). There was nothing to indicate whether the settlement had been executed by him or by a third person. But these sums the Master carefully preserved for his nephew Karl; it was without doubt also out of his affection for this scapegrace that he relinquished his intention of going to England, the veritable Promised Land. He set himself therefore to writing, at the same time as his great works, compositions that would be easier to sell: *Six Themes and Variations for Piano alone, with Flute or Violin ad libitum* (op. 105), written for Thomson of Edinburgh; *Ten Themes and Variations on Tyrolian, Swiss, Russian, and Scotch Airs* (op. 107); more *Canons* and *Lieder*; *Abendlied unter'm gestirnten Himmel*; and, somewhat later, *New Bagatelles*, "easy and agreeable" (op. 119).

During these sad years Beethoven often took refuge in the country; it was his surest recourse. He wrote to Theresa von Malfatti in 1810: "I am as happy as a child at the thought of wandering among clusters of bushes, in the woods, among trees, herbs, rocks. No man loves the country more than I; for forests, trees, and rocks reëcho that for which mankind longs!" It was the enthusiasm of the second part of *Faust*, a sort of Pantheism. To the southwest of Vienna, the Wienerwald begins, cut through by small rivers that descend to the Danube, carving out rugged valleys.

There on the banks of the Schwechat stands the village of Baden, whose thermal waters were already known to the Roman Legions. A little yellow town rather like our own Aix, but built after the style of Lower Austria. The stately history of Vienna is reflected in this mirror of water. Napoleon stopped there; his son tarried there and slept in the same chamber his father had occupied. During the last war, the Imperial Staff office was established there. A city of gardens; the day that I passed through it, children were selling the first violets of the season; the parks surrounding the villas were beginning to awaken from winter. The old Bürgermeister accompanied us about and showed us with great pride the Strandbad that was to add a new attraction to this watering place.

Baden has preserved its traditional aspect. People come here to eat *Leberknödel* soup, carp from the Danube, and to drink a certain light wine called *Hundling* (bad boy), which goes to one's head. In this setting Beethoven composed several of his last quartets; the Magdalenenhof preserves memories of him together with memories of Grillparzer. He came to follow the enticing charms of the near-by valley, the Helenental directly outside of Baden, which assumes a picturesque and almost wild aspect. He was seen on warm days carrying his black coat on the end of his walking stick. The tragedian Anschütz in the summer of 1822 saw him lying on the ground, resting his head on his left hand, and with his right hand drawing in his notebook those signs that to all others were so enigmatic. There are sites here that recall our noble Chartreuse. Spring demurred; however, on the banks of the Schwechat there were yellow clusters of primroses on their supple stems, and Rousseau's periwinkles. Ruins bedeck the crags. Secret retreats are hidden among them, hunters' or lovers' rendezvous; the one

at Mayerling evokes the tragic memory of the mysterious death in 1889 of the only son of Francis Joseph and Elizabeth. On the uplands, between the somber forests, extend wide uninhabited spaces, prairies lashed by the thongs of the wind, woods where in this season the green of the fir trees alternates with the red of the beeches. At the junctures of the valleys are huddled the villages with their steeples, bulbous and red as the skin of an onion. Varied horizons to gaze at; wide spaces in which to rest and to dream. One understands why men bent on religious contemplation sought refuge in these retreats, as they did in our own Chartreuse. The old Heiligenkreuz monastery is connected with that of the Cistercians; only the chanting breaks its silence; according to the time of day, the sunlight plays across the windows of the lofty choir, or on the Romanesque façade, or under the wide-spreading plane trees that shelter the court with their cool palmlike branches. In one of these cloister corridors a fountain murmurs a motet for several voices. Eighteenth century Italian sumptuousness and Venetian embellishments have not obliterated what subsists of austere grandeur in this abbey, still quite perfect in the sturdy simplicity of bygone times.

Beethoven, who had visited this region since the beginning of the century, did not seek out such mournful sights. Like Schubert, he contented himself with a more ordinary, a more human setting. The scene of his walks when he came to Baden, was the Helenental, or when he lived at Mödling, the valley of the Brühl. There he would become gay and expansive; he would follow his fancy and whatever bit of boyishness remained in his nature. He would lose himself in the woods in quest of nymphs and fauns. A brook, a path. Schubert also knew these woods; he stopped at the inn, the Höldrichsmühle. Our imagination evokes without difficulty

this younger brother of Beethoven who was to die at the age of thirty-one, the son of a poor schoolmaster, the ingenuous poet, the guileless musician. He was immediately called to mind when, in the court of the Heiligenkreuz monastery, I saw the little choir boys frolic about, between classes. And I also thought of him in the Burgkapelle, which heard his sweet soprano voice. I saw him more vividly when approaching the humble inn where he composed, on Müller's insipid texts, the limpid melodies of *Die Winterreise* and *Die schöne Müllerin*. The well and the linden tree are still there, or, at any rate, a linden tree and a well are there. A gracious host, delicate, almost feminine, welcomed us; the rhythms of lullabies and the calls of shepherds were wafted on the air. That evening at twilight there came to mind certain parts of the *A minor Quartet*, the minuet, much more rustic than urbane, and the extended melodies of the *andante*, as tenuous as silky gossamer, which seemed to be sung by young maidens, whose tender voices were tinged with melancholy.

What happy miracle was it that brought together, along a valley path, the brilliant poet of the *Missa* and the pensive musician who, with no apparent effort, hearkening only to the beating of his heart, just as blithe as he was abject, and, it would seem, also smitten by a Therese, came to gather here those *Lieder*, imbued with a delicate mysticism, wherein are framed the thoughts of a Schiller or of a Goethe? It is asserted that during their lifetime they never spoke to each other, although for Schubert, Beethoven was a god. This is a mistake. We know through Rochlitz that Schubert sometimes met the Master at the Gasthaus that he also frequented. Neighbors in the grave later, in any event they met each other here; Schubert's horizon was perhaps narrower; he wished to be only a flower of the field. One does not feel

in him the struggle that one senses in his elder brother. The path descends; certain parts of the landscape assume an exceedingly romantic aspect. Do we not hear a hunting horn sounding in the distance as it does in the young Master's *C major Symphony*? Small pine trees stand erect on the crags; the wind rushes by, and suddenly dies away. At Mödling as at Baden, he frequently sojourned. And here are hallowed dwellings: that in which Beethoven lodged in 1818, 1819, and 1820; again on a secluded by-street, that in which in the summer of 1820 he worked on the *Missa Solemnis*. Schindler saw him working at the Credo, in Hafner's house; through a closed door he heard him bellow and stamp his feet while singing the stretta. "He wore an expression as though he were waging a mortal combat against a whole legion of contrapuntists." With the arrival of spring, Beethoven, according to Ritter von Seyfried, packed some furniture and a great deal of music on a four-horse cart, and came here for the summer. He rambled about, music paper and pencil in hand. He was fond of wearing a light blue coat with yellow buttons, but presented a rather slovenly appearance; he was wont to sprawl underneath the pine trees, to gaze long at the sky. Let us, too, lift our gaze; the sun is sinking to rest over the mountains; on the horizon a cloud with a splendid fringe of gold unfurls itself like a majestic cope.

To follow this life in its daily course, it is necessary to go back to the conversation books. The ninth notebook, which is associated with the end of March, 1820, contains several ideas for a *Mass*. Beethoven made some notations regarding the Crucifixus and the Credo, and he added: "Full orchestra for the *patrem omnipotentem*." From the observations of the interlocutors we get a clear idea of the joviality of certain

conversations. "*Wo man trinkt, da ist es schön*" (Where one drinks, that place is pleasant), wrote one visitor who had just invited him out. But here, a bit farther on, is this a lament or another notation for the *Mass*? Page 45 bears: "*Miserere nobis. Ah! O!*" And what do these words in huge agitated writing at the beginning of the tenth notebook signify? "Rossini. Philosophical spectacles." (*Philosophische Brillen Gläser.*) The lines in these notebooks, when it was Beethoven who wrote them, resemble a row of trees tossed about by the wind. From time to time a name can be distinguished, that of Bach or Schiller, and one has an intense desire to decipher the illegible scribbling surrounding these names. But this huge scrawl shrinks into sibylline signs, or deteriorates into unintelligible arabesques. Figures climb all over the little gray-blue pages. On one page above an account, the following observation is barely discernible: "*Wie ist es denn mit Treu' und Glauben in Oesterreich!*" ("What has become of loyalty and faith in Austria!"). A musical notation is made after an observation on the purchase of a mousetrap. In the midst of this jumble one meets Dr. Smetana, with whom Beethoven had become acquainted in the del Rio pension when Karl underwent an operation, and for whom he sent in the hope of improving his hearing. One of these conversations is concerned with the poem *Die Zauberrose* by Ernst Schulze, which might have furnished the subject for an opera.

Another day Blöchlinger reported that again he had had a scene with Karl. The young man, having an examination to take, had fled to his mother's home; it had been necessary to send for him on the threat of again appealing to the police. Frau Beethoven was unwilling to deliver the prisoner over to Frau Blöchlinger before obtaining the assurance that he would not be punished. Despite these pranks, Beethoven

did not cease to preoccupy himself, even to the smallest details, with Karl's requirements. It was for him that he made a notation concerning a Greek-German dictionary.

In July, 1820, the *famulus* wished to know if the "Benedictus" had already been completely scored. In all probability he found several of the Master's compositions lying on a table. Schindler asked: "Are these the sketches of the Agnus? . . . Then for a few days you mustn't work so hard. To-morrow we shall take a walk. I shall soon come with the sonata opus 10, no. 1 [the reference is to the C minor sonata dedicated to Countess Browne]. The largo of the D major sonata is very difficult to understand. [Schindler was referring to the largo e mesto of opus 10, no. 3 in D major.] You are going to be very displeased with me." (As a matter of fact Beethoven did not appreciate his *famulus's* piano playing.) Another time a visitor announced that he had met Rossini, who wished to be remembered to Beethoven. "His operas have made him rich," added the friend; "you would do well to compose like him." But some subject in this connection greatly irritated the Master, inasmuch as an interlocutor begged his forbearance and offered the following, doubtlessly to pacify him: "Austrian poems are regular dumplings." (*Oesterreichische Poesie sind Knödel.*)

Certain conversations were continued at the table, to judge from the egg stain that decorates one page. "You'll be young until you're sixty," remarked one guest to him. "Prepared like this the recipe is very good," affirmed another, a gourmand. We know that the Master had some pretensions about his cooking ability. "After the fashion of the Romans I make supper (*Nachtmal*) my principal meal," declared a third. Later on, as they were clinking glasses in drinking, one of the drinkers protested. "The beer is a little too strong, and moreover it tastes of tobacco." One of the guests, a

singer, declared that his favorite melody was that of the gradual, *Bibite vinum quod miscui vobis*. Another round. “This wine must be drunk while it is good: *fugit irrevocabile tempus*,” advised a philosopher several pages later, and the conversation revolved around mythology, classical literature, the divine work of Homer. Anecdotes of Viennese life creep into these free and lively conversations. Alone again, Beethoven returns to his accounts, notes down the market price of the Bank stocks: the conversation books constitute a journal of the Master’s life.

The twenty-first notebook (1823) contains Beethoven’s account to Schindler on the subject of Countess Guicciardi, in French: “She loved me, and more even than her husband. . . . He was, however, more her lover than I, but through her I learned [erasures and changes] of his distress, and I found a good man who gave me the sum of five hundred francs to help him. He was always my enemy; that was exactly why I did everything possible for him.” Schindler, who had gone to ask Gallenberg for the score of *Fidelio*, added: “That is why he said to me (of you): ‘He is an unbearable man.’ He no doubt spoke thus of you out of pure gratitude. But Master, pray forgive them for they know not what they do.” And the dialogue continues in French: “Is the Countess rich? . . . She has a beautiful figure up to here. . . . Has she been married long to Gallenberg? She was born Guicciardi. She was even more than a spouse to him (*encore qu’épouse de lui*) before his journey to Italy. Arriving in Vienna she sought me in tears, but I scorned her. . . . Hercules at the parting of the ways? *Herkules am Scheideweg!*” The conversation continues in German: “Had I chosen to give up my vitality to this love, what would have remained for that which is noble, better? (*Wenn ich hätte meine Lebenskraft mit dieser Liebe so hingeben wollen, was wäre*

für das Edle, Bessere geblieben?") Then the conversation drifted abruptly to questions concerning the household, to the problems of deciding whether French vinegar was better than German vinegar.

Sometimes a storm arose between Beethoven and Schindler, and, for example, in February, 1823 (twenty-third notebook) a scene broke out on the subject of the overture (op. 124), *Die Weihe des Hauses* (*The Dedication of the House*). According to Nottebohm's *Thematisches Verzeichniss*, this work was written for the opening of the Josefstädtertheater, on the 3rd of October, 1822. Beethoven reproached Schindler for advising him to write this composition. "It isn't my fault if the orchestra performed it badly," returned the *famulus*. "Send it to Leipzig, to Berlin, where they will perhaps be more painstaking with it. Later, let us hope, it will go better." Beethoven persisted. "You give too much credit to your faithful disciple (*Jünger*), in holding him responsible for such errors. I beg you to drop the subject. The public is pardonable for not approving of such a *charivari* [*sic*] as persists in the entire fugue movement." Beethoven was infuriated. "You are in a very bad humor (*launisch*) again," replied Schindler. "I have done my best; I can do no more. The fault lies with the weather; the theater was frightfully cold; every one was frozen; the violins could not continue." Such discussions anticipated the approaching rupture. Perhaps Schindler did not permit himself to indulge in jesting because a new housekeeper had just been engaged. In vain he tried to seek forgiveness by announcing the success of *Christus am Oelberg*, which had just been performed with some excellent choirs. Beethoven showed an increasingly difficult spirit; with admirable patience Schindler continued the series of daily reports and covered the pages of the notebooks with his small handwriting.

Music, politics, literature, philosophy, religion—all these subjects are broached in this succession of improvised concerts in which the essential voice is absent.

That we have exaggerated Napoleon's influence on Beethoven may perhaps have been concluded, and it is on this point that Jean Chantavoine, in an article written for the Walter Damrosch concerts, refers to a conversation book dated 1820, in which through the replies of the interlocutor, the questions, and the Master's obsession with the subject, one arrives at a slight notion of this influence. “If Napoleon were to return here now he could count on a better reception in Europe. . . . He understood the spirit of the times, and he knew how to hold the reins. . . . Our descendants will better know how to appreciate him. . . . As a German, I have been his greatest enemy, but actual conditions have reconciled me to him. . . . Sworn faith and trust no longer exist; his word was worth more. . . . He understood art and science and despised ignorance. . . . He should have appreciated the Germans and protected their rights. . . . Towards the last he was surrounded by traitors. The best marshals had retired. The children of the Revolution and the spirit of the time required this temperament of iron, but nevertheless he overthrew the feudal system everywhere; he was the protector of justice and law. His marriage with the princess [*sic*] Louise was for him the crowning point. It was then he should have given the world peace, and good laws, and should have desired no more conquests. . . . The pinnacle of success, and because of excessive pride, the pinnacle of misfortune.” Does not this conversation furnish material for a mighty lyric ode? Chateaubriand's comments verify it: “All that has passed, since Napoleon's downfall, is, in Germany, as much as null and void. Those men who rose to snatch their national independence from Bonaparte's ambitions,

dream only of him." A village drunkard seized the Viscount by the hand, crying: *Long live the Emperor!*

The notebooks also permit the following of Weber's career, whose *Freischütz* was presented in Berlin in 1821, and who was successful despite the popularity of the Italian style. An important event in the history of German music and the Romantic movement. Up to this time Carl Maria Friedrich Ernst von Weber had not enjoyed much success. Ten years before, Frankfurt had received his *Silvana* very coldly; his songs on poems from Körner's *Leier und Schwert* had pleased the patriots. This time he chose a subject more capable of captivating the German spirit. At the theater in Prague, where he filled the office of orchestra director, he had presented Beethoven's *Fidelio* and Mozart's *Don Giovanni*; at Dresden he had done his best to defend the German against the Italian theater. It was in *Der Freischütz* that he himself wished to enrich the art of his country in treating a truly national legend, that of the Black Hunter. It made a deep impression throughout Germany. Max Maria von Weber reports that Beethoven had the score sent to him and studied it carefully, although he had little taste for the works, and perhaps also for the person, of his rival. He wrote in the presence of his friends: "Of this delicate little fellow [as a matter of fact, Weber was lame] I should never have thought it possible! Weber must write operas now, nothing but operas, one after another, without nibbling at it!" The English musician Edward Schulz supplies somewhat different information. Beethoven was asked one day about *Der Freischütz*. He replied: "I believe that a certain von Weber wrote it." In the same period Paër composed his *Le Maître de Chapelle* in ridicule of the extravagances of the Italian school.

These external disturbances, these struggles between for-

eign and native musicians, the caprices of current vogues, exerted no influence on the Master's creations. If he produced little, at least he remained faithful to the conceptions that prompted opus 106, in 1818. Two years later, at the same time that he was working on the Credo of the *Mass*, he wrote the capricious sonata, opus 109, for Maximiliane Brentano. There are three movements: the first in very free form (vivace and adagio), encompassing two themes as short, as concentrated as those in the sonata of distress; a prestissimo, on a harsh and rugged theme, strongly marked by the bass; a final andante, *molto cantabile ed espressivo*, on a melody varied six times, the fifth variation being treated in the manner of a fugue. Hans von Bülow interpreted the fourth as having been inspired by the verses in *Faust* where Goethe depicts the divine powers passing buckets of gold from one to another. The last part of the sonata suggests, in a calm and almost religious manner, the two themes that give to the adagio its character of charming intimacy. Opus 110 bespeaks the personality of the Master even more profoundly; finished in the month of December, 1821, according to a notation on the autographed manuscript, it bears no dedication: it is clearly a soliloquy in the sense in which St. Augustine understood this word. A phrase coming from the distant past, a phrase that perhaps he had taken from Haydn, and that towards the end of the preceding century he had already used in the sonata dedicated to Countess von Browne, is woven like a memory of his youth in the cantabile of the first movement. And the recitative in the middle of this work recalls that innovation, so full of promises, that gave to the second sonata of opus 31 its originality, just as it foretells the impending choral outburst of the *Ninth Symphony*. It is the human voice and not the playing of an instrument that Beethoven wants us to hear.

He remains close to us; he sobs; he too discloses his wounds. He speaks to us; he implores us to listen and to understand. Twice, the fugue, charged with expressing the intensity of this will, engages in a contest with the *arioso dolente* wherein breathes a poignant suffering. Twice, Beethoven falls by the wayside, and twice, he arises. When the cantilena is restated in the key of G minor, the score bears the notation *perdendo le forze, dolente*; and when the fugue reappears it is accompanied by these words, *poi a poi di nuovo vivente*. Even if these indications were not written, in spite of D'Indy's opinion, in the Master's hand, at any rate we owe them to a pupil well informed of his intention, and in all probability, to Czerny. As for the rest, the music is understood more clearly than the words. The fugue, that is to say, the will, outweighs the dolor; any other conclusion would have been contrary to Beethoven's moral credo. But once again suffering is expressed here in accents that do not lie, and that are heartrending; gradually we shall make our way to the last quartets, those solemn preludes in which Beethoven described his panting march towards death.

Opus III, finished on January 13, 1822, and dedicated to the Archduke Rudolph solely by the editor (Nottebohm's assertion), represents a new soliloquy reduced to two movements, *rebellion* and *submission*, it has been said. The vigor of the thought is here expressed in a form of surest but freest perfection. Hans von Bülow has well pointed out that this sonata is not a mutilated or uncompleted work, but that it forms an organic and complete whole. *Rebellion* first. In its solidity of structure, its compactness, this composition very definitely corresponds to the sonata of distress, the first theme generating the transitional development, and a part of the second theme. One might say that Beethoven was

intent on rigorously tying those knots that afterwards were untied by a very personal art.

Submission follows. From the very heart of the composition, for the last time in these sonatas, there gushes forth the *Lied*, the arietta varied four times. Beethoven rises to the heights of serenity; but he has been able to attain them only by force of stoicism after a period of agitation that makes the whole third variation shudder, and that is proclaimed by the very complexity of writing. Again the voice of the poet is heard. The score is marked, "parlando." One hears questions and replies; one sees the tears of the unhappy one streaming forth. His physical pain, his fatigue increased daily; several months later the youthful Wilhemina Schroeder, who shortly before had been acclaimed for her interpretation of the rôle of Pamina, triumphed again in *Fidelio*; in her honor Beethoven wanted to direct the orchestra, but he had to relinquish the baton to Umlauf, and to content himself with being present at the performance, seated behind the Kapellmeister, his head and body wrapped in his mantle. Wilhelmina remembered ever after his fixed, shining eyes; it seems that they pierce us still as we listen to the tragic arietta expanding, tracing its arabesques with an ethereal delicateness, and sometimes dissolving in the free interplay of the variation.

We should like to see the Master of anguish a bit nearer. Here comes a visitor announced in the conversation books. Rossini enters, accompanied and introduced by his compatriot, Giuseppe Carpani, the author of *La Haydine*, and *Le Rossiniane*, well known by Stendhal. A painful conversation. He has to shout in order to make himself heard. The Master is correcting some musical proofs. He congratulates the librettist of *Il Barbiere*; he also gives him some excellent advice. "Never attempt anything but opera buffa; it would

be forcing your destiny to try to succeed in another genre. . . . *Opera seria* does not suit the Italian temperament." Carpani protests. Has not Italy given proof of her aptitude in certain elevated genres with Pergolesi's *Messe Solennelle*, and the young composer's *Stabat Mater* written just before his death at Pozzuoli on the Bay of Naples? No, replies Beethoven, who is engaged in working on his *Missa Solemnis*. "I agree that there is a very touching quality about his *Stabat Mater*, but the form lacks variety, and the result is monotonous; whereas *La Serva Padrona* . . ." And Cimarosa? Didn't he enchant the city of Vienna a short time ago with his *Matrimonio segreto*? "Of his works, I prefer the comedies. . . ." A short visit. Rossini does not wish to leave before having declared his admiration for the Master. Beethoven protests: "I am only an *infelice*." The wretchedness of the surroundings confirms this statement; the ceiling of the room is cracked. "What no pen could possibly express, was the indefinable sadness overshadowing every feature of this unfortunate being, while under the heavy eyebrows, as if out of the depth of caverns, shone his eyes, which although they were small, seemed to pierce through you. His voice was gentle and slightly husky."

His eyes. Always his eyes. Musicians, you who venture to interpret the last sonatas, those poems overcast with the shadows of night, express to us the fire of those eyes! Here are the confessions of an unhappy genius who henceforth was shunned by all. Do you wish a last proof of it, the most heartrending of all? It was about this time that a philosopher, destined to exert a deep influence on Wagner, sought to fathom music's deep meaning. The preface to the first edition of *The World as Will and Idea* was written in Dresden in August, 1818. Schopenhauer clearly distinguished music from the other arts, refusing, as inadequate, Leibnitz's

definition, previously held to be so fitting (*exercitium arithmeticae occultum nescientis se numerare animi*), studied the connection between harmony and the world, between it and real being, and, among many contestable evaluations, at least acknowledged in music the rare quality of comprising "all that which refuses to be integrated under the abstractions of reason." Such a display of intelligence is ravishing. The creator of a melody, according to Schopenhauer, illuminates the most hidden depths of will and of human feeling. One reflects on the last sonatas. "The passing from one tonality to a different tonality resembles death in that it destroys the individual; but other consciousnesses, other lives are manifested by the result. Other lives, or at least other spirits, invisible but quickened, to which our imagination imparts a form. . . ." One sees the variations of the *Arietta* expand with what has been called their harmonic emanations, with the modulation to E flat. Thus defined, music appears indeed as a superior art, master of the universal language.

The philosopher, in order to reach us more fully, comes down to our intellectual level. "There is in music," he writes, "something of the ineffable, and of the intimate; . . . it is a familiar paradise although it is eternally inaccessible; *it is for us at once perfectly intelligible and entirely inexplicable*; that is due to the fact that it shows us every emotion of our being, even the most hidden, released henceforth from that reality which deforms and alters it." But "it is the artist who bears the cost of this work; he himself is that will which objectifies itself and which alone remains with his eternal dolor." A splendid analysis! It was necessary to give the public a name to illustrate this superlative description. Having thus, without his being aware of it, defined the sonatas of Beethoven, Schopenhauer throws us the name he has in mind: Rossini.

CHAPTER XIII

THE CONCERT OF MAY 7, 1824

AT THE same time that he was writing the last sonatas, Beethoven was thinking of still greater works: the *Missa Solemnis* and the *Ninth Symphony*. He had been meditating on the *Mass* since 1818, since the appointment of the Archduke Rudolph to the archbishopric of Olmütz, and Schindler tells us that in October, 1819, he had already finished the Credo. The sketch books of 1820 furnish certain indications of the working out of the Crucifixus. The final allegro of opus 106 is traversed by a theme that is found again in the *Gratias*. Sketches for the *Agnus Dei* and the *Benedictus* lay about on the Master's table for a long time.

As for the *Ninth Symphony*, the first theme is found indicated in the book wherein is sketched the song cycle *An die ferne Geliebte*; during 1817 and 1818 more notations were made. The plans for the second and third movements were finished in 1823. Gradually during the course of his meditations, the idea of substituting a choral finale for the instrumental finale obtruded itself on his mind. By this union or, better, by this crowning, the work is connected with Beethoven's remote past, with the famous *Fantasia*, with his youthful efforts. But he accomplished this welding only in the fire of enthusiasm, in an inspiration that Schindler testifies to. If one may compare the *Missa Solemnis* and the *Ninth Symphony*, those imperishable monuments of music, to the most daring creation of painting, to the ceiling of the Sistine

Chapel, the gestative process of the three works appears to be the same. Michelangelo at first conceived the depiction of the twelve apostles; it was during the course of it, under the germinating of his imagination, that he constructed that architectonic ensemble wherein are framed the nine immortal compositions, the nine pictorial symphonies. Beethoven's distress recalls vividly the material and spiritual misery of Michelangelo, shut up in the chapel in his anguish, deprived of money, fretted by an implacable family, and thinking only, in his extreme destitution, of devoting himself either to his people or to his art.

"Live with Christ, poor and upright, as I do here, for I am miserable," wrote to his father this genius who had painted the Almighty separating light from darkness with one movement of his hand. "I am here in distress," he confessed to Gismondo, "and in great bodily fatigue. I have no friends and no money, and I do not wish for them. . . . There are indeed but few occasions when I have the means to procure as much food as I need." Michelangelo and Beethoven shared the same fate. The concert of May 7, 1824, represents a date in the history of art comparable, in its glory, to that All Saints Day of 1512 on which the creator of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel removed his scaffoldings and revealed the finished work.

He who translated the ode *To Joy* into music, plunged into the abysses of anguish. To the terrors of deafness were added a serious affliction of the eyes; he was not able to revise the *Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli*. On the 15th of March, 1823, feeling himself defeated, he wrote the letter to Cherubini the rough draft of which is preserved in the Staatsbibliothek at Berlin: "My critical situation demands that I do not as usual fix my eyes on the heavens only; on the contrary it is necessary also to fix them lower,

on the necessities of life." The musical director of the King of France did not even deign to reply; perhaps he was thinking of his last great work, his *Ali Babà*. He maintained that he never received this poignant missive. On the 25th of April, Beethoven turned to Ries for a little money. His friend, the orchestra director, von Seyfried, relates that thereafter he fell into the most morose hypochondria, complained of the wickedness and the falsity of the world, and declared that there were no longer any honest people. When the cook, Frau Schnaps, called the "Fast Frigate," refused to navigate, he had to go to market himself to buy what was necessary; on returning to his miserable lodgings he and his housekeeper pommeled each other. There were days when he was unable to leave the house because of the holes in his shoes.

In his despair, Beethoven conceived the strange idea of writing to His Excellency Goethe. Had he not lately dedicated to him his *Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt*? Was he not after a fashion, his disciple? He begged him, in terms not only respectful but humble, to intercede for him to the end that the Grand Duke of Weimar subscribe to his *Missa Solemnis*. His Excellency did not reply. Several years earlier Schubert's request for permission to dedicate a collection of songs to His Excellency had not had any better reception. His Excellency deigned to give thanks only on the day when Mendelssohn, the son of a rich Berlin banker, sent him his piano quartets. The good Schindler, who can be relied upon, reveals Beethoven crushed by debts, ruined by the expense of lawsuits and by the demands of his nephew, receiving very little money for his compositions, reduced to an annuity of 900 florins, obliged to borrow in order not to have to part with the precious bank shares. After all the expenses had been defrayed, the subscription to the *Missa Solemnis* left him only an "insignificant sum, scarcely compensating him

for the time devoted to corrections." The Austrian court sent nothing; Beethoven counted in vain on his former relations with Bernadotte but the latter betrayed all, even friendship. The King of Prussia offered him a choice of money or a decoration; when sovereigns created Orders, it was no doubt out of a desire to economize. Thanks are due to King Louis XVIII for having sent the Master a gold medal—genuine gold. It is true that the "stubborn old Dutchman," as Count Lichnowski called him, refused to act on the suggestions that the Intendant General of Imperial Music forwarded to him. The Emperor disliked this stormy democrat. Rather than solicit or accept a favor, Beethoven continued to fight against his publishers. He was even threatened with a lawsuit for having broken certain agreements. Again Bach had to intervene. To his troubles might be added the difficulty he found in the matter of lodgings, or in living harmoniously with landlords or with the neighboring lodgers. How was an honest burgher of Baden or Mödling to harbor, without being vexed, this madman who came in bareheaded, who shouted into his kitchen, from whom one heard those repeated *ha's*, and who wrote on the shutters and the walls? Overwhelmed by so many difficulties, Beethoven called upon the most loyal of his friends for help. "Schindler! Samothracian! Help!" And the *famulus* tried to protect him against this constant assault of Destiny.

A sketch by Eduard Klosson depicts Beethoven during the year 1823, seated alone at a café table, a newspaper in his hand, smoking his long pipe, his hair thrown back, "looking like an irritated burgher." Karl, in some ways very charming, was continually creating scandals; he was often drunk; when sober again he apologized in those cynically frank letters. Let us not be excessively hard on this boy. If one can judge from the conversation books, he knew how to pay

respect to his uncle in terms that reveal both intelligence and some feeling. "*Everything you write is original*," he declared, "while other composers, even those of genius, call others to mind, somewhat." But Karl passed his life in cafés, and in the company of questionable women. Beethoven's relations with his brother Johann were scarcely any happier. Johann had married a woman whom Beethoven called the *fat trollop* (*Fettlümmerl*), who brought her husband an illegitimate daughter as a wedding gift, and had no distaste for further affairs. The Master himself gives evidence that he became more and more excitable and irritable. He felt his end imminent. He wrote in 1823, "It may be that my life will not last much longer." The English musician Edward Schulz met him in Baden in the autumn. He was struck by his melancholy, moved by his complaints. But in the course of their conversation Handel was mentioned. Beethoven became animated and once more expressed his admiration for him whom he considered the greatest of all the masters. He disliked praise of his early works, his *Septet*, or even his *Trios*. These were the products of his youth, that he had hoped to cast into oblivion by his new compositions.

Into this twilight, with all the admirable intuition of youth, a child, himself a genius, cast a ray of light. In December, 1822, the Viennese public was invited to a concert at which a little ten-year-old prodigy was to play Hummel's *Concerto in A minor*, and a fantasia composed by him on the andante of the *C minor Symphony*. His success was such, Guy de Pourtalès explains, that on the following day a critic proclaimed: *Est deus in nobis*. The child prodigy was taken to the Master's home, to his wretched lodgings. He played a composition by Ries and transposed a Bach fugue. "Ha! Ha! A devil of a rascal! There is a rogue! . . . You are a blessed fellow and you are going to make other people

happy," exclaimed Beethoven. From early childhood Franz Liszt worshiped the Master; he knew him from a portrait hung over the piano in the family home at Raiding, on the Hungarian plains; he had already interpreted his idol before the Pressburg nobility. For the two years that he had been with his parents in Vienna, while studying with Czerny and Salieri, he had held to his ideals, in spite of the general infatuation for the Italians and Rossini. His recompense? When Franz gave his farewell concert at the Redoutensaal in 1823 before leaving for Paris, Beethoven blessed him by kissing him on the forehead. In the conversation books several remarks of Schindler allude to this occasion. "The child Liszt would like you to give him a theme on which to improvise tomorrow. . . . Czerny is his teacher. . . . He is eleven years old. . . . Do come. It would amuse Karl to see him play." Here was indeed the spiritual child of the Master. On Germany's musical firmament appeared a new star. The little Liszt, while visiting at Eisenstadt at the home of Prince Esterházy, became acquainted with the glorious tradition of former times, with the memory of Gluck and Haydn; in his career, just beginning, in the protection he requested of several Hungarian magnates, there were already resemblances to Beethoven's life; does not the fact that old Cherubini evidenced ill will towards him and refused him admission to the Conservatoire indicate this? This child, like the Master of his heart, perfected himself through his free, untrammelled spirit, through his uncompromising devotion to art, through zealous seeking into the poetic resources of music. Later, in 1839, he guaranteed the necessary sums for the erection of a monument to Beethoven from the proceeds of his concerts. From now on, this kiss that Liszt had received, this devotion that he gave, illumined the gray years of the old Master, abandoned and decried by so many others.

Fidelio's success, when it was revived in 1822, justified Beethoven's thinking again of the theater. The Imperial Opera might even consider asking him for another work! Among several libretti that had been proposed to him, the Master accepted that of Grillparzer's *Melusine*. He set himself to work, discussing the order of scenes with the poet, in whom he placed much confidence. The thought of enriching the German theater with a new work, of reacting against Rossinian fanaticism, was very tempting. The Viennese were disconsolate at the departure of the Italian company in July, 1822. In October, 1823, Weber proffered his *Euryanthe*, composed on the express wish of the Kärntnertheater.

A musical event almost as important as the presentation of *Der Freischütz* two years earlier. Primarily because of the subject. The author of the poem led the listeners back to the thirteenth century about the time of the trouvères, of Gérard de Nevers and the *Roman de la violette*. The legend relates the adventures of one Liziart, Count of Forez, who had laid a bet on seducing the virtuous Euryanthe, friend of Gérard; as stake for the wager, the earldom of Nevers. Forez failed, but he had seen the young maiden in her bath, and had noticed on her beautiful body a little token in the form of a violet. The craftiness of the lord in making the most of this discovery, Gérard's despair, Euryanthe suspected and abandoned, the calumny made known and punished: these adventures had provoked innumerable novels and had inspired Boccaccio and Shakespeare. Friedrich Schlegel translated the traditional version. Planard drew from it a subject for Carafa, and Helmina von Chezy, a libretto for Weber. The story of *Euryanthe* is thus allied to those adventures of the Middle Ages which German Romanticism endeavored to popularize.

However, Weber's opera is valued chiefly for the novelty of the music, for the originality of melodic declamation, for the care taken that lyric expression conform to the demands of the drama, and for its rhythmic freedom and orchestral coloring. Wagner referred to *Euryanthe* when composing *Lohengrin*. "This use of motives, which assumes such important significance from the beginning of the overture, already suggests the Wagnerian conception of the *Leitmotiv*," writes Paul Landormy. "On the other hand, the romantic feeling for nature, which gives to Weber's opera such moving charm, presages the mystic, symbolic, metaphysical music of the Tetralogy." In spite of his lack of depth, Weber strove for the same ends that Beethoven did, for the independence and originality of German music. *Euryanthe* provoked much discussion. Schubert, present at the first performance, was imprudent enough to inform Weber that he preferred *Der Freischütz*. Grillparzer, with perspicacity, discerned the defect, honorable moreover, of this work and of the composer: "The North Germans, of whom Weber is typical, reason too much. *Euryanthe* contains more poetry than music. Weber is a critic who composes."

Beethoven followed the battle as best he could. In the forty-first conversation book, Lichnowski gives him an account of his impressions. "The music does not suit the text at all. It is much too tragic; nothing but dissonances; artificial transitions; a constant courting of difficulties. Already, no one goes to hear this piece, which will not last. Do you think that, [your] opera once written, the management would give you what you asked?" *Euryanthe* did not save German music, at least not at the time; its happy influence did not make itself felt until much later.

When Beethoven returned to Vienna in October, 1823, at the time when the battle over *Euryanthe* commenced, he

had nearly completed the *Ninth Symphony*. The concert at which his two masterpieces were heard bears the historic date of the 7th of May, 1824. This admirable and astonishing program, advertised with the authorization of the government, consisted of: a grand overture (op. 124) *Weihe des Hauses*, over which Beethoven and Schindler had quarreled; three Grand Hymns with soli and choruses; a grand symphony with a finale in which appear soli and choruses, on Schiller's ode *To Joy*. The three Grand Hymns refer to the *Missa Solemnis* or, at least, they consisted of the Kyrie, the Credo, and the Agnus Dei, announced under the only title that the Archbishop of Vienna and the Chief of Police permitted. Pleasant times! Pleasant country!

The honest Schindler gives an account of the difficulties that nearly made this tremendous and hazardous enterprise impossible. There were enormous expenses. Would it not have been better to organize this concert at Berlin, under the patronage of Count Brühl? Once more Beethoven threatened to emigrate, or to send his music out of the country. The lovers of music in Vienna drew up a letter, invoking national interest, appealing in the name of German Art; Polyhymnia was called upon. Beethoven looked over the list of signatures and found those of his oldest friends, Fries, Zmeskall, and his pupil Czerny. He was touched. At all times, in all places, those who make the most sacrifices for their countries are those who derive the least benefit from them. Beethoven left his masterpiece in Vienna. "Very well, Schindler! Engage the Theater an der Wien! See Count von Palffy, the Honorable Director! Negotiate with him as to the expenses! Fix the admission price! Arrange for rehearsals! Umlauf and Schuppanzigh shall conduct!" Palffy refused to dispense with his own orchestral conductors. "Schindler! Ho! Samothracian! Go to the Kärntnerthor-

theater, see whether they will accept my stout Schuppanzigh, my Falstaff! Schindler, go seek out the baritone Fortil Schindler, I no longer want Fortil!" The choristers knew only how to sing Rossini. Beethoven proved to be as changeable as an Austrian sky in the springtime. One day he announced that he had canceled the concert. "I have already been boiled, stewed, and roasted," he wrote. The matter ended by coming to terms with the Kärntnerthortheater; the director rented the auditorium, the orchestra, and the chorus for the sum of one thousand florins. Rehearsals continued in the midst of constant caviling. The director of the ensemble demanded that Beethoven simplify the soprano parts and the Credo: a useless petition. The bass, Preissinger, had to cede his place to Seipelt of the Theater an der Wien. The conversation books, which should be published verbatim, at least those of this period, complete this information. In the sixty-third notebook I noticed the following brusque remark: "Schindler disarranges everything" (*derangiert alles*). One of the interlocutors, Schuppanzigh perhaps, protests with justification: "He arranges everything." The stout milord Falstaff was himself jeered at. "What a jolly fellow (*Mordskerl*) when confronted by a platter of fried chicken (*Backhühner*)!" There were voluminous discussions on the details of the work, and on the merits of the interpreters. The singers' habit of gargling in the Italian way (*die italienische Gurgeley*) was railed at. Schindler attempted to persuade Beethoven that his defective hearing would not prevent him from directing the ensemble.

Here is something still more touching. In the sixty-fourth notebook are Schindler's last instructions before the concert (page 30a). "We shall take everything with us. We'll also take your green coat, which you can put on in the theater when you conduct. The theater is dark, no one will know that

your coat is green. O great Master, that you do not possess even a black coat! Well then, the green one will have to do; in a few days your black clothes will be ready." The minutes pass. "It is six o'clock," warns Schindler. . . . "Master, get ready! (*Meister, rüstet euch!*) Don't argue so much. (*Contradicieret nicht mehr so viel.*) Otherwise there will be confusion. Then do be patient (*fromm*) and agreeable. You follow according to what we do; it must be done this way." Seipelt has not yet come. Hecht arrives. One visualizes the whole scene. The sixty-fourth notebook enumerates the seats in the parterre offered gratis: three to Fräulein Unger; two to Fräulein Sontag (an amusing discrimination); one to Hensler, the director of the Josephstädtertheater; two to Umlauf; two to Bernard; three to Dr. Staudenheim, who had attended Beethoven since his quarrel with Malfatti. There were also some complimentary seats in the fourth gallery; here was a seat for his brother, but none for his sister-in-law.

One would like to listen with the same sentiment that Beethoven had when he wrote this *Missa Solemnis*, which Franz Schalk conducted with so much command at the Centenary Festival. Vincent d'Indy, whose profound conviction commands respect, finds in this masterpiece the expression of a deeply Catholic belief, a sincere expression of faith in the Trinity; in it he sees Beethoven manifesting his mystic conviction, his theological erudition, his attachment to the pure doctrine of the Roman Church. For others, this occasional composition expresses no change in the Master's established convictions, summed up in a kind of deism after the fashion of the eighteenth century, spiritualistic but with a marked tendency towards Pantheism, eclectic at least, if one is inclined to recall the Egyptian inscription he had

copied with his own hand and placed on his work table. Jean Chantavoine writes: "The *Missa Solemnis* is a work of free thought, and therefore from the point of view of the Church a work condemnable and heretical."

Orthodoxy or heresy, we cannot accept this dilemma. On religious subjects as well as on political affairs, Beethoven expressed himself with that independence of spirit which nothing could restrain; dogmas, no matter what they were, disgusted him. At his home—the conversation books prove this—people expressed themselves freely on the subject of God himself. On a certain day Holz jokingly remarked: "You cannot help becoming religious. From your lodgings you can see the spires of all the churches in Vienna." Assuredly he had nothing of the mystic or the ascetic about him; his whole life was based on a belief in the power of man, in the fecundity of feeling; his adoration of nature, his disposition to personify it, and that exaltation of joy which proceeded to express itself in so glorious a manner in the *Ninth Symphony*, added to his native Christianity much of paganism, avowed or unconscious. But his intransigent morality was based on deistical beliefs. Schindler informs us that he admired and attempted to circulate a treatise of Sturm on the "divine works in nature" (*Beobachtungen über die Werke Gottes*). If the discussions with Prince Dietrichstein on the subject of a Mass requested by the Emperor bore primarily on the musical form of the work, if Beethoven could bring himself to attempt once again a type of composition in which Handel, Cherubini, and even Abbé Stadler had distinguished themselves, modification of his attitude towards official Catholicism made this undertaking possible without the slightest adverse criticism. Let us not lose ourselves in a discussion of the Master's orthodoxy or heterodoxy. Palestrina himself did not escape controversies

of this sort. The choristers of the Sistine Chapel contested his faith, which had been judged adequate by the Pope. There is nothing more relative than opinions on the Absolute.

What can be debated is the religious expression of the work, whatever be the religion it expresses. The *Mass* comprises five parts, according to the program: Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, Agnus Dei. The force and the amplitude of this great poem, dedicated to the Glory of God, are affirmed from the first measures of the animated allegro of the Gloria, by the fervor of the expression of adoration and gratitude, and expanded in the brilliant fugue that follows the "Quoniam tu solus." The division of the work is commanded entirely by the traditional text. The fugue may be considered too long, and in part unnecessary, or even unoriginal. This only serves to emphasize better the fine simplicity of the Credo, its pathos, when close regard for the text does not give a too purely descriptive character to the development. The "Et resurrexit" with the piercing calls of the trombones, summoning the dead to the Last Judgment, is treated in the same style as the Gloria. The best commentary on such a work is clearly Michelangelo's masterpiece: the elect ascending to heaven despite the hostile efforts of the demons; sinners struggling in vain towards this ultimate peace; the scourging block and the mementos of the Passion recalling the sacrifice to which the believers owe their salvation, and there also, for paganism and Christianity were confused in the imagination of that other poet, Dante's *Inferno*, allusions to the tribulations of the painter himself: there is more evidence of strength perhaps than of unity or orthodoxy. Without doubt, Beethoven manifested a little haste in getting away from certain parts of the Credo, from avowals of fidelity to the Catholic and Apostolic Church. It seems

malicious to seek skeptical views in this apparent haste even as it seems to us exaggerated to praise the composer of the *Mass* for his theological learning. Not all the words of the text that he expounded had for him an equal poetic value, an equal richness. His inspiration swept him away anew when he constructed the masterly fugue on the words "Et Vitam." A true representation of the joys of heaven, writes D'Indy; a mystic dance, a round of the blessed, an adoring swirl. Verily, we are here transported into Dante's Paradise.

. . . so in that light
*I other luminaries saw, that coursed
 In circling motion, rapid more or less*

*Never was blast from vapour charged with cold,
 Whether invisible to eye or no,
 Descended with such speed, it had not seem'd
 To linger in dull tardiness, compared
 To those celestial lights, that towards us came,
 Leaving the circuit of their joyous ring,
 Conducted by the lofty Seraphim.
 And after them, who in the van appeared,
 Such an Hosanna sounded as hath left
 Desire, ne'er since extinct in me, to hear
 Renew'd the strain.**

These vast spaces that the musician discloses to us can be peopled at the pleasure of our imagination. His faith, nevertheless, here becomes very learned and solicitous in preparing the final Amen by means of a very austere technique. One must please God, but at the same time one's critical colleagues, who persisted in considering Beethoven incapable of writing a grand fugue.

* *Paradise* (Henry F. Cary translation), Canto VIII, lines 20-34.

Of these colleagues—and the Archbishop of Olmütz was one of them—the Master was perhaps thinking when he composed the fugue, “Pleni sunt coeli,” when he wrote the violin solo of the “Benedictus,” when he composed the final presto.

But more than this learning and this grandeur, what makes the *Missa Solemnis* so moving is its tenderness and human feeling. As early as the andante of the Kyrie, this is indicated by the change of tonality to the relative key of B minor to express the dolor of those supplicating Christ and entreating his compassion. We believe that we follow a slow procession of imploring people, a sad cortège that gives voice to the age-old lamentation of humanity, a throng expressing its trust, always deceived, always reborn, in a future perfection, in an ideal figure of justice. A soprano voice carries this plaint and this hope to the heavens, so often unheeding. If the three parts of the Kyrie assumed their form from the sonata, it was now necessary to extend them to hold the distress of all these people united in prayer like a forest chanting in the wind. Even in the Gloria the voices, carried away in an outburst of adoration, become soft in an expression of their gratitude (modulation to the key of B minor); a tender larghetto introduces the earnest supplication of the “Miserere.” One would not like to submit believers to the pain of contesting the sincerity of the faith that inspired this sincere expression; for this immense *deprecatio* speaks to the heart of every sufferer. The lament that in the last sonatas Beethoven uttered only for himself, he now expresses for all his fellow sufferers, for all the world.

In the middle of the Credo, the exposition of the Incarnation is introduced by an adagio. “Et incarnatus est . . . de Spiritu Sancto . . . ex Maria virgine.” Two cellos sing exultantly; all the tenderness of the Gospel seems to have been

recovered; the drama of Calvary, the Passion, the burial become vivid to us again.

Once more we find the replete Beethoven, as we long ago learned to love him, with the adagio of the Sanctus. Even from the religious point of view, it is one of the most poignant parts. The *praeludium* is wrapped in pious meditation during the time when the priest completes the sacrificial ritual. And here is the hymn that proceeds to bind the *Missa Solemnis* not only to the *Ninth Symphony*, but to every one of this unique Master's works. Again, in the name of suffering humanity, he implores the Lamb of God. This is, as he himself has informed us, his "prayer for inner and external peace." "Miserere nobis," repeat the supplicants anew. Have pity on us: give us repose like that which every evening lulls the fields to rest! Have pity on us: dispel war, always impending if not always present, whose brutal fanfares sound in our ears! Give us peace! See the struggle, the sadness in our troubled souls. Lamb of God, grant us less of suffering! Thus, even when he wrote his great religious work, it was the spirit of the Gospel in its peaceful simplicity that Beethoven expressed with the greatest felicity, under the most natural inspiration; he asked of it, and found in it, that protestation against violence, against injustice, and that tender love for the lowly and the suffering, the meaning of which had been revealed to him by the hardships of his own life, so soon to be ended; he found in it his own love of humanity. And by virtue of this character the *Missa Solemnis* is closely allied to the *Ninth Symphony*.

In this second work (op. 125), lyricism does not have to suffer the restraint of a liturgical text. The long allegro, opening with a brusque accord, A-E and, after some hesitation, establishing the key of D minor, gives evidence of this

independence through the freedom of its development. The initial and essential theme, which had already appeared eight years earlier among the sketches for the song cycle *An die ferne Geliebte*, reappears at the end to affirm the unity of the movement. In the interim, several secondary themes stand out. The tonality that the Master employs here once more, and which so often in his works serves him in obtaining particularly moving effects, enables him to give to his somber and imposing thought all its intensity.

Likewise Beethoven removes the scherzo, or to be more exact, that movement which he defines as a *molto vivace*, from its traditional place to make it the second movement of the symphony. There is no work that reveals better than the *Ninth Symphony* Beethoven's process of composition, the slow maturation of musical ideas, which developed in him by a sort of organic evolution, like fruits and flowers, before he undertook the work of the *Durchführung*. The first traces of the scherzo and of its fugue are already found in the notes of 1815; Beethoven follows it with a trio in which the melody is supported by a pedal point of bassoons and horns. This time the dance is of the earth, enlivened by the picturesqueness of rustic themes, by rhythmic and tonal surprises. It is the part of the symphony that Rossini, on leaving the performance which apparently Schindler and Wagner also attended, declared incomparable and inimitable; the connoisseurs observed the bold use of the kettle-drums, and a certain modulation in the oboes that aroused cries of enthusiasm. Once more Beethoven yielded to a somewhat rough joviality, more blustering than Mozart's elegant fantasy but full of animation, simple and sonorous.

After this second part, the Viennese public, according to the report of Karl Holz, burst into applause. "The eyes of the performers were wet with tears. The Master continued

to beat time until Fräulein Unger, with a motion of her hand, indicated to him the uproar in the auditorium. He looked around and bowed, very calmly." One imagines how receptively this audience, wherein were found Beethoven's best friends, those who were acquainted with his sorrows, must have listened to his last symphonic expression, to the pathetic adagio in 4/4 time, in the key of B flat major, which by a modulation of the clarinets becomes an andante in D major, and to its flexible variations on two themes culled from his garden of sketches which give to the mood the charm of a fantasia and of a reverie. A bouquet of entwined melodies, tied for the last time by a hand skillful, but above all, fervent. A horn sings in the distance. The last measures, *pianissimo*, leave us in deep meditation.

We have arrived at the most solemn part of the work; human voices rise above the instrumental symphony. Beethoven had prepared a long time for this redoubtable innovation; he had already thought of it, we have observed, when he wrote the second *Sonata* of opus 31. This is the last effort that is to confirm for us the meaning of all his music; this is the fruition of an idea that had haunted him since his early youth. This is, so we are told, his public testament, if the word does not seem too ambitious to explain this unrestrained utterance, so natural, so abundant by virtue of the fact that it was so long withheld. We find ourselves in the middle of the work, at the point where the unity of the entire symphony is made manifest. Beethoven clearly announces this as soon as the cellos and basses have presented the recitative, in restating one after another the introduction to the allegro, the theme of the scherzo and that of the adagio, which through this return are closely allied to the last movement. Then the meaning of the glorious finale (*allegro assai*) is expressed. The baritone solo takes up the

recitative on words Beethoven himself selected: "O Friends, not these tones (*nicht diese Töne*); let us sing a more agreeable and a happier song."

The ode *To Joy* can break all chains. We enter "into a sanctuary where all men become brothers." The chorus and the soloists question and reply to each other. An allegro alla marcia is well adapted to the essential theme of Schiller's verse, which urges men to "follow their paths fearlessly, like heroes marching to victory." We recognize the inspiration to which we owe the *Third Symphony* of earlier date. Now is the time or never, to introduce a new fugue. An andante maestoso, an adagio divoto intrude to interpret the verse in which Schiller "clasps his millions of brothers in a common embrace, and offers his kiss to the whole world." One cannot fail to see that the desire to respect Schiller's poem required of Beethoven, in the finale, a method of composition comparable to that which the liturgical text of the *Missa Solemnis* made necessary. The words "Seid umschlungen, Millionen," give rise to a new theme of religious character. The women's voices seemingly wish to reach this starry region where "the beloved Father dwells"; the violins vie with them in tenderness. In a transport that hardly interrupts the tranquillity, varying in turn, movement, accent, measure, the poet musician sweeps us along in the pursuit of joy up to the last prestissimo, which carries us in full light of day to a summit. This lyric joy has been more correctly called *life*. It was life that the musician of genius, who was soon to die, was celebrating.

In the *Missa Solemnis* as in the *Choral Symphony*, the soprano and alto solo parts were taken by the Hungarian Caroline Unger and by Henriette Sontag. Both were famous. Caroline had studied singing in Vienna and in Milan. Peo-

ple admired her fine stature and her powerful voice, which was criticized only on the ground of a somewhat strident quality in her high register. Henriette Walpurgis Sontag had a still more brilliant career. Our information about her comes from many witnesses. From Rellstab, the famous contributor to the *Vossische Zeitung*, and from his vituperative pamphlet, *Henriette, oder die schöne Sängerin*. From the intriguing Prince von Pückler Muskau. He met her in London in 1828 and succumbed to her charms. "If I had been the king," he said, "I should have permitted myself a fancy for her. She looked like a thorough little jade." Let us consider this last word a jest. Pückler greatly admired Henriette. "She dances like an angel. She is very refreshing and jolly, withal sweet and pensive and well bred." He met her at the home of von Bülow, heard her sing *Don Giovanni*, cheered her from the wings, and came across her again at a concert in the Duke of Devonshire's home, where she provoked him by rather inoffensive refractoriness. Fräulein Sontag was admitted into English society; an Esterházy and a Clanwilliam were madly in love with her. Pückler rode by her side, galloped with her to Greenwich, and, decidedly ensnared, wished to marry her. He changed his tone now in speaking of her. "It is truly remarkable to see how pure and innocent this young girl has remained in such an environment; the down of the fruit has preserved all its freshness." But Henriette had secretly married Count Rossi. Pückler bore his loss with as profound a grief as his character would permit; he placed a bust of Henriette in the park at Muskau, and when she died in 1854, in the course of a tour to Mexico, he erected a veritable temple to her in Branitz.

At the time when the *Missa Solemnis* and the *Choral Symphony* were performed, Henriette and Caroline were both eighteen years old. The youthful Sontag had not yet

acquired the reputation that she shortly won by her success at Leipzig in *Der Freischütz* and *Euryanthe*, and at Paris as Rosina in *Le Barbier de Séville*, in which she dazzled a difficult public by her variations in the "singing lesson" scene. Beethoven had been acquainted with the two cantatrici for some months; he had entertained them. "Since they absolutely demanded my hands to kiss, and since they were very pretty, I offered them my mouth in preference," he wrote to his brother Johann. Caroline intrigued to have a rôle in the opera *Melusine*, which Beethoven planned to write on a text by Grillparzer. Schindler declared, "She is a devil, full of fire and caprice." Sontag was thought of to interpret *Fidelio*. Beethoven entrusted to her his two great works, but, as we have seen, the rehearsals did not progress without difficulties. "You are a tyrant in vocal writing," Caroline told him. "Cannot these high notes be changed?" The Master refused to alter the smallest detail, to make the slightest concession to Italianism, or to change one single note. At the most, he gave Henriette permission to sing her part *mezza voce*. The two young women retained a most touching memory of their collaboration; much later they avowed that they had never entered Beethoven's lodgings without the sentiment of worshipers in a church.

Schuppanzigh was the Konzertmeister at the concert on May 7th. The orchestra was directed by Michael Umlauf, the son of the famous Ignaz Umlauf whose ballads were sung in every Viennese circle. An excellent musician, Michael had also written works for the stage, and some sonatas. The programme announced, "Herr Ludwig van Beethoven will himself participate in the general direction." The reasons for this euphemism are apparent. Seated in the midst of the performers, the old gray-haired Master tried

in vain to follow the score. Certain of not being detected, the singers remained silent in the most difficult passages.

The concert was a tremendous success. The hall was filled; one box was empty, that of the Emperor. The enthusiastic public waved hats and handkerchiefs. Critics declared that Beethoven had just revealed a form of beauty heretofore unknown. The Leipzig *Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung* lauded "these works of a giant." It declared: "Art and Truth here celebrate their unconditional triumph, and one might say in all justice: *non plus ultra*. On whom will the mission of surpassing these unattainable limits devolve?" There had been only two rehearsals, the orchestra having been obliged to rehearse a ballet. They cheered the singers, the musicians, and the Master who, turning his back on the audience, heard nothing. But the receipts did not fulfill the expectations of Beethoven, who received only four hundred and twenty florins and from this sum had to defray the expenses. On the very evening of this triumph, after the ovation that had impelled him to the edge of the proscenium, learning how much reduced the profits were, he fell into a state of complete prostration. It was necessary to lay him on a sofa, and to watch over him part of the night; they found him the next morning sleeping in his shabby green coat. An official, Hüttenbrenner, and Schindler took him home, discouraged, furious, stamping his feet with rage.

The sixty-third notebook contains indications of the discussions that took place after the concert. On page 32*b* Schindler declares, "This concert would have brought you from twelve to fifteen thousand gulden in Paris or London. Here you have received only from twelve to fifteen hundred. . . . Why do you remain within these gates? You trample your own interests underfoot. . . . Have you at least recovered from yesterday's efforts?" Karl puts in his word. He

notes that Sontag and Unger were not applauded at their entrance. "But that is altogether natural," he tells his uncle. "In a concert given by you, the public well knows that it is not necessary to applaud the singers." Beethoven appears to have demanded the names of his most important auditors. They mentioned the violinist Mayseder, who came himself in quest of six seats. "Yesterday morning," states Karl, "they fought at the doors to the hall, so great was the crowd of people who had come to buy tickets." The sixty-fourth notebook (formerly the ninety-fourth) brings to us another conversation on the same subject. "Never in my life," says Schindler, "have I heard applause so frenetic and, at the same time, so cordial. The second movement of the symphony was at one place interrupted by the demonstration of the audience. It demanded a repetition. The reception was more than royal. Four times the audience burst into applause. At the end it cried: 'Vivat!' The ensemble was indeed well managed. There was not the slightest difficulty. . . . Now I should like to speak from the bottom of my heart; yesterday I had a secret fear that the *Mass* would be forbidden; people said that the Archbishop was opposed to its performance. And now, *Pax tecum!* It is told that you employed quadruple counterpoint instead of double counterpoint. . . . Your brother has held forth on this. (*Der Bruder hat perorirt.*) Bach saw Zmeskall, who was brought to his seat in a sedan chair." We wish we might recover all of these precious comments, and reconstruct the whole life contained in the details of the little notebooks yellowed with age. It was Schindler, as always, who spoke at greatest length; he recounted the most insignificant events; his recitals were embellished with his own reflections. "It is easier to arrive at an understanding with ten male singers than one female."

He explained how Count Palffy von Erdödy plotted to avenge himself against Beethoven for his discomfiture.

On the 23rd of May, at noon, in the Redoutensaal, a new rendition of the two works was offered to the public. But the management had deemed it necessary to sacrifice to popular taste, by adding two Italian singers to the concert. Of the *Mass*, only the Kyrie was given. Henriette Sontag contributed a song by Mercadante. The popular tenor David won applause in an excerpt from *Tancredi*, written for contralto and transposed for him. "Fortunately," wrote Schindler, "Beethoven did not hear this parody." The hall was half empty; the deficit amounted to eight hundred florins. Nevertheless, in recognition of their services, the Master invited Schindler, Schuppanzigh, and Umlauf to dine with him at the inn Zum wilden Mann, in the Prater. Karl was present. The storm burst quickly. Beethoven flew into a passion at Schindler, accused him of having supported his interests very badly, and argued about the profits. The dispute became so violent that the guests left. The two friends remained at odds for some time.

It was in the autumn of the same year that the Englishman Stumpff, the harp manufacturer, met Beethoven at Baden; he dined with him in a garden and heard him complain again of Vienna, which exhibited a taste only for Italian music. The old poet seemed from this time on resigned. Stumpff saw him again in his little apartment in Vienna; here indeed dwelled Misery. The piano, the beautiful piano, which had come from London, had lost several keys; the broken strings were as tangled as the branches of a bush. Advantage was taken of the Master's absence to repair and restore the damaged instrument. To repay his unexpected benefactor, Beethoven consented to play for

him; he took him for a walk; he dressed himself almost luxuriously in his honor: blue coat, blue trousers, yellow waistcoat, a cravat with white dots, a top hat, and shiny boots. Stumpff retained delightful recollections of these few hours passed in the Helenental; they spoke of the *Tenth Symphony*, awaited so eagerly. Beethoven, in a thorough fit of Anglophilia, again contemplated going to London; he soliloquized long on his favorite subjects, on art, on the necessity of putting one's soul into each work.

While completing his *Ninth Symphony* and the *Missa Solemnis*, he had written his *Thirty-three Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli* (op. 120). As formidable a work for the interpreter as the opus 106 and its fugue. A work that proves to what degree the composer of the *Missa Solemnis* and the *Ninth Symphony* had preserved the flexibility of his technique and even his humor; one of the variations, the thirty-first, is very amusing, its style having been borrowed from Rossini. The twenty-second offers a last homage to Mozart. The adagio of the twenty-ninth recalls the period of the first sonatas, of Beethoven's youth, of Therese and Josephine. The thirty-second contains a truly prodigious fugue. The whole life of the Master is thus recapitulated in these *Variations*. This new masterpiece was written for the sake of the eighty ducats he earned thereby.

CHAPTER XIV

THE LAST QUARTETS

"ON WHOM will the mission of surpassing these unattainable limits devolve?" asked the Leipzig *Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung*. On Beethoven himself. He had composed the last sonatas, the *Missa Solemnis*, the *Variations*, the *Ninth Symphony*. He was still to write the last five quartets.

From this time on he was completely deaf. Of this there is decisive proof. Gerhard von Breuning saw him at his desk at the time he was composing for Galitzin. The visitor seated himself at the piano and played, at first softly, then loudly, then very loudly; Beethoven heard nothing. Aided by the valuable works of Joseph de Marliave we are able to follow in detail the trials of these last years of his life, the stages of that frightful agony, the confessions more touching than those of Rousseau, that last tearful search for joy. Beethoven had now chosen as his most intimate friend Karl Holz, second violinist of the Schuppanzigh quartet, who amused him by his witticisms, persuaded him to visit cafés, and encouraged his taste for drinking. The Master, who composed the *Canzona* and the *Cavatina* within several weeks of each other, was not an ascetic isolated in his rapture; he was a man who struggled against want, against illness, against misery, and who wanted to live. At the same time, in Paris, an artist of genius who was to become one of the first fully to understand Beethoven, a person of a truly universal intelligence, expressed in *Les Scènes des Massacres*

de Scio the grief of a martyred people. Delacroix and Beethoven, kindred souls, equally generous, equally ardent, equally impassioned. In reading the *Journal* of Talleyrand's son, in following the events of his life at once so splendid in its wealth of creation and so modest in everyday contacts, one often thinks of Beethoven. First because of the depth of inspiration. Delacroix writes: "God is in us. It is this inner presence that makes us admire the beautiful, that makes us rejoice when we have done good, and that comforts us for not participating in the prosperity of the wicked." The same concern for moral greatness. "There are men of virtue just as there are men of genius; both are inspired and favored by the Lord." The same regret for their solitary lives. "A wife who possesses a fortitude like ours is the greatest of blessings." The same belief in the unity of all the arts.

In Germany the aged Goethe had begun the second part of *Faust*, which for many reasons was to bear evident marks of his fatigue and his decline; he attempted to describe humanity and its complex destiny in this work, abstruse in spite of the dazzling lightning flashes that traverse it; he expressed in it, from the very beginning, that ardent love of nature which united him to Beethoven, and sought to depict the society that Euphorion's idealism had purified. But Goethe lived in fame; Beethoven lived in wretchedness.

To avoid offending certain consciences by comparing him to one who was also all love, we shall refrain from pointing out how the last works of Beethoven mark the stages of a Passion and likewise the progress along the way of the Cross. At least we can compare the weak efforts of those who have tried to give us the chronological order of the last works to the unceasing labors of the editors of Pascal. Following Marliave's research, the succession that must be accepted is: fragments of the *Tenth Symphony*; the *Twelfth*

Quartet in E flat major; the Fifteenth in A minor; the Thirteenth in B flat major; the Fourteenth in C sharp minor; the Sixteenth in F major; the second finale of the Thirteenth Quartet; the Flute Quintet. To these important compositions should be added a few canons.

It is known, thanks to Nottebohm's admirable proof, that Beethoven had begun to write a *Tenth Symphony*. Perhaps it was the work that he mentions to the Archduke Rudolph in a letter dated July 1, 1823, and that he said was for England! We know the plan of it. It is worth citing, for it offers us an indisputable example of the way in which the Master worked. "Adagio Cantabile—religious song for a Symphony in the old modes [Lord God, We Praise Thee; Allelujah], either independent or as introduction to a fugue. Perhaps the entire second movement characterized in this way: in the last movement or in the adagio voices enter. The orchestral violins, etc. to be increased tenfold in the last movement. Or the adagio to be repeated in some way in the last movement, while then for the first time, the voices enter one by one . . . In the adagio, text to be a Greek myth [or] a religious canticle. In the allegro, a Bacchus festival." Do not conclude from this that the Master had associated a wild orgy with a religious ode. There is nothing more tranquil or more proper than Poussin's *La Bacchanale*: the tall women between a tree and a rock seem lulled by the strains of the lyre. We have here proof of that eclecticism of Beethoven which we found in studying the *Mass in D*. Pagan and Christian inspiration were united in him.

Three of the last quartets were commissioned by Prince Nicolas Borissovitch Galitzin, who played cello in the St. Petersburg quartet; an agreement was reached in May 1823 on fifty ducats as the price of each quartet; but the musician of whom, besides, a score for *Faust* had been asked, declared

that he wished to write first an oratorio and a symphony. He also wrote the *Six Bagatelles* (op. 126), which were finished in 1824 and published in 1825. In spite of his poverty, he specified in his reply to Galitzin that he could not fix a time for the execution of his commission, "inasmuch as *inspiration is uncontrollable* and he is not like those journalists who work for so much a day and a page." Conditions were hardly favorable to Beethoven, and Prince Galitzin himself was not to receive without astonishment these completely baffling works wherein the Master enclosed the most secret of his thoughts.

The impresario Barbaja's supplier, Rossini, had just triumphed and grown wealthy in London; he was now in the process of conquering Paris.

In 1824 Stendhal published, through Auguste Boulland, the two volumes that tell us about Rossinian fanaticism. "Since the death of Napoleon," he declares, "there has been found another man who is spoken of constantly in Moscow as in Naples, in London as in Vienna, in Paris as in Calcutta. The glory of this man knows no boundaries other than those of civilization, and he is not yet thirty-two years old!" Does Stendhal wish to trace the *interregnum* between Cimarosa and Rossini? He finds only Mayer and Paër to cite; he dislikes, or rather does not understand, German music, because to all harmony he prefers a popular melody, *La Cavajola* or *Le Pestagallo*, sung by an ardent peasant of Abruzzi. "German feeling, too disengaged from terrestrial bonds, and too nourished by imagination, falls easily," he writes, "into what we in France call the silly genre" (*genre niais*). To be sure, Mozart's triumphs awakened the interest of certain dilettanti in Italy; there was one amateur courageous enough to have performed in his country home the principal choruses from *Don Giovanni*, to celebrate that

glorious music, "mistress, serious and sometimes sad, who is loved all the more because of her sadness." La Scala ventured to perform *Don Giovanni* in 1814 and, in 1815, *Le Nozze*; but in 1816 *Die Zauberflöte* failed, ruining the enterprise that hoped to make it known to Italians. The only God was Rossini. He had just conquered the Viennese with his *Zelmira*. Stendhal persisted in ignoring Beethoven. Certainly the author yielded to his fondness for paradoxes when he wrote these two volumes on music; he gives himself out as being tired of serious studies; he regrets the time when colonels did fancywork and when cup and ball was played in the salons; he wants to turn away from Rousseau, from all that is eloquent, from all too passionate expression; he is thankful to Rossini for having circumscribed the rôle of singers in stripping them of those traditional ornaments by means of which they tried to push themselves forward to the detriment of the work. Repeatedly, in reading his *Life*, at once so intelligent and so desultory, one awaits Beethoven's name. Rossini himself, was he to mention the composer of the symphonies among contemporaries worthy of praise? No. The composer of *Il Barbiere* admires Cherubini, at the same time criticizing his too great sacrifice to German harmony; he holds a "very high opinion of M. Pavesi"! Paisiello seems to him the most inimitable of men. One cannot read without smiling, an appraisal of Mozart: "Rossini and all Italians esteem Mozart, but not differently from the way we do; rather as an incomparable symphonist than as a composer of operas. He never speaks of him as one of the greatest of all men; rather, even in *Don Giovanni*, he finds the weakness of the German school; that is to say, there is no music for the voice; there is clarinet music, bassoon music, but nothing, or nearly nothing, for that instrument, ad-

mirable when it does not scream: the human voice." Of Beethoven not a word.

Five years after the publication of Stendhal's work, a musical historian whose works still hold interest, Joseph-Louis d'Ortigue, wrote his book, *De la guerre des dilettanti ou de la révolution opérée par M. Rossini dans l'opéra français*. It would be futile to search for a eulogy of Beethoven slightly comparable to such dithyrambs. We are indebted to the violinist Baillot for having been one of the first to understand the quartets of the Austrian Master, as a letter to Prince Galitzin testifies.

The *Twelfth Quartet in E flat major* (op. 127), was begun in 1824 and completed in Baden, in October of the same year. Beethoven interrupted its composition to write an unused fragment that carries this epigraph: *La gaieté. Allegro grazioso*. The first sketches are scattered among the last sketches of the *Ninth Symphony*. "He composes," declared one of his friends, "in the deliriousness of his joy, and in the joy of his deliriousness." His health? In the middle of the summer he wrote to Karl: "Since yesterday I have eaten nothing but soup, some eggs, and water; my tongue is all yellow; without tonics or purgatives my stomach will never improve in spite of that fool of a doctor." The same complaint is found in a letter to B. Schott and Sons, the publishers, in which he asserts at the same time his wish to complete "what the spirit suggests to me and commands me to finish. . . . Art, together with science, gives intimation of and hope for a higher life." What were the successive thoughts in the musician's soul when, after the majestic opening chords, he entrusted his tender theme to the first violin? In spite of the unity of the work one should not try to describe it pedantically. These last quartets are made up of many lyric fragments written at different times, and

hence in various moods. The delight of the music, one of its delights, is that with its imperceptible transitions, through its nuances of tonal shading, it leaves to our imagination and to our unconscious the same share that the Master reserved for himself. With no care for logic, a soul expands in the course of these meditations, and ritual forms are no more treated with respect than were the rules of the sonata in the preceding works. Urged on by the congenial beginning of the *Twelfth Quartet*, we wander about in a kind of spiritual enclosure. The adagios rise up in the way that the blossoms of a plant would disclose themselves, each having its own pattern: *adagio ma non troppo e molto cantabile*; *andante con moto*; *adagio molto espressivo*. These melodies, sometimes serene, sometimes despairing, were torn from his heart, the farewell to daylight of a traveler who stands before the portal of night. The inspiration that guides this choir of four voices follows the same course as in the *B Flat major Sonata* and the *Ninth Symphony*: a promenade interrupted by discouraged halts, resumed with a resolve that sadness weakens. The poet is here more at ease than in the sonata, where the complex abundance of his thoughts conflicted with the expressive limitations of the piano. The external elements of traditional form seem to be respected. Varied with all the resources of a genius, who, at times, revives his memories of Haydn, or again, announces Schumann and Wagner, inspiration has never been more profound; serenity itself assumes a passionate tone. Dolor? Yes. But no weariness. The scherzo of this *Twelfth Quartet*, the issue of a single subject, following the structural idea of the last sonatas, flowers with a brilliant phantasy. And what strength in the freedom of the finale!

The work was played for the first time on March 6, 1825, with no success. It seems that even the select few of his

friends hesitated to follow the Master, that they were incapable of understanding all there was of the future in these last creations. Some days after the concert, Beethoven received the author, Ludwig Rellstab, in his lodgings on the fourth floor of 767 Krugerstrasse. The novelist's description, prolix and vain, confirms earlier ones. A simple antechamber, encumbered with dishes, empty bottles, and two glasses. In another room, Beethoven, seated on an untidied bed, welcomed the visitor with these words: "I am not well, I have been ill; you will have a poor time with me for my hearing is very bad." Rellstab sat close to the Master; musical sketches lay near them on a table; between the two windows there was a grand piano; elsewhere a secretary, a few chairs and tables, and some old dusty hangings were all the furnishings the room contained. The writer noted the sufferer's gray hair, his yellow skin, his face, on which suffering, melancholy, and goodness were immediately apparent, his blue-gray eyes that bespoke deep sorrow. His eyes always. Beethoven cleaved to his lifelong ideas. An opera libretto was offered him, but he held to his aversion of scandalous plots like those of *Don Giovanni* and *Figaro*. He evidently brought the interview to an abrupt close. While accompanying the visitor to the door he said again, "I am not well today, I feel so tired and spent." When several days later Rellstab appeared again, the maid informed him that the patient was too ill to see him.

In the course of another meeting, Beethoven explained to the novelist that he was always ill during the winter, and hence had to be content with scoring the compositions written during the summer; that he was working on a Mass; that soon, fortunately, he would leave for the country. Rellstab congratulated him on the *E flat major Quartet* (a confirmation of the date fixed by Marliave for this work).

The conversation revealed the composer's preoccupation. "It must have been poorly played. How did it go?" . . . "It was carefully played; it was repeated." . . . "Fine. It should be heard often." In truth, Rellstab betrayed his thoughts in his answers; he, too, found the work enigmatic, inferior, because of its obscurity, to earlier works. Beethoven showed him the English Broadwood piano that his friends and pupils had just given him; he played a chord; it was a discord. When the traveler, before departing for Berlin, took leave of the musician he heard again these dejected words on a familiar theme. "Since Barbaja established himself here, all of the better things have been rejected. In the theaters the nobles love only the ballet; they appreciate only horses and dancers. Here the good times are over. But this gives me no concern. I write only for myself. If I were in good health, nothing would bother me." This last conversation with Beethoven took place, in all probability, in April, 1825.

"*I write for myself.*" This is the avowal one must remember; it reveals to us better than all the commentaries the essence of the last quartets. Schindler continued to serve his illustrious friend, but he was incapable of following him.

The *Quartet in A minor* (op. 132), the thirteenth in the chronological order, and the fifteenth in the catalogue of string quartets, was finished in May, 1825, although it was not published until September, 1827, after the Master's death. We have from this period a letter written by Beethoven in Baden to his friend Dr. Braunhofer. He jests, entreates permission to drink white wine with water, although he spits blood and is bothered by his stomach. His housekeeper, "the old beast," had to put up with his ill humor. She became in his eyes, Satan incarnate. His quarrels with his nephew, his brother the *Ass*, and his sister-in-law became more and

more vehement; he never ceased to inveigh against "that abominable family," and yet he felt so much affection for them that after having scolded, he would apologize. He never renounced trying to make of Karl a worthy man, and sent him the most detailed advice about his trips, his toilet, the purchase of a pair of trousers. Sometimes he supplicated: "Torment me no longer; the scythe man will not grant me a very long reprieve." Johann wanted to see him, but he was rudely refused admittance. Karl borrowed money from the cook; Beethoven grumbled, but he paid.

The famous *Canzona di ringraziamento*, "Convalescent's sacred song of thanksgiving to the Divinity, in the Lydian mode," dates from the spring of 1825. The quartet of which it is a part bears traces of a fever and suffering that give to the composer's expression, and to his laments, an infinitely sad tone, and that also explain the anguish of the allegro, the agitation of the first violin, the poignant gravity of the second theme. Bit by bit, the horizon, at first obscured, becomes clearer; a country dance enlivens a reverie until then somber. As in the last sonatas, the entire second movement is made up of a single theme. An unseen shepherd plays a graceful and tender musette. Then, from the very heart of the quartet springs the adagio, the song of thanks to the Divinity in the Lydian mode. At the time when he wrote this movement, Beethoven believed himself recovered; it is a document of gratitude and a prayer; the convalescent can be seen on bended knees, his hands clasped. In the melody in half-notes, words can be heard, slow at first, then more urgent, more ardent when the recuperating patient—*sentendo nuova forza*—gives himself up to the joy of recovering his so cherished life. Like an antiphon, the adagio and the andante are repeated, each time with growing conviction, and, if one dares speak of technique or of artistry, with a

richer skill. This movement of the *Fifteenth Quartet* heralds *Parsifal*; certainly, after the *Mass in D*, it is, of all Beethoven's works, the most sincerely religious. Death, over which his letters show frequent concern, would not be accepted without a struggle; he clung to life with all his remaining strength; he thanked God for allowing him to continue his struggle, to continue to write the finale in a vein that would not betoken the end, rich in harmony, and as in the days of his youth, impassioned. Others around him died. On May 7, 1825, Antonio Salieri, whom he had long known, passed away. Beethoven would not give up; he had to go on composing.

The respite for which he was thankful in the *Canzona*, lasted but a short time.

During the summer of 1825 he composed in sad tears the *Cavatina* of the *Thirteenth Quartet, in B flat major* (op. 130). Here, Schindler tells us, is the "monster of chamber music." The score was written in the fall and winter of the same year.

A movement of sobs, complaints, moderated as always but prolonged, a succession of broken flights, the effort of one oppressed (*beklemmt*) to raise himself to the light, the last limping on earth of a great bird caught on the wing. A profoundly tragic cry of distress, even more anguishing when followed by the second finale, with its Bohemian grace and gaiety. Beethoven, who a month before had jested with Dr. Braunhofer, now wrote to Karl from Baden, June 9th: "Constant solitude makes me all the weaker; for truly, my weakness often reaches the point of exhaustion." He told the violinist Karl Holz that he had wept in writing the *Cavatina*, and that "even the memory of the piece brought fresh tears." The very number of sketches proves to what depths he had to delve to extract this melody, much like a spring spouting

from an earthly abyss. Yet, when the *B flat major Quartet* was finished around the autumn of 1825, the work in its six movements was not only rich in imagination, but, at certain places, in certain phrases of the allegro, animated with joy, trembling with life. The tenderness expressed in the first movement is not that of one in anguish. Verve, a moderated capriciousness, a heroic quality well known to us, that will not yield unto death, kindle and sustain a composition in which planes are projected as in a master painting. Humor, in the presto, intervenes with its sallies; the subtle andante intermezzo bespeaks a feeling of buoyancy; nimble rhythms, borrowed from the folk lore of old Germany, cadence the *Alla danza tedesca*; accents almost harsh, end in echoes and murmurs. A musical landscape as varied as those of the earlier works; but with sharper contrasts, clearer relief, a more mysterious coloring. In its first form this quartet ended with the *Grosse Fuge*, wherein the composer of the Credo can be recognized; Artaria was doubtful of the effect on the public of this contrapuntal movement; hence the substituted finale.

In June, 1825, Freudenberg, Zelter's and Goethe's friend, met Beethoven in Baden and entered into a long conversation on esthetics with him. The Master, who around this time was writing the allegro of the *Thirteenth Quartet*, so charged with thought, so pleasantly laden with dreams, spoke again of Rossini without admiration, but also without spitefulness, praised Spontini and, in spite of his dissonances, Ludwig Spohr. What was there in common between these music makers and the poet of the *Cavatina*? It was of greater composers that he thought, and to greater composers that he should be compared. At mention of the name of Bach, he rose. "His name ought not to be Bach [stream] but Ocean, because of his infinite and inexhaustible wealth of sonorous

combinations and harmonies. . . . I put him above all other organ virtuosos, he was the Master of his instrument. . . . In Vienna there are hurdy-gurdy players who have better positions. . . . However, the wealthy on this earth will do nothing for art, because they do not understand it." Suddenly the conversation became stormy, and no wonder. Freudenberg dared to tell Beethoven that "his last symphonies were incomprehensibly grotesque." "The play of his eyes," wrote the visitor, "the play of his features answered me. 'What do you know about it, you numskull, what do you know about it, you ass who would criticize my works? You lack the spirit, the strong wings of the eagle.'" Schumann was one of the first to discover the hidden order of the last quartets, so complex in appearance, but so simple as soon as they are listened to without prejudice, and above all when one is prepared for them through an acquaintance with the last sonatas. For a while Beethoven became more and more a recluse; from day to day his health declined. In October, 1825, an Englishwoman (Lady Clifford perhaps) who saw him in Baden, was alarmed at his thinness. Already he lived no more save through and for the spirit.

Near the end of 1824, according to Gerhard von Breuning, Beethoven left Krugerstrasse to move into the old Spanish Benedictine monastery, the Schwarzschanerhaus. This monastery, changed into an apartment house, had been once disturbed by the edicts of Joseph II, who suspended the order. It was now a long building near the ramparts. De la Laurencie has described it as Beethoven knew it: from the Master's room the view extended along the glacis to the bastions and steeples of the city; it took in the Leopoldstadt suburbs and the Prater woods. On a wall a portrait of Grandfather Ludwig recalled the Bonn days. An entire room was reserved for music, scattered in confusion about the floor. In

the bedroom were two pianos: one the Broadwood, presented by the London Philharmonic; the other, the Graf, with a resonator in it. Then there were the familiar objects: the servant's bell, the black cash box, a desk of white wood, the conversation books, the lithograph of Haydn's birth-place. Suspended from hooks, the Master's clothing: a high hat, frock coats, the blue one with the metal buttons, the green cloth coat. On a console, two violins and the ear trumpets. The collection of books, Homer, Goethe, Schiller, Shakespeare, Kant, and the *Imitation*. In the work room, the cabinet for manuscripts and scores with the secret drawer in which were besides the seven bank notes for Karl, the letters to the "unsterbliche Geliebte." It is in this cabinet that Beethoven preserved his most precious souvenirs: a morning song copied by his father, the Heiligenstadt Testament, Giulietta's portrait, another of the Countess Erdödy. On the wall, Therese's picture. Here and there, simple tokens; for example, the waistcoat of rabbit's fur sent by Lorch. The works of Haydn, J. S. Bach, Palestrina. A writing table heavily laden with glasses and bottles, ornamented with statuettes, one of which was of Brutus, and surmounted by a copper candlestick. In front of the Master when he wrote, the Egyptian inscription: "I am that which is." The von Breunings dwelt opposite in a red house that belonged to Prince Esterházy. This happy coincidence helped in reuniting Beethoven with his old friends. The reconciliation with Stephan von Breuning and Schindler was now completed.

Ill and miserable, Beethoven became interested in the campaign led by Abbé Maximilian Stadler, to defend the memory and the works of Mozart against Gottfried Weber. On February 6, 1826, he wrote to the Abbé, "I have always counted myself among the greatest admirers of Mozart, and

shall remain so until my last breath." Except for the end of the summer in 1826, the Master was unable to leave Vienna.

The *B flat major Quartet* (op. 130) was performed for the first time in March, 1826; two movements were applauded, but the correspondent of the *Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung* criticized the "Babylonian disorder"; he disliked the "sharp contrasts."

In May, 1826, Beethoven finished the brilliant *C sharp minor Quartet* (no. 14) which he sent from Gneixendorf to the publisher in October of the same year. "During the composition of these three works for Prince Galitzin," wrote his new friend Holz, "Beethoven came upon so prodigious an amount of material that he continued, *against his wishes*, so to speak, and wrote the quartets in C sharp minor and F major." "My dear fellow," Beethoven declared to his new companion, "some ideas have come to mind which I can profitably use." Schindler, who disliked Holz—his rival for the Master's affection—and who seems to have poorly understood the last quartets, mentions, nevertheless, that Beethoven had never been more careful in the working out and treatment of the motives; he cites in proof the numerous sketches for the andante. Do not search for a rigorous plan of composition. This work, the composer confided, was constructed of "fragments stolen from here and there." Stolen from himself. These last lyric sheaves were gathered by armfuls in his spiritual garden at all times of day, under all kinds of light and shadow and even in the still of the night.

The *Fourteenth Quartet* begins with an impressive, or even, if one chooses, with a strange, prelude in fugal style, a composition that can be said to anticipate *Parsifal*. Less than a year before his death, Beethoven demonstrated the unabated fertility of his musical imagination; he transgressed

more through superabundance, through waste than through indigence. It is in listening to the *C sharp minor Quartet* that one wonders with growing astonishment how far this creator would have carried his boldness had he lived on. His alone, the allegro molto vivace forms a complete musical poem of the most exquisite gracefulness, capricious and original to the point of intoxication. In the andante and its variations, musical lyricism reaches that almost unlimited richness of form which verbal poetry cannot translate, which takes pattern by all kinds of transformation, which records the slightest nuance of thought. One thinks of those few lines in which Franz Grillparzer, taking up the theories of Novalis, expressed his thoughts on the power of music. "The Master of Life, in His wisdom, formed the universe of day and night. Poetry is the day in its radiant splendor; music is the night that reveals to us other worlds." Before leaving us, Beethoven gave to us this, perhaps his most expressive monument, to attest the superiority of the art to which he had consecrated himself; the initial germ, the idea, is developed, subdivided, inflected in accord with the profound laws of all creation; with each of these changes, through the modification of tone, rhythm, or timbre, the impression it makes, or, to put it less badly, the suggestion it gives, is new to us. After this we shall never quit the high regions of pure spirit. He who has known the exaltation of this music is free and safe forever, master of himself and his inner peace.

The last variation of the andante, the sixth, chants as in the *Canzona*, like a moving prayer haunted, this time, by a strange hallucination. Wagner has commented on the finale in terms deservedly famous. "Beethoven muses on life in the presto in E major, and seems to wonder (adagio $\frac{3}{4}$) whether he should essay the portrayal of this life in a dance

—a short but profound meditation, as if he were buried in the reverie of his soul. A light reveals to him anew the heart of the universe; he rouses himself and plays his violin in a way the world has never before heard (*allegro finale*). It is the dance of life itself, wild abandon, despair, ecstasy of love, rapture, fury, passion, and suffering; lightning flashes through the air, thunder rumbles. Above it all, the redoubtable fiddler who rules and dominates everything, proud and sure through the tumult, draws us on into the abyss. He smiles to himself; for to him this is only play. Night signals to him; his task is ended.”

The *Sixteenth Quartet in F major* (op. 135) was started during the summer of 1826 and finished near the end of September. Beethoven composed it very rapidly; it was only a few hours before his death, March 18, 1827, that he dedicated it to Johann Wolfmayer. He believed himself capable of further work. “I still hope,” he confided to Wegeler, “to give several large works to the world and then, like a tired child, to terminate my earthly career amidst good friends.” He had just learned of Weber’s death in London during the night of June 4, 1826, a few days after the first performance of *Oberon*. The *Sixteenth Quartet* is not the last composition of the Master, for he composed the second finale to the *Thirteenth* in the autumn of 1826; but it is the last complete work. Approach it only with reverence. Like a moving epitome, all the art of Beethoven is recapitulated in it. Here is an *allegretto*, facile, full of imagination, surprises, and grace, where memories, sometimes distant ones, of Haydn seem to live again: a withered rose, that before losing its leaves, recruits its remaining strength to reopen one last time. No trace of exhaustion in inventiveness; six different motives can be found in the first fifty measures. In the vivace, through the play of veiled sonorities, under the ca-

preciousness of patterns written with an independence and a sovereign authority, a daring can be found that shocked certain critics and timid listeners, a daring that was to be adopted later by Schumann, Chopin, and Wagner. The *lento* has been described by the Master himself: *Süsser Ruhegesang, Friedengesang* (Sweet song of quiet, song of peace). It is the disclosures of the sketch books and not personal impressions that urge us to consider this movement with its feeling of serenity which is only an appeased sadness, as his last invocation, his last hymn. A poignant work in which the Master seems to announce with heartrending calm—*cantante e tranquillo*, he writes—his approaching end; a work the hearing of which should be recommended to those who speak of his decadence or of his abstruseness. He turns his thoughts inwards, gives himself up to his memories, his sorrows; and all there was of passion in his life expresses itself without false eloquence, with a restrained modesty, in those phrases of repressed sobs, in those laments that end in prayers, in that singing of the violin to which the human voice could add nothing. The *lento* of the *Fifteenth Quartet* is the spiritual testament of that impassioned genius. Who, endowed with a heart, could listen to this farewell without trembling?

Much has been said about the *Muss es sein? Es muss sein!* of the finale. Schindler tells us it is the echo of a little drama provoked by a request for money. Schlesinger asserts that Beethoven wished to express his anguish at a time when need made it obligatory to write this movement instead of some other work he had in mind. The contradiction between the two accounts is not fundamental. We have noted how many musical ideas still fermented in the spirit of the composer. Schlesinger is credible when he cites from memory the lost letter in which Beethoven, in sending him the *F major Quartet*, complained of being forced to write this

work with a certain amount of difficulty, inasmuch as he had other more important plans in mind, particularly a *Tenth Symphony*. Yet, constraint proved no hindrance to the freedom of his inspiration, as flexible as ever, even more venturesome at times in certain unexpected harmonies; in these final pages, Beethoven's independence is reasserted in an audaciousness that the future would develop.

CHAPTER XV

THE END

IN AUGUST, 1826, Karl attempted to take his life, despondent over his failure to pass his examinations, according to Schindler. He came to Baden and climbed the ruins of Rauhenstein; there he fired two bullets at his head without causing more damage than a slight scratch. The wounded boy was taken to the general hospital in Vienna. The scandal spread; the police and the courts intervened. Beethoven forgave in the name of those principles he never repudiated. "You may rest assured that mankind, even in its failures, remains sacred to me," he wrote to the municipal councillor Czapka. He attached the blame to his sister-in-law's evil influence. In the same month, he wrote again to the councillor: "It is impossible to allow him to be with his mother, that most depraved person. Her bad and crafty character, her inducing Karl to get money from me, the probability that she may have shared the sums with him, and likewise her intimacy with Karl's dissolute companions, the disgrace she has caused with her daughter whose father is being sought, and indeed the likelihood that Karl has made the acquaintance of none too virtuous women at her house, justify my anxiety and my request." Once again Beethoven entreated the scamp "to come to his father's faithful heart." The envelope enclosing the letter he wrote to Karl bore these two sentences, touching in their poor French: "Si vous ne viendrez pas, vous me tuerez sûrement. Lisez la lettre et restez à la maison chez

vous; venez de m'embrasser votre père vous vraiment adonné; soyez assuré que tout cela restera entre nous." (If you do not come, you will surely kill me. Read the letter and remain at your home; your altogether devoted father embraces you; be assured that everything remains as before between us.) The von Breunings consoled him as best they could.

On September 24, 1826, Beethoven breakfasted with his old friends, in honor of little Gerhard's birthday, and took a walk with them in Schönbrunn. Gerhard writes: "Beethoven expressed his opinion on the subject of the allées, pruned to look like French walks: 'A purely artificial art like the old hooped skirts! I am at ease only in free nature.' An infantryman passed us. Immediately he made this sarcastic remark: 'A slave who has sold his liberty for five kreutzers a day.'"

In the summer of 1826 the publisher Diabelli ordered a quintet from him, the one that is generally called the *Flute Quintet* although it is not known exactly for what instruments it was intended. The andante maestoso in C major was finished and even engraved. The sketches of the other movements together with Schindler's following notation are preserved in the Berlin Bibliothek: "These notes, written in my presence, are the last that Beethoven sketched, approximately ten or twelve days before his death." The andante was published in Vienna in 1840, under the title: *Beethovens letzter musikalischer Gedanke*. To the last months of the Master's life can perhaps also be ascribed the arietta *Der Kuss* (op. 128) and the *Rondo a capriccio* (op. 129).

Beethoven spent the months of October and November, 1826, on his brother's estate in Gneixendorf. It was from Vienna on October 7th that he wrote to Wegeler to thank him for a letter from him and Lorch. His room had been whitewashed, which pleased him greatly since he was com-

pelled to remain in bed. He recounted the visit paid him by Spiker, the King of Prussia's official librarian, empowered to accept the dedication of the *Ninth Symphony*. Spiker reported this interview; he found the Master "cheerful, laughing good-humoredly at the *bons mots* like a man without malice, trusting everyone." Beethoven presented the Royal envoy with the manuscript that today is preserved in the Berlin Bibliothek (with the exception of six pages, the property of Charles Malherbe). "My motto is always," he declared to Wegeler, "*nulla dies sine linea*, and if I ever let the Muse sleep, it is only that she may awaken all the stronger." Overpowered by memories of the past, his tears fell on the letter. On the 13th of October he settled in Gneixendorf, from which he sent the metronomic indications for the *Ninth Symphony*, together with the *Quartet in C Sharp minor*, to Schott. "The countryside in which I am now staying," he added, "reminds me somewhat of the Rhine districts, which I long so ardently to see again, having left them in my youth."

The conversation book no. 121 enables us to catch a glimpse of Beethoven at Gneixendorf. "Would you like to eat some soft boiled eggs (*weiche Eier*)?" asks either his brother or his sister-in-law.—"My house is a Republic. You will be better able to see here because of the pure air." One soon notices that the conversations become sharper. "I ask you to leave me in peace," declares his interlocutor (page 6 of the 122nd notebook). "If you wish to leave, go. If you wish to remain, stay. But I beg you not to torment me as you are doing. You might regret this in the end, because I can bear a great deal but not beyond a certain limit. You have already had a scene with your brother today, without any justification. You must remember that other people are also human beings." The Master's relatives complain of

his eternal unjust reproaches (*diese ewigen ungerechten Vorwürfe*). There was a general interest in musical matters. One notebook reports from the *Wiener Zeitung* that Rossini, on the occasion of his new opera, *Le Siège de Corinthe*, had been named a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor by the King of France. When Beethoven asks about Cherubini his brother replies, "He no longer composes." "If you were to compose an opera," adds Johann, "and if you were to send it to the King of France, you could certainly expect something great too (*so hast du sicher auch etwas grosses zu erwarten*). . . . This order carries with it (*trägt*) a personal pension like the Order of Maria Theresa. All Chevaliers have pensions." And the discussion continues. Beethoven wishes to know who founded the Legion of Honor; they tell him it was Napoleon. One of the interlocutors knows some officers who are titularies of this decoration and, because of it, receive pensions.

Certain sentences are written in French, if it can be called that. "*Comment trouvez-vous que la fille ne reçoit pas du café, jusqu'à ce qu'une tasse soit vide, pour ne pas ruiner une tasse neuve dont il y a beaucoup sur la commode?*" (Why do you wait until a cup is empty before allowing the girl her coffee? Is it because you don't want to ruin one of the many new cups on the commode?) We also possess several notes on this brief sojourn at Gneixendorf composed by an anonymous writer for the *Deutsche Musikzeitung*, perhaps Dr. Franz Lorenz. Beethoven was of such modest appearance that, when he accompanied his brother Johann on his visits, people mistook him for a servant, and offered him a drink. To attend to his needs they had given him the good Michael Krenn, to whom he was much attached. He arose about half past six every morning, and sat down at his work table, where he was heard beating time, singing, and humming. At

half past seven the family breakfasted. Then the Master made his escape across the country, running about the fields, shouting, sometimes walking very slowly and sometimes very rapidly, stopping suddenly to write in his pocket notebook. At half past twelve, dinner. About three o'clock, another walk until sunset. Dr. Wawruch relates that he often saw him on the slope of a little hill, writing, and that for hours he remained in the bitter wind and snow in spite of his infirmities, in spite of his swollen feet. After supper Beethoven returned to his chamber and worked until one o'clock. Michael Krenn alone had his confidence; the old musician was not on friendly terms with either his brother or his sister-in-law; the peasants themselves took him for a madman because his gesticulations frightened the oxen returning from work. Johann, the vain Johann—who had printed on his visiting cards: Landed Proprietor—did not take the trouble to defend him against the syndic or the surgeon. He did not forgive him for what he considered extravagances.

It was in this milieu in November that Beethoven composed the new finale of the *Thirteenth Quartet* (op. 130) on a theme of joy, to replace the grand fugue; in a single flight he wrote these simple pages sparkling with animation and good humor, on a vividly outlined theme which the viola accompanies with guitarlike rhythms. One finds, in the finale, as it were a recalling of the entire past, of his youth, of Haydn's time. Assisted by the most consummate science, the inspiration remains as fresh as ever; such a piece evokes Mozart, just as it heralds Schumann. In itself it proves to what degree thought remained independent, abundant, and sovereign in this ravaged body. By this fact alone, it is an inviolable work for those who believe in the omnipotence of the spirit.

But on the last day of November the Master had to leave

Gneixendorf, where he had culled his last melodies in the melancholy of autumn. His brother refused to take him to Vienna; he departed in a milk wagon with his nephew, whose sojourn in the capital had been forbidden by the police. On the journey he slept at an inn one night, in a miserable room without double windows, in a damp and icy season. He was seized with a fever, and began to cough; he complained of thirst, and pains in his side. In Vienna, where he arrived lying in a rack wagon (*Leiterwagen*), he had to wait several days for a doctor because of Karl's negligence. Dr. Wawruch, informed of his condition practically by chance, paid him a visit in the Schwarzspanierhaus, and discovered a pulmonary affection; the patient breathed with difficulty, and spat blood.

The conversation book no. 123 enables us to witness the consultation of Professor Wawruch. Karl writes and submits the doctor's questions to the sick man. "Do you suffer from hemorrhoids? . . . Have you a headache? . . . Breathe slowly. . . . How long has your abdomen been distended? . . . Much urine? Without difficulty? . . . Were your feet swollen? . . . Have you ever been bled? . . . Did you have fits of shivering before this attack?" The professor himself writes that he is happy at having been called to attend Beethoven, expresses his admiration for him, and promises to do everything possible to give him speedy relief. Before leaving he gives certain directions. "Make an effort to perspire!" He prescribes lukewarm tea, forbids water, orders a potion, and has cloths wet with the juice of juniper berries (*Wacholder*) placed on his stomach. We can visualize the scene to the most minute detail. The comings and goings of a certain Thekla—doubtless the housekeeper—are in evidence.

Karl protests against his uncle's reproaches. "I have done nothing wrong," he says. Schindler, in order to cheer the

invalid, speaks to him of a certain Lady Clifftor [sic], whom he had met in October and who loved Beethoven and had long sought him. "She is still very young and very beautiful," he adds. "She is a pupil of Moscheles." They speak of Weber, who had just died. "He already appeared very *décrépit* [sic] when he arrived in London," recounts the reinstated famulus. "He was so stubborn that he did not want to admit the seriousness of his condition. Even during his last days he would tolerate no one in his chamber to care for him." On January 2, 1827, Karl entered the Archduke Ludwig Regiment of Infantry number eight as a cadet. From then on Beethoven would have no one around to attend him other than his ninny of a brother Johann, the von Breunings, Holz, and the ever faithful Schindler. André de Hevesy shows him prattling with the little Gerhard von Breuning, a lively child of ten years, who attempted to entertain him and help him. "You are bothered and kept awake every instant by bugs. I'll bring something to chase them with," writes the boy.

On page 13a of the 124th conversation book, Holz with the word *Geduld!* urges the invalid to be patient; he informs him of the success of the *Quartet in C* (probably op. 59, no. 3), and of a *Symphony* (perhaps the *Seventh*). "The beginning of the first allegro was rather strict." He notes several errors on the part of the flutist, who had slurred a phrase of the scherzo. "They played an overture by Karl Czerny, his first attempt for a large orchestra. There were entire passages from your symphonies in it." A visitor informs the Master that this new friend Holz drinks very well. On page 8b of the 125th book, Beethoven writes, *Muss es sein?* Schindler repeats it on page 12b. Farther on is a notation in French: *Grande fugue, tantôt libre, tantôt recherchée; de part, libre; de part, recherchée* (Grand

fugue, now free, now strict; in part free, in part strict). According to all appearances the conversation during the course of which this note was written had for its object the entitling of opus 133. The doctor's visits interrupted these conversations. Professor Wawruch inquires, "Has the coffee done you good?" At one time the patient's condition obliged the doctor to come twice on the same day. Two occurrences in the household complicated the situation. Thekla was dismissed. The notebook no. 126 enables us to witness the tapping of the 18th of December. The surgeon writes: "Thank God, it is over. . . . Do you already feel relief? . . . If you feel ill, you must tell me. . . . Did the incision give you any pain? . . . From today the sun will continue to ascend." Another hand adds in English: "God save you!" Before leaving, the doctor orders milk of almonds, and urges the patient to lie on his side. One of Beethoven's vexations lay in knowing that people attributed the dropsy to excessive drinking; he begged Schindler and von Breuning to contradict these reports, and to "watch that his moral life be on no point defiled."

The various stages of this agony can be followed. But that which cannot be told is the painful inner combat that was fought in silence between the feeble corporal forces and the inner vigor of spirit which but a few months before had conceived the prodigious andante of the *Fifteenth Quartet*. One can imagine the fits of revolt, the rebelliousness of a will which by sheer dint of strength was so often savage, the afflux of ideas always animated, perhaps gay, then a resignation like that shortly before expressed in the unforgettable phrase of the viola. What inner elegy was he then singing to himself?

In the middle of December, the tenor Ludwig Cramolin came to see the Master with his fiancée, the singer Nanette

Schechner, and found him in bed suffering greatly. Beethoven graciously received the two visitors and begged them to sing. Schindler seated himself at the piano, but Ludwig tried in vain to sing *Adelaide*; his emotion overpowered him. "Do sing," said Beethoven. "I hear nothing, alas! but I should like to see you sing." Nanny selected Leonore's great aria; Beethoven gazed eagerly at her, beating time meanwhile. "Milder hasn't as much feeling as you have; you show it in your face!" He thanked the two artists, promised to write an opera for them, and wearied by this effort, turned his face towards the wall. They heard his mournful Ah! Ah!

Dr. Wawruch has described the temporary improvement, the crises provoked by the patient's fits of anger when people failed to show consideration for him, the pains of which he complained, the increased swelling of the legs, and the nocturnal suffocation.

On the 3rd of January, 1827, certain of his approaching death, the Master after a long discussion, as the notebooks prove, declared his nephew Karl the sole heir to his wealth: seven bank notes, and some currency. He designated Dr. Bach curator, naming as an associate the court councilor, von Breuning. The malady became steadily worse in spite of four tappings. However, Beethoven was patient, and did not refuse to talk about recovery. He joked with Dr. Seyfried, and compared him to Moses striking water from the rock. His old friend Dr. Malfatti was called in consultation; he knew Beethoven's fondness for spirituous liquors, and permitted him iced punch. For several days at least, the sick man found himself better; he thought of finishing his oratorio *Saul und David*; he enjoyed a little of the *Gumpoldskirchner* that a sympathizing friend had sent him. One can conclude that the doctors had already pronounced their patient beyond recovery; they made no further attempts to

oppose his wishes, or his tastes which the frequent visits of Holz had developed. Beethoven had some moments of renewed hope. "Every evil has, sometimes, its good," he wrote to Wegeler on February 17th. The truth of the matter was that he already was obliged to dictate his letters.

Hummel came to see him and found him up, but not shaved, wearing high boots and clad in a long sleeping gown. Beethoven had been at variance with him as with so many others; but a great many common memories united the two musicians, of the same age or nearly so. The father of Johann Nepomuk Hummel was the Kapellmeister at Schikaneder's theater, and it was thus that the boy had come to know the Master. Like Beethoven, Hummel had studied with Albrechtsberger and Salieri; he had, for some time at least, succeeded Papa Haydn as Prince Esterházy's Kapellmeister; then he had wandered about Vienna in search of work. Now, Hummel, covered with glory, had returned from Weimar and Russia, where he had accompanied the Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna. Beethoven asked his visitor for news of Goethe; he declaimed anew against the ravages of Italian opera; he confessed his regret at never having been able to marry. "You are a fortunate man," he said to Johann Nepomuk; "you have a wife who takes care of you, who loves you! But I . . . wretched one!" And he sighed deeply. He had a secret hiding place in his apartment where he kept Giulietta's portrait. She was, in spite of all he had written about her, his first love. Without doubt he thought of the excursions in Vienna or around the parks of Korompa with those frolicsome children, the little Brunswicks.

Hummel was accompanied on his visits by his pupil, Ferdinand Hiller, who was soon to establish himself in Paris and to form a friendship with Chopin, Liszt, and Berlioz, and who was to become one of the best interpreters

of Beethoven. The young pianist corroborated his teacher's reports, adding that the sick man severely criticized the Viennese and their government. Beethoven, even to the end, retained his disposition for sarcasm. "Do write a volume of penitential hymns and dedicate them to the Empress," he said to Hummel.

A visitor writes on page 4a of the 134th conversation book, on the 11th of February: "Yesterday Czerny played your *D major Trio*, opus 70, no. 1 [one of the trios dedicated to Countess Erdödy], which was received with the greatest acclaim. In our Verein, we played your last symphony again, for the third time, and after that for the first time the Gloria from your last *Mass*. In Berlin the *entire Mass* and the *Symphony* were performed with much success. Professor Zelter [?] rehearsed the choruses with the singers; the soprano and alto parts were given to young boys; the King of Prussia was present. . . ." How can one examine, without being stirred, these last notebooks with their coarse paper, which passed under the glances of the dying Master, which his hands touched, in which the housekeeper's complaints and his brother's prosaic opinions are mixed with Schindler's long, patient accounts covering the pages with his small handwriting, and fragments of conversations on art and politics, on the Stuarts and the Bourbons? It was cold, and wood had to be bought. Accounts appear at every turn; money was scarce. The doctor's questions about his appetite, about his sleeping, about other details are again followed by news concerning the performance of the *Quintet in E flat major* (op. 16) at the home of Schuppanzigh. The patient's suffering increased, but he continued to occupy himself with the exterior world from which he was now separated more than ever.

Moscheles remained a faithful pupil. Towards the end of

February, on the 22nd, Beethoven wrote to him concerning a proposal of the London Philharmonic Society. For a long time he had withheld; now, defeated, confined to his bed, tortured by pleurisy and dropsy, he accepted, for "I might, I am sorry to say, find myself in want of the necessities of life." In the 136th conversation book, we see Schindler (page 17*b*) asking him whether he would not sign a request which would not be humiliating to him. "I have taken care that this letter pass through several hands; for Moscheles finds himself in adverse circumstances." Schubert was also suffering from want. The Society of Austrian Music generously presented him with one hundred gulden, a gift in recognition of his art, but it mislaid his *Gastein Symphony*. Prince Galitzin, who was warring in Persia, had forgotten to pay for the three quartets. Beethoven confessed to Sir George Smart on the 6th of March, "How shall I manage to live till I have recovered enough strength to gain my own living by my pen?" The man who had always been so proud, became now almost suppliant.

It was to England that he turned for material assistance. Had not Stumpff, the good Stumpff, sent him a beautiful edition of Handel, in thirty-four volumes, which Gerhard von Breuning brought to his bed, one by one? He scanned them, meditated on certain passages, and stacked them up on the right hand side of his bed. This music enchanted Beethoven. Certainly he appreciated, he loved and, when aroused, defended Mozart, but Handel was his god. He respected him, above all, for his noble character, for his impartiality, for his indefatigability, his culture, his generous spirit and for his struggle against fate. More fortunate than Beethoven, Handel had been able to find in England peace and means for composing in security. And what generosity! Did not Handel annually give a performance of his *Messiah*

for the benefit of foundlings? There was encouragement for Beethoven in reflecting on the career of this prodigious composer who wrote his most powerful masterpieces after his fifty-sixth year in spite of more than one infirmity. He, himself, the ill genius, persisted in the hope that he would once more be able to compose. He was told that his latest quartet had not interested the Viennese public. "It will please them some day," he replied; "*I write as I think best.*" He thought about his *Tenth Symphony*, he wished to write a *Requiem*, music for *Faust*, and even a piano method. A lithograph of Haydn's birthplace had been placed near his bed; in looking at it he probably evoked memories of Bonn and the garret in which he was born. On his more restful days he discussed Aristotle's *Poetica*, Euripides' *Medea* and the meaning of his own music. He wanted, like the Romanticists later, to place epigraphs at the head of his works. Schindler dissuaded him because "music should not, nor can it at all times give direction to musical feeling." In the last conversation book (no. 137) Schindler begs forgiveness for having absented himself for several hours because of a rehearsal of *Sémiramis*; he had been unable to locate a copy of Plutarch because at the library and the reading room all of this writer's works were in circulation; but he had brought Epictetus. We know that the Master was wont to discuss and study the doctrines of the Stoics. During the last weeks of his life he read Walter Scott, but was very indignant that such an author should write for money. He returned to his old friends of ancient Greece, Homer, Plutarch, Plato. He looked through some of Schubert's compositions and found them fascinating. He made notes for the andante of his *Quinter*.

The middle of March found him again in great distress. "What will it lead to, and what will become of me if this should continue? A hard lot has indeed fallen upon me!

However, I submit to the will of fate and only pray to God so to ordain it in his Divine will that I may be protected from want as long as I have to endure death in life," he wrote to Moscheles. The Philharmonic Society responded to the appeal of the unfortunate man; even before organizing the requested concert it sent him a check for one hundred pounds sterling, equivalent to one thousand florins in Austrian currency. A merchant people proved to be more generous than any country of gentlemen. Beethoven with deep feeling thanked them on March 18th. Schindler wrote to Moscheles, "His funds were so depleted that he had to economize on his food." He felt somewhat ashamed to receive such generosity without being able to discharge his debt. We are already well acquainted with his scrupulousness. "Tell the worthy men," he directed Moscheles, "that if God restores me to health I shall try to show my gratitude by works and I leave it to the Society to choose what I shall write for them. *A whole sketched symphony is in my desk, also a new overture and something else.*" This assistance seems to have cheered him again. A short note to Schindler, dated March 17th, informs us of this: "A miracle! The highly learned gentlemen are both defeated. Only through Malfatti's science shall I be saved."

The Philharmonic Society's check was timely. The sufferer grew weaker. Dr. Wawruch reported that from the time that Malfatti had allowed him punch, he had abused the privilege. "The spirituous liquors soon caused violent blood pressure on the brain; he grew soporous, breathed stertorously like an intoxicated person, began to wander in his speech and, a few times, inflammatory pains in his throat were accompanied by hoarseness and even aphony. He became more unruly." Schindler had to discontinue his lessons and all his affairs in order to take care of him. On March

20th, Hummel and Hiller saw Beethoven; they found him responsive to their greetings, but scarcely able to speak. He told them of his condition. "I shall soon be going above," he whispered. The time had come when death was to invite him to fall asleep in his arms, like the young maiden in Schubert's song. Yet he continued to think of his plans; he would return Frau Hummel's visit; he thought of the new *Overture* and the *Tenth Symphony*. On March 18th he made an effort to inscribe Johann Wolfmayer's name at the head of the *Sixteenth Quartet* (opus 135). It was then that Dr. Wawruch wrote several lines announcing that his end was near. "Beethoven read them with unexampled composure, slowly and thoughtfully, his countenance like that of one transfigured; warmly and solemnly he held out his hand to me and said, 'Have the priest called.' Then he lay quietly, lost in thought, and amiably indicated by a nod his 'I shall see you again.'" Soon thereafter Beethoven, with a pious resignation that looked into eternity, made his confession and addressed to the friends gathered about him the words: "Plaudite, amici! Finita est comoedia!"

On March 23rd he drew up the brief codicil in favor of Karl; on examining these three lines one feels that his mind was already failing. Beethoven wrote "my *cousin* Karl," and *Nachlalleses* for *Nachlasses*. On this same day Hummel and Hiller saw him again in a hopeless state, pitiable, exhausted, and breathing very feebly. His forehead was covered with perspiration; Frau Hummel, with her fine cambric handkerchief dried his face; he glanced at her gratefully. On the 24th, in a postscript that Schindler added to a letter to Moscheles, he announced that the end was near; the sufferer could scarcely articulate; it was on this day about noon that the priest came. Beethoven had enough strength left to ask Schindler to thank Schott and the English for him. At about

one o'clock one of von Breuning's servants brought two bottles of Rudesheim. "Pity, too late," murmured the Master; these were his last words. A sketch made by Josef Teltscher shows the wretched man sunk back on his bed, his eyes half closed. Schindler's letter to Moscheles describes this sorrowful picture. "One might say that for eight days he has seemed more like a corpse than a living man. . . . He has fallen into a sort of stupor, his chin sunk forward on his chest, his gaze steadfastly fixed for hours on the same object." He seldom recognized his most intimate friends, and asked the names of those around him. A great many people came to see him for the last time; no one, however, went as far as his bedside "except those who were heartless enough not to mind tormenting a dying man." On Sunday evening the 25th, according to Streicher's letter to Stumpff, he lost consciousness; a doctor watched by his bedside through the night. His agony was fearful; even after the spirit had fled, the body struggled. He died on March 26, 1827, between five and six o'clock in the afternoon, while a snowstorm raged over the city. Fate knocked at the door. At his bedside was only Anselm Hüttenbrenner, a pupil of Salieri, deeply interested in music and poetry, and an enthusiastic admirer of the Master; it was this same Hüttenbrenner who, six years earlier, had assisted Schubert at that famous concert at which Vogl vainly attempted to bring the public to an appreciation of *Der Erlkönig*. Schindler was not present when he breathed his last; he had gone to the cemetery to select a spot for the grave.

The grim death mask made several hours after his demise expresses the anguish of this long agony; the face is emaciated and ravaged; the lips protrude in a tragic grimace and seem set as if about to groan. To realize what anguish these last fifteen years of struggle, of suffering, of disappointments

had brought to the genius whom a select few, at the most, supported and appreciated, one need only compare this to the print made in 1812 by Franz Klein. One might say, an old laborer had gone to rest. Nothing remains of the rebellious gray hair that grew like a forest on the curve of his large forehead. The prominence of the chin is exaggerated; the lips are closed in a simple and sad line. His ruddy complexion, which under enthusiasm glowed, has assumed an earthlike color.

Dr. Johann Wagner, assistant at the Vienna Pathological Museum, made an examination of the body (let us not use that absurd and barbarous word, autopsy). The skin was covered with petechiae, the stomach was "distended and dropsical." The thoracic duct contained about seven liters of a grayish brown liquid. A contracted liver shrunk to half its normal size and of a leathery consistence, greenish blue in color, was interwoven with knots the size of a bean. The bladder contained a deposit of gravel. All of the kidney calyces were extended and filled with a calcareous concretion the size of a pea. There were post-mortem signs of atrophied cirrhosis of the liver. The practitioner, in his official report, described the ears in detail. "The external ear was large and regularly formed. The scaphoid fossa and the concha were very spacious, and half as large again as usual; the projections and passages were well defined. The external auditory canal was covered with shining scales, particularly in the vicinity of the tympanum. The Eustachian tube was much thickened, its mucous lining swollen and somewhat contracted about the osseous portion of the tube. In front of its orifice and towards the tonsils, some dimpled scars were observable. The principal cells of the mastoid process, which was large and not marked by any notch, were lined with a vascular mucous membrane. The whole substance

of the os petrosum showed a similar 'degree of vascularity, being traversed by vessels of considerable size, more particularly in the region of the cochlea, the membranous part of its spinal lamina appearing slightly reddened."

With the money that remained, Schindler and Beethoven's friends arranged for a service "respectable, but without any pomp." There were throngs on the glacis and in the streets through which the cortège had to pass. Such a crowd of people had not been seen since the Congress of Vienna. The mourners were led by Johann, the von Breunings, and Schindler. The coffin was carried by eight *Kapellmeister*: Kreutzer, Gänzbacher, Würfel, Eybler, Weigl, Hummel, Gyrowetz, and Seyfried. Thirty-six torchbearers followed, including the poets Grillparzer and Castelli, and the foremost artists and music publishers of Vienna.

During the Centenary the Schubert Society conceived the idea of reconstructing Beethoven's funeral ceremony at the Minoritenkirche, to which one hundred years before his body had been carried. A mediocre chapel, overburdened with gildings. But little attention was given to the setting. Following the elegiac chant, the funeral oration written by Grillparzer was read. A watercolor by Stöber, preserved in the little Bonn Museum, depicts the funeral procession, the cortège preceded by four trombone players, the choir master, the representatives of the musical societies, the coffin carried by members of the Opera, the succession of carriages passing the church of the garrison, and the confusion of the crowd. Along Alserstrasse the funeral march from the *A Flat major Sonata* was played. The words of the "Miserere" which Beethoven himself a short time before had set so movingly in the *Missa Solemnis* alternated with the somber strains of the trombones; as a last homage to him who had loved nature so greatly, the artists in the cortège carried bouquets of

white roses and lilies tied with crape. Schubert followed the coffin. On returning from the cemetery he stopped at an inn with two friends. His companions drank a toast in memory of the departed Master and another in honor of the first one to follow him in Death. Did the composer of *Die Winterreise* suspect that he would soon rejoin his great elder under the sod? In Beethoven's memory Mozart's *Requiem* was sung on April 3rd in the Augustinerkirche; an appropriate honor for him who had once given a shroud to the Salzburg Master in the form of a magnificent quartet; the famous Lablache sang the bass part. There was a proposal to organize a concert immediately, the proceeds of which were to be spent for the erection of a monument. *Détail macabre*: the sexton of the Währinger cemetery informed Schindler that he had been offered a thousand florins to deliver the head of the recently interred Master.

Austria, with delicate justice, endeavored to associate with the blessed memory of Beethoven the cherished memory of Grillparzer; a room, filled with the poet's portraits at various ages, was reserved for him at the Rathaus Exposition. I lingered over the charming picture of a youth with shining eyes and blond hair, made by the miniature painter, Daffinger; I studied the man to whom August Ehrhard had dedicated a charming book. Here is a genuine Viennese, eight years younger than Beethoven, brought up in a strict family according to the liberal principles of the time of Joseph II, a musician as well as a poet, better qualified than anyone else to understand the might of a genius who struggled under his very eyes. Franz Grillparzer also venerated Goethe. His drama *Die Ahnfrau* seems to us to be of a very complicated imagination and symbolism; he was more successful with the drama that Lord Byron admired, *Sappho*, written to express the conflict between art and life.

About 1821 the Hofburg played his interminable trilogy, *Das goldene Vliess*. But, like the composer of the *Third Symphony*, Grillparzer was obsessed by the figure, and ere long, the specter, of Napoleon. When, two years before the death of his renowned friend, his *Ottokar* was produced, people recognized in the Bohemian despot who had conquered the Western empire, the crowned soldier before whom Vienna had twice trembled. In the words of Rudolph of the House of Austria, can be found the theme of the *Ninth Symphony*: "The age of heroes, the age of the strong has vanished. The peoples no longer precipitate themselves like an avalanche on each other; the fomenting elements are separated and from certain signs it seems to me that we are at the beginning of a new epoch. The peasant walks peacefully behind his plow, and the burgher conducts his business in the city. The arts and crafts are reviving." In spite of his noble ideals, in spite of the support he gave to German thought, Grillparzer, persecuted, did not succeed in winning the favor of the government or that of public opinion. He has related how Count Moritz Dietrichstein, the director of the two court theaters, asked him, on Beethoven's behalf, for an opera libretto. Grillparzer chose the fairy tale of Melusine. "I disencumbered it of extraneous situations and attempted through the predominance of choruses, through important finales, and in making the third act almost melodramatic, to conform as much as possible to the characteristics of Beethoven's third style." Schindler had been asked to bring Grillparzer to Beethoven's lodgings on Landstrasse. The poet found Beethoven in his nightgown lying on an unmade bed, rather untidy, holding a book in his hand. Beethoven suggested that the Huntsmen's chorus be omitted; they drew up a contract in which they agreed to share profits equally; a certain Wallishauser played a questionable rôle in the ne-

gotiations. Grillparzer saw the Master again at Hetzendorf but he asked no questions about the opera.

The conversation books confirm the honesty of this account. They show us Grillparzer presented to Beethoven in the spring of 1823 in an interview arranged by Schindler. The Master complains of the suffering he has endured, of the persecutions directed against him by Austrian critics; he invites the writer to meet him in a café opposite Die Golden Birne. According to an injudicious statement of Ludwig Rellstab, Beethoven declared in confidence that the subject of *Melusine* little suited him, and that he was unable to come to an understanding with his collaborator. As a matter of fact, and on the avowal of the librettist himself, not a single note was found that might have related to the execution of this project. Grillparzer had apparently acted very discreetly. With the beginning of Beethoven's last agony, Schindler asked the writer to prepare a funeral address to be read at the grave by the actor Anschütz. Grillparzer, moved by the request, for he had not been aware of the seriousness of the Master's condition, composed the touching farewell in which this phrase recurs like a leitmotiv: "He whom we lament was an artist, but also a man." Beethoven has never been better defined than in one single sentence: "From the cooing of doves to the rolling of thunder, from the most subtle resources of an unwavering technique to the formidable point where the artist's training gives way to the lawless caprice of combatant natural forces, he has traversed everything." To Grillparzer, he was behemoth, the mysterious animal of which Job speaks, reserved according to the rabbis for the feast of the elect which is to be celebrated at the end of the world.

Certain Viennese, whose opinion was expressed in a letter addressed to the *Augsburger Zeitung* and in Streicher's let-

ter to Stumpff, complained of what they called the "collection" that London took for the benefit of the deceased. "Beethoven," said the correspondent, "had no need of such assistance; no one had the right to forestall in this manner a government, protector of all arts, and a people possessed of feeling to such a degree. A single word would have sufficed to bring a thousand people flying to the aid of a great artist." Tardy excuses! In Paris an obituary, remarkably platitudinous, was composed and read at the Société Académique des enfants d'Apollon, "by M. P. Porro of the same Society." Schindler, in the last part of his biography, seems inclined, out of German patriotism, to justify the Viennese society of his time and to reprove his friend.

There is one last informative document. Besides the several bank notes saved for his nephew, Beethoven left only some old furniture and several manuscripts. At the Rathaus I was permitted to glance through the inventory taken at his home on the 16th of August, 1827, and preserved in the archives of the city of Vienna. His music library comprised Handel and Bach, also Marpurg's *Abhandlung von der Fuge*, a Paris edition of Haydn in fourteen volumes, and among other works, Klopstock, Schiller, Goethe, a Bible, and the *Imitation*. His personal property was sold under the jurisdiction of the courts. Secondhand dealers hastened to the scene, and dealers in old clothes handled the Master's garments. Von Breuning saved the black cashbox and the little writing desk of white wood from falling into their hands. A retail dealer acquired the Broadwood piano. A second sale, for the music and the manuscripts, was held on November 5, 1827. No public library was interested. Haslinger fortunately, repurchased the edition of Handel. The appraisal, we are told by M. de la Laurencie, amounted to 480 florins

and 30 kreutzer in Austrian currency; the auction yielded 982 florins and 37 kreutzer. The recorder indicated the estimates and the sale prices as follows:

Unpublished MSS.:	<i>Appraised at</i>	<i>Sold for</i>
<i>Sextet</i>	2 florins	2 florins, 30
Sketches for the <i>Mass</i>	2 florins	(no bidding)
MSS. of published works:		
<i>Gesang der Nachtigall</i>	10 kreutzer	1 florin
<i>An die Hoffnung</i>	20 kreutzer	1 florin, 30
Score of <i>Fourth Symphony</i>	4 florins	6 florins, 40
<i>Lieder écossais</i>	40 kreutzer	1 florin
Gloria from <i>Missa Solemnis</i>	3 florins	
<i>Fifth Symphony</i>	5 florins	6 florins
Andante of <i>Pastoral</i>	3 florins	2 florins, 53
Fragment of <i>Egmont</i>	20 kreutzer	50 kreutzer

In its bluntness, this document reveals more concerning the public's indifference than the most touching commentary.

CHAPTER XVI

ET RESURREXIT TERTIA DIE

IN FINISHING a work, even one of modest design, on such a man, one feels overcome with humility. One is aware of so many omissions! After having attempted to fix each of the important works in its rightful place during this creative period of thirty years, one would like to have been able to seek and find again, in the numerous sketch books, the origin and the progressive development of each conception. The inventory established, one would like to discover what laws this glorious genius obeyed, consciously or unconsciously; he had hearkened to those impulses, those sounds which Nature furnished him, had felt those raptures which his ever intense life induced in him. Whence came the impulse that assembled these elements, and that gave birth to the melodic phrase, or to the dialogues between instruments?

Romain Rolland, in his two remarkable volumes on *Les Grandes Epoques créatrices*, and Paul Mies, in a very condensed and very well organized treatise on the Sketches (*Die Bedeutung der Skizzen*, published by Breitkopf und Härtel in 1925), have devoted themselves to this end for our edification. Biographical explanations do not give us everything. Unless Ries has deceived us, the score of the *Third Symphony*, as he saw it, bore the name of Bonaparte, admired by the revolutionary musician as much as the most illustrious Roman consuls, and on the manuscript in Vienna

is still clearly legible this notation: *Geschrieben auf Bonaparte*. The publication in 1820 specified that the *Eroica* was composed to "celebrate the memory of a great man." There is consequently no doubt about it; in the center of the work stands a hero whose audacity and whose promises excited the musician's imagination; this is not being mentioned again with the purpose of introducing an "anthropomorphic interpretation." But it is true that Beethoven re-created Bonaparte's personality, transformed it according to his own fancy, became incarnate in it; the succession of sketches, the devoted and detailed analysis of the themes as they appear, the examination of the indecisions and the resumptions, the continual struggle against obscurity, the maturation of the initial germ, this is what absorbs us when our guide is himself a writer enriched by his association with the inner life. Thus one acquires the conviction that Beethovenian creation operated according to the very laws of life, and not by the application of abstract or mechanical formulas, and not by a purely rational procedure. If one were not suspicious of metaphors, one might say that Beethoven extracted his most profound themes from his inmost self, as one draws from the middle of the earth those minerals that afterwards must be separated from their veinstones, sorted, washed, and stamped; his themes in the sketch books gleam like nuggets of native gold. We can witness the work at the forge; we can see his fires; we can hear the panting of this Vulcan; we can understand his tremendous will power. There are at least five sketches for the *Marcia funebre* and three for the scherzo. The first ideas take shape, become malleable, renounce all that is not personal; he puts them back on the anvil again until they express the sentiment completely. The phrasing of the March is inflected to express the despondency of the cortège. It is necessary, according to the expres-

sion of the gifted craftsman, to bring to light the most profound, the most secret thought: *die zugrundeliegende Idee*. Having thus approved each fragment he sets it in its place: the allegro takes shape. We recognize the vigorous theme entrusted to the cellos, accompanied by the throbbing of the second violins and violas, set in relief by the boldness of the syncopation; this is intersected by a second theme chiseled more lightly. Then, on a plan whose essential features he has fixed (Romain Rolland has pointed out that the celebrated dissonances were premeditated), but without any example to guide him, without any point of support from tradition, Beethoven constructs that tremendous development, that *Durchführung*, which contributes forcibly in giving to the *Eroica* its majestic air. And still we perceive only the wing of an edifice that invades the skies.

With Beethoven, all came from his inner being. The model for him was not the schoolroom rule; it was the law of life. If he arrived, early enough in his career, at those constant changes of tonality which, for example, give the second *Sonata* of opus 31 its color, it was because natural landscapes, or those in his soul so ordained it; in commencing his work, certain essential ideas; in the final presentation, all the movements, the balancing of forms or of feelings, the sighing of the wind, the varied play of shadow and light. When it so happened that the inspiration was too abundant, the rising of the sap too strong, he cut a branch from the tree; in this manner he proceeded with respect to the andante of the *Waldstein Sonata*. His will superintended and governed this relentless labor, of which *Fidelio* is the most striking example; it seems that this will intervened at the exact moment when those themes first appeared which Beethoven allowed to bud unhampered: the prisoners' chorus, which today seems inseparable from the drama of

1805, was at first destined for a concerto. He let the shoots spring up freely from the trunk; then if it was necessary he cut them off. On the other hand, it occurred to him to add, in opus 106, two notes, an A and a C sharp, and this stroke of genius accounts for the transport at the beginning of the adagio. Work so conceived becomes a spontaneous poem; Vincent d'Indy, in his detailed analysis of the sonata to the Archduke, has pointed out that it contains, but at a certain depth, the essential elements of traditional form worked out according to altogether personal methods, presented or joined according to the laws that governed the expression of the thought.

And with what concern were trifling matters treated in this technique that was so independent! Having delivered the *Twelfth Quartet*, Beethoven wrote to Galitzin asking him to add a slur between two notes in a measure of the adagio; he did something similar in protesting against a certain performer who wished to substitute a C for a B flat in his viola part. To the end of the work this technique progressed unceasingly; there is nothing more daring and at the same time more learned than the vivace of the *Sixteenth Quartet*. To undertake successfully the detailed study of these creative processes, requires the science of such men as Guido Adler, who at the Centenary Festival proved to be so well informed a guide.

But a biography—even the best informed, even the excellent work of Paul Bekker—can be only an introduction to a knowledge of the works. We shall limit ourselves then, having taken leave of the Master, to pointing out, at least in some features, the importance and the continuity of his influence.

Beethoven left some pupils—(Karl Czerny,) who was born

in Vienna in 1791, and who, aside from several journeys, passed his entire life there devoting himself to piano teaching, referring constantly to the Master not only when he wrote his orchestral works, his Masses, his celebrated collection of piano studies, but when, in his turn, he molded such pupils as Liszt and Thalberg. Likewise, Beethoven out of friendship for his old comrade Franz Ries,¹ the Konzertmeister of Bonn, taught his elder son, Ferdinand;² he made of him an excellent pianist and a creditable composer, although he was too prolific. Ferdinand Ries, following the example of his Master, wrote six symphonies, nine piano concertos, quintets, a septet, several quartets, and many sonatas.

One should consider as a third disciple of Beethoven the pianist composer Ignaz Moscheles, twenty-five years younger than the Master. The young virtuoso had studied with Albrechtsberger and Salieri. When a child, his teacher caught him reading the *Sonata pathétique*. He relates how he met the Master in 1810 at the publisher Artaria's; an enthusiastic admirer of the sonatas and symphonies, he assiduously attended the recitals of the Schuppanzigh quartet and the concerts in the Augarten. It was to him that Beethoven entrusted the piano and vocal reduction of the *Fidelio* score in 1814. Moscheles later was to lend his assistance to Mendelssohn, charged with the organizing of the Conservatory at Leipzig, and the publishing of numerous works, particularly the *Concerto pathétique* and the *Sonata mélancholique*. When Schindler wrote the biography of his friend it was Ignaz who translated it into English and enriched it with new documents. Moscheles imitated with exaggeration his teacher's manner; his lyricism, lacking the sustaining power of a rich inspiration, often turned to declamation; Liszt, however, esteemed him highly.

But Beethoven's real pupils, his disciples in a broader sense, were Liszt, Berlioz, and Wagner. Much water would flow between the banks of the Danube, said Schubert, before such work would be understood and loved. Grillparzer himself, despite his affection for the Master, expressed in a note written in 1834 many reservations on his aesthetics (there was too much howling, too many ultralyric leaps, too many infractions of rules, a too pronounced taste for violent expression). In his secret heart this classicist preferred Mozart. Berlioz, on the contrary, seized upon Beethoven with intense delight.

To speak truthfully, the French public knew and appreciated Beethoven only after his death, and then thanks to François Antoine Habeneck. One recollects with what little enthusiasm Rodolphe Kreutzer received the dedication of the famous sonata; having become director of the Opera orchestra, he occupied himself more with introducing there his *Mathilde*, than in becoming acquainted with the works of the Viennese Master. Perhaps because of his German origin (his father, born at Mannheim, had entered the service of France as a musician in the army), Habeneck, solo violinist under Kreutzer's direction, showed more perspicacity. We owe to him the founding of the illustrious Société that spread the taste for symphonic music throughout France. Through Habeneck's efforts the quartets became known to the élite of Paris as early as the first years of the nineteenth century. In 1807, the *C major Symphony* appeared on a recital given by the students of the Conservatoire, and the *Décade philosophique* pronounced it "clear, brilliant, rapid." François Joseph Fétis spoke of himself as "a student of Beethoven." The same symphony was repeated in 1810, as we learn from the *Tablettes de Polymnie*. The Conservatoire again performed the *Second* and *Third* symphonies; but

when Habeneck, several years later, wished to repeat the *Eroica*, the orchestra "burst into laughter"; the same performers apologized later before Schindler, and admitted, with a simple and expressive confession, that they owed their understanding of the "poetry of music" to Beethoven.

Habeneck was obstinately resolved. We cannot be very grateful to Castil-Blaze for having thought of an adaptation of *Fidelio*, in which Florestan sang *Adeläide*, and in which the epilogue was borrowed from the *Symphony in A major*. The lyric drama in its German text was played at the Favart Theater in 1827, by a company under the direction of August Röckel. In March, 1826, the Parisian public acclaimed the allegretto of the *Seventh Symphony*.

Certain amateurs already appreciated the worth of Beethoven's work. In 1822 and 1823 Schlesinger acquainted the French with opus 110 and opus 111. When in 1829 Joseph d'Ortigue published through Ladvocat his pamphlet *De la guerre des dilettanti ou la révolution opérée par M. Rossini dans l'opéra français*, he, after having heartily scoffed at the work of Stendhal, that "shortsighted person," and while doing justice to Mozart, "the Racine of musicians," sketched an enthusiastic portrait of Beethoven. "Behold this German giant, whose improvisations, we are told, have surpassed compositions by all the distance that separates work from inspiration; this astounding Beethoven, this composer ever new, and yet ever the same, capricious, sometimes bizarre from fear of repeating himself or of resembling others; learned and, when he would not be that, finding in the resources of his genius a supplement to that which may be wanting; who divines, creating rules, those rules with which he plays, without ever breaking them, and of whom nothing whatsoever can exhaust the fecundity nor curb the impetuosity or the spirit. He is a river that roars within the banks

that restrain him. Sometimes he carries our imagination into a world of fancies, and there, like Klopstock, he immerses it in sublime reveries. This extraordinary man has gone farther in his symphonies perhaps than Haydn and Mozart because, after all, it is natural that when the human mind does not deviate from the paths that have been marked out for it, it advances." In the year of Beethoven's death, the musical editor of the *Journal des Débats*, in the issue of June 1, implored more frequent performances of those symphonies that "present the union of all musical powers." However, the honor for having initiated the public to an acquaintance with Beethovenian works belongs to Habeneck.

At the first recital of the Société des Concerts, on March 9, 1828, he presented the *Eroica* to a public stirred with enthusiasm. At the second, the "Benedictus," the first movement of the *Piano Concerto in C minor*, the quartet from *Fidelio*, the *Violin Concerto* and the *Christus am Oelberg* were heard. At the third, the program comprised the overture to *Egmont*, and the *C minor Symphony*. On the 26th of December, 1828, the *Coriolan* overture was played. The *Seventh Symphony* was performed in March, 1829; according to the testimony of Castil-Blaze the allegretto was an immediate success. Franz Liszt, for his part, persisted in placing the sonatas and concertos on his Paris programs despite the opposition of Cherubini, who declared: "This music makes me sneeze." And Berlioz set an enthusiastic example.

Here is the first great disciple of Beethoven. As early as 1829, Berlioz organized the crusade that Adolphe Boschot so well describes. He was twenty-five years old; he grew up in the central part of Dauphiné, in a rural setting, among simple young girls with whom he read Florian; this was a period of blossoming adolescence. Then this eager young

man was sent to Paris, where he was less interested in his medical studies than in the allurements of music. Salieri triumphed at the Opera with his *Danaïdes*. Hector was enthusiastic about the lyric tragedies of Gluck, and composed a cantata with orchestral accompaniment, and between strolls about the Palais Royal and the Boulevard de Gand, shut himself up in the library of the Conservatoire. Jean François Lesueur, who earlier had written the *Marche du Couronnement* for Napoleon, finished a particularly disturbed life in the peacefulness of academic honors; what good fortune for a young man was this contact with an intrepid teacher full of ideas! Lesueur had violently aroused public opinion in the last years of the preceding century. Had he not been bold enough to bring a full orchestra into Notre Dame for the performance of a Mass preceded by an instrumental overture? Had he not begun and supported a campaign against the Conservatoire? Was he not the author of a *Plan général pour l'instruction musicale en France*? Following his teacher's example, Berlioz wrote a Mass for the church of Saint-Roch; in it one already discerns the first dawn of genius. In spite of his family's hesitation, and the call of his birthplace, here was a man forever dedicated to music.

This person, already consecrated to the art, still lacked the final initiation. Shakespeare and Beethoven gave it. On September 16, 1827, at the Odéon, Kemble played *Hamlet*, with Henrietta Smithson in the rôle of Ophelia. Berlioz was entranced. Habeneck played Beethoven at the Conservatoire. Let us listen to the young musician himself: "My vital force seemed doubled. . . . A strange disturbance in the circulation of the blood; my arteries throbbed violently; tears . . . spasmodic contractions of the muscles, a trembling in every limb, a complete numbness of feet and hands, a partial

paralysis of the visual and auditory nerves; I no longer saw, I scarcely heard; dizziness . . . half swooning." Under the inspiration that seized him, Berlioz improvised *Huit Scènes de Faust*; in wandering through the country with Gérard's translation in his hand, he sketched the *Ballade du Roi de Thulé*. Schlesinger published this first work, the title of which was prefaced by an epigraph borrowed from Goethe:

*In tumult will I plunge, delight that stings,
Hatred that loves, chagrin that healing brings.*

To gain a clear idea of the warmth with which Berlioz thanked the Master for having given him his final orientation, one must read his *Notice biographique sur Beethoven*, and the account of his hearing the *Quartet in C sharp minor* during one of the evening musicales given by Baillot. "Little by little I felt a horrible weight pressing against my chest, like a terrible nightmare; I felt my hair stand on end, I clenched my teeth with all my might, my muscles contracted, and at last, with the appearance of a phrase from the finale rendered with the greatest of violence by Baillot's energetic bow, tears of anguish and terror made their way painfully between my eyelids and crowned this cruel emotion."

To be sure, and as one can observe in reading these opinions, a little overburdened with epithets, Berlioz interpreted Beethoven in his own way; he attributed to him ultra-romantic meanings, and illustrated the *Symphony in C minor* with reference to *Othello*, and the andante of the *A minor Quartet* with Walter Scott. But, even with its exaggerations, this impassioned campaign assisted the Master's cause powerfully. Berlioz did not cease to proclaim his enthusiasm. "Today I went to a *concert de l'École*," he wrote

to Albert du Boys in March, 1829. "The *Symphony in A major* burst forth. I dreaded the famous meditation. The public, which had never before heard it, demanded a repetition. What anguish! . . . Oh! the second time, if I could not have wept, I should have gone mad. This inconceivable production of the most somber and meditative genius is flanked by all that joy offers of intoxication, simplicity, and tenderness. There are only two ideas. One: 'I think, therefore I must suffer.' And the other: 'I remember, I suffer more.' Oh, unhappy Beethoven! There was in his heart an ideal world of happiness, which it was not given him to enter." Boïeldieu declared that he could not understand half of Beethoven's works. Berlioz was rabid in his admiration; he was never happier than that day in November, 1829, when his overture *Francs-Juges* was applauded after the *E flat Concerto* played by Hiller, or that day in 1838 when Paganini knelt before him saying: "Beethoven estinto, non c'era che Berlioz che potesse farlo rivivere . . ." Later he defended the *Second Symphony*, which no one explained better than he, against unjust criticisms and against deplorable deformations. It is pleasant to recall that it was in Vienna one evening that Berlioz composed his famous *Marche de Rákóczy*.

We already know of Liszt's admiration for the Master. A new proof of it is found in the notes assembled by Madame Auguste Boissier in 1832. She writes: "Liszt played a wild, surprising, and profound piece by Beethoven, who filled him with admiration and astonishment. He is deeply humble before Weber and Beethoven; he says that he is not yet worthy of performing their works; however, he plays them eagerly." One day, before his pupil, Liszt commented on the *Coriolan* overture as "one of the greatest, the most perfect, the most admirable of works that ever emerged from the

gigantic brain." Madame Boissier adds: "He played some fragments in a striking style; the first expressed horror, hatred, and indignation; there was a sharp chord, something harsh followed by a kind of despair, a sort of musical insanity. Then there was a phrase of an angelic song that seemed to descend from the heavens. Liszt played it admirably, with a limpid touch whereby one was conscious neither of fingers, finger nails, nor the instrument." Liszt was particularly qualified to understand certain works that Beethoven had himself set aside as too audacious, as for example, the second *Leonore*. When he interpreted a finale, one fancied one heard the wind rushing across the wastelands.

Schumann owed much to Beethoven, to such works as the *Fifteenth Quartet*. Musicologists point out that he borrowed the use of the "false relation"; they compare his *D minor Symphony* with one of the last adagios. This contemporary of Liszt also resembled Beethoven, in the extensiveness and the originality of his culture, in the concern for moral values, which gives to his work such genuine simplicity, in this devotion to the real Masters, and especially to Johann Sebastian Bach, in the irresistible force of inspiration, which with him dominated technique and study, in the search for original expression and the disdain for superficial success. Schumann, like Beethoven, worked for a discriminating few; he knew how to be patient until the public in its turn would become discriminating. Just like the work of the Bonn Master, his music proceeded from his inner self, implied an active life of the soul and expressed nuances that words, written or spoken, cannot express. What he lacked to make him the equal of his predecessor, was the power, the amplitude of genius, which another German musician was to possess.

Richard Wagner might have pretended to be opposed to Beethoven; he took pride in attempting to continue Beethoven's work. He devoted to him a first article in *La Revue et Gazette musicale* (November 19 to December 3, 1840) entitled "Une Visite à Beethoven: Episode de la vie d'un musicien allemand." Wagner then lived in Paris, where he had come to establish himself with his young wife; in working for a bare sustenance he completed *Rienzi* and composed *Der fliegende Holländer* in seven weeks. On Schlesinger's entreaties, he had written his story in which his hero dies with this profession of faith: "I believe in God, in Mozart, and in Beethoven." In his autobiographical sketch, Wagner tells of the shock he suffered when he heard Beethoven at a Leipzig concert, and how also, having composed a tragedy à la Shakespeare, he intended to set it off with an overture in the style of *Egmont*. He even composed this overture and had it performed at the Gewandhaus. The article, "Une Visite," takes us into the presence of the Master himself, expounds his theories, and presents him as the real originator of the lyric drama. "'Opera is not my medium at all. . . . Were I to write an opera after my own heart, people would run away from it, for it would have no arias, duets, trios, or any of the other stuff with which operas are patched up to-day. . . . Anyone who wrote a real music drama would be taken for a fool. . . .'" And how must one go about composing a real opera? I asked him. 'As Shakespeare wrote his dramas,' he replied, and added: 'Anyone who consents to fit to the quality of a particular actress's voice those musical trumperies designed to procure for him the frenetic bravos of a frivolous parterre, is worthy of being ranked in the class of hairdressers and corset manufacturers, but he should not aspire to the title of composer.'"

In 1846 Wagner, whose *Tannhäuser* had just been pre-

sented, directed a brilliant performance of the *Ninth Symphony*; he has left an account of this event. "It is impossible," he writes, "that any work of any master had bound the soul of a disciple with a more magic power than my soul was bound by the first movement of this work. Had anyone found me looking over the score to fathom its means of execution, and had he overheard my sobs and exclamations, he might well have asked himself whether this were indeed an attitude worthy of a Royal Saxon Kapellmeister!" Wagner wrote programme notes to explain the work to the listeners; for this commentary he drew upon Goethe's *Faust*. He was zealous to the point of exacting twelve extra rehearsals from the cellos and basses, in order to obtain a good execution of the recitative. He demanded that the three hundred singers cry out the phrase "Seid umschlungen, Millionen" in a rapture. The success compensated the effort.

In 1851, writing *Eine Mittheilung an meine Freunde*, Wagner recalled the influence that Beethoven's symphonies had exerted on him at the age of fifteen, determining, in fact, his musical vocation; he explained that, under the double influence of the *Pastorale* and Goethe's *Die Laune des Verliebten*, he undertook to compose an idyll for which he conceived both the music and the verse. He affirmed that his opera *Die Feen* was inspired by both Beethoven and Weber.

Finally, in 1870, at the centennial of the Master's birth, he wrote that powerful article, sad for us French to read inasmuch as one sees in it an exaltation of national feeling provoked by our defeats, but rich in instruction on the profound laws of music. An article very decidedly German by virtue of the part reserved for Schopenhauer, by virtue of the pedantry of certain definitions inappropriate to the sublime simplicity of Beethoven. It contains a great deal of meta-

physical verbiage, at least in the first part. On the other hand, there is nothing more concise, more impassioned than the analysis of the Beethovenian sonata, or the explanations whereby Wagner shows how the composer of the symphonies developed throughout his career in following the great laws of his genius. What Wagner very forcibly proves, what unquestionably abrogates the artificial theory of the three styles, is that Beethoven never altered his forms, however constantly he enriched them by a normal evolution. "In his last sonatas, symphonies, quartets, etc. . . . the form is irrefutably the same as in the first works." The triumph of the German soul, which subjects the external world to its internal development, declares the biographer. "A Frenchman would not proceed in this manner; he would operate not by transformation, but by revolution." One recognizes that this work was written in 1870, and that it seemed glorious to humiliate us. Wagner generalizes his observation. German genius has thus been able, he says, to absorb, while assimilating them, all the classic forms of Greek and Latin civilization, and to retain the best of the Italian forms. It is the delirium of an inflamed nationalist that expresses itself in this way. With greater reason one could show the assimilation pointed out by Wagner exerting itself to the advantage of French genius. The contrast between Germany and Hellenism is evident.

However, as soon as he returns to Beethoven and to his work, as soon as he renounces political theories, as soon as he attempts to describe the essence of the sonatas and symphonies, when for example he comments on the *Quartet in C sharp minor* (op. 131), when he insists on the simplicity of Beethovenian melody, when he writes of the humanity of this music, Wagner recovers all his superiority. He loses it only in his concluding remarks, when he again endeavors to

explain to Germany's advantage alone, and with aggressive intent, this genius whose universality he himself has proven.

It is necessary to insist on this last point. Wagner's study on Beethoven is in large part a manifesto against France. Towards the end, the style assumes an angry tone. "While German forces are victoriously penetrating to the center of French civilization a feeling of shame has suddenly risen amongst us for our dependence upon that civilization." It is necessary to react against the Latin taste, against the spirit of Paris and Versailles. After launching himself headlong in prehistoric and historic divagations, Wagner inveighs against French styles, and against French customs. He seizes upon Schiller's words: "Thy magic unites again what fashion has sternly severed." (*Deine Zauber binden wieder was die Mode streng getheilt.*) Interpreted thus, the *Ninth Symphony* becomes a protestation against the country of "shameless fashions," against "this artificial being who is a Frenchman." This is wild talk.

Such rant is damaging to Beethoven's memory. Wagner was not even aware that he was contradicting the statement he had made twenty-five years earlier, when in his *Bericht über die Aufführung der neunten Symphonie von Beethoven*, he hailed the finale of this work as "the cry of universal love," as the affirmation of the idea that all people are born to partake of joy. Was it as a reaction against Wagnerian iniquity that Debussy later proved to be unjust also, but to Beethoven, whom he apparently wished to make an exaggerated Romanticist, a rhetorician?

One is astounded at the author of *Monsieur Croche, antidilettante*, after a concert of the *Pastoral Symphony* directed by Weingartner, writing several pages on this work, witty, perhaps, but harsh and inadmissible. "The brook where the cows come to drink. Wooden nightingales. Swiss cuckoo.

An art ineffectually imitative and bookish." We can well imagine what Claude Debussy meant by these sarcasms; it is necessary to "transmute sentimentally" the impressions of nature, to express less the visible than the invisible, to search out the hidden meaning of things. Is this not precisely what the Bonn Master attempted to do, through an effort and a talent that made him so distinctly superior to purely romantic musicians? The famous formula, "Mehr Ausdruck der Empfindung als Malerei," expresses his conviction. A letter of the 15th of July, 1817, to Wilhelm Gerhard defines it. "Pictorial descriptions belong to painting. . . . My domain extends further, into other regions, and to attain to our kingdom is not so easy." If he had assented to it, Debussy would easily have found in Beethoven elements of his own aesthetics.

Not only musicians, but also men of letters and artists of loftiest genius, have paid homage in turn to the symphonist.

How could Nicolaus Lenau with his tender, anguished soul, his passion for free nature, his devotion to mankind, have failed to be one of the first to glorify him? The work he dedicated to Beethoven was, in all probability, written in 1838, in the year that he received a bust of the Master from Gustav von Frank; this bust, together with a mounted vulture and a skull, decorated the room that Lenau then occupied in Vienna. "Sadly I returned one evening to my lonely, dismal chamber. There a joyous gleam from out its depths met my startled gaze. With a sure glance of love a friend had found that crevice where the gloomy cell of despair admitted yet a ray of joy. Ah! there I found the bust of the man whom, with the rugged primeval hills and the boundless seas, I worship as the greatest. A storm sweeping the mighty Alps, a tempest raging over the Ocean, and the great heart of Beethoven, beating through the sacred hurri-

cane, arouse in me a courage that dares to challenge Fate, that, unmoved, watches the last tree of Paradise smolder to ashes. I learn to struggle without hatred, to love ardently, to renounce, I know the delicious tremor of death when I hear Beethoven's songs lament, when they rejoice, sounding the trumpet call of life so exultantly that the deepest graves split asunder and a Dionysian ecstasy sweeps over all the tombs; when they inveigh, I hear clash the spears of human will, and, defeated, the demons flee howling to their deep abysses. Gentle surging, gracious rippling: are the cool waves of the Ocean sweet inspirited voices of love? How they rise, and fall, and swell! Nymphs on floors of polished sea shells hold their roundelays. In the nests on coral branches dream the unborn nightingales. Hark! Yet lighter, these are songs culled from Mother Earth that he whispers in the first dreams of a lovely child; that he plays on strings of moonlight stretching out from the distance, whose rhythms in the bosom of the night change to crystal lace; buds burst into full-blown roses at the magic of these rhythms, and in autumnal sadness spreads the crane his wander-wings.

"Ah, Coriolanus, the struggle is over, the wild stamping; abruptly the last tones are muffled in the distance, and broken. Like the hero in seductive carelessness storming over all barriers, then—the tragic figure of the Conquered One remains standing, lost in his thoughts. Hark! in these discordant tones sounds an age-old storm. Now they rush to seek atonement after mankind's struggle and suffering. In the surge of this symphonic torrent I see Zeus approach on clouds and kiss Christ's bloody forehead. My heart hears a great Love enfold all in its arms and the old world with the new flow on through eternity." This last thought, to which Lenau associated the name of Beethoven, was later resumed

by Richard Dehmél in his "*Jesus der Künstler*" oder die vor Klingers Olymp-Bild empfangene Psyche-Phantasie.

After Berlioz, France offered homage to the Master through George Sand and Lamennais, Balzac and Delacroix. Balzac avenged Beethoven on Rossini and Stendhal.

Do you remember the end of *César Birotteau*? When the "hero of commercial honesty" returns to his old home on the Rue Saint-Honoré, when he finds his friends again, his wife in a gown of cerise velvet, the Vicomte de Vandenesse, and the illustrious Vauquelin, a sudden emotion overpowers him. Balzac writes: "The sublime rhythm of the finale of Beethoven's great symphony beat in his pulses and flooded his brain. That imaginary music streamed in on him like rays of light sparkling from modulation to modulation: it was indeed to be the finale that rang high and clear through the recesses of the tired brain." In the middle of that curious story, *Gambara*, which he published first in the *Revue et Gazette musicale de Paris* in 1837, and which he dedicated to his friend the Marquis de Belloy, Balzac introduces a long musical discussion. One of the characters, Andrea, holds that Beethoven, still misunderstood, "has blazed a path for instrumental music, and no one has followed," defines the disposition of his compositions, and attacks Rossini's European reputation and Italian music. "Notice those monotonous measures, the banal cadences, the eternal grace notes thrown in at random with no reference to fitness, that wearisome crescendo that Rossini has made the fashion and that, today, is part and parcel of every composition; finally those trills and warblings making a kind of babbling, chattering, misty music whose only merit depends upon the singer and his powers of vocalization. The Italian school has lost sight of the high mission of art. Instead of lifting the masses to its

own level, it has descended to theirs; its popularity has been attained at the hands of the multitude, and it addresses itself to vulgar intelligence because that is in the majority. Such vogue is merely the juggling of the street corner. . . . I must say that I like French music better than that. So, long live German music!—when it is tuneful,' he added inwardly." Comte Andrea preferred *German idealism* to *Italian sensualism*. Moreover, it is in this novel that Balzac, after having set forth the mathematical laws on which harmony is based, foretells certain discoveries that have, in part at least, been fulfilled. "What may we not attain, if we discover the physical laws by virtue of which (note this well) we collect in greater or less degree, according to our quest, a *certain ethereal substance permeating the air, and which produces music as well as light*, and the phenomena of vegetation as well as those of zoölogy! Do you follow me? These laws would arm the composer with new powers, placing at his command instruments superior to the present ones, and perhaps, a harmony of grandiose proportions compared to that which today holds music in sway."

In her *Lettres d'un voyageur*, George Sand, on Beethoven's example, supports her conviction that music can express everything except metaphysical ideas. "Descriptions of natural scenes find in it ideal colors and lines that are neither exact nor detailed but that are only the more vaguely and delightfully poetic. Vaster and more exquisite than the most beautiful painted landscape, does not Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* open to our imagination enchanted perspectives, an entire valley of the Engaddine [*sic*] or the Meissen, an entire terrestrial paradise where the soul takes wing, leaving behind it and seeing before it limitless horizons, tableaux where storms threaten, where birds sing, where tempests are born, rise, and recede, where the sun drinks the rain on the

leaves, where the lark shakes its wet wings, where the crushed heart expands, where the oppressed bosom breathes freely, where spirit and flesh are revived, and, identifying themselves with nature, fall into a delicious repose?" I thought of this page when, in the Bonn museum, the manuscript of the *Pastoral* was placed in my hands. George Sand erred in naming a Saxon margraviate as the scene where Beethoven might have conceived this work; yet, in these few lines, if she did not attain to the penetration of Balzac, she judged more broadly and better than the critics of her time (Berlioz excepted), better than a Castil-Blaze with his reservations and pseudo-classic prudery.

About 1840, Lamennais, whose orders of priesthood had been suspended, who had been denounced in an encyclical letter by Gregory XVI and sentenced to prison, summed up his opinions in that extensive work, *Esquisse d'une philosophie*, in which his tolerance, his liberality, and his love for humanity are again encountered. The eighth and ninth volumes are devoted to art. One discovers in them, not without surprise, an entire chapter on the dance, on rhythm, and on lines of movement. At the conclusion of his long treatise on music, Lamennais in his turn invokes Beethoven's music and, in particular, the *Sixth Symphony*, whose five movements he analyzes with as much exactitude as poetic enthusiasm. The pastoral chant, that act of thanksgiving, the hymn stated by the violins to be taken up by the violas, cellos, and bassoons, that ode dominating all other themes and their variations, awakens in him the fancy of a world in the process of formation. "At first everything in it is indistinct, in a manner compact. In succession, objects are delineated, become detached from basic uniformity. . . . Suddenly life appears. A song that budded in the harmonies suddenly bursts forth from its calyx. Other voices reply to the first

voice; they blend, they interweave, recede, return, sometimes sigh alone, sometimes cry out together as if, out of the deep and wide breast of the orchestra, came the very voice of Creation." It has been believed, not altogether without justification, that these pages were inspired by D'Ortigue. The famous musical historian was preparing his *Abécédaire du plain-chant* about this same period, at the same time continuing his researches on the Italian theater and the works of Berlioz; one can readily believe that he furnished Lamennais with the ideas presented in the interesting sections devoted to the organ and to the development of stops, to Gregorian notation and to counterpoint. The author of *Esquisse* expressed ideas very daring for this period on the subject of harmonic dissonances, or "rhythmic dissonances," examples of which he sought in Beethoven. "No one will contest that this means can be abused," he wrote; "it has that in common with other artistic means. But, necessary to the expression of human dissonances, thus to use this word, or to the complete unfolding of the dramatic and passionate element, it will triumph over tradition and arbitrary rules just as the much more audacious innovations of Monteverde triumphed."

Finally, Eugène Delacroix, when he wrote for the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1854 the article entitled "Questions sur le beau," refused, in his admiration, to divide the various parts of Beethovenian work, which he interpreted as one long cry of sadness. "In proportion as the abundance of his ideas forced him in some way to create unknown forms, he neglected accuracy and exact proportions; at the same time his sphere became larger, and he reached the greatest command over his talent. I know very well that in the last part of his work the savants and the connoisseurs refuse to follow him; in the presence of these imposing and singular crea-

tions, still obscure, or perhaps destined to remain always so, artists and artisans hesitate in passing judgment; but when one recalls that the works of the second period, at first found to be inexplicable, have won general assent and are considered his masterpieces, I shall decide in favor of him against my own feeling, and I shall be persuaded, this time as so often before, that one must always wager on the genius." It did not take posterity long to ratify this prophetic judgment on the last quartets.

Later, in its turn, French naturalism glorified Beethoven. In Zola's *L'Œuvre* the painter Gagnière expresses his enthusiasm in several charming phrases. "With Haydn it is rhetorical grace, a little tremulous band of old powdered grandfathers. . . . With Mozart it is the precursory genius, the first who gave to the orchestra an individual voice (?). . . . And they exist primarily, these two, because they made Beethoven. . . . Ah! Beethoven, the strength, the power in his serene dolor, Michelangelo at the tomb of the Medici! *A powerful logician, a kneader of minds, for all the great of today have sprung from the Choral Symphony!*" And the enthusiasm of Hippolyte Taine for the Bonn Master is well known.

In the meantime, Wagner's laudation acted on Germany and produced the cult of the new God. Nietzsche was more stirred than others. In his own way, he interprets the *Ninth Symphony*. He sees millions, prostrated in the dust, trembling, seized by a Dionysian intoxication, joyous at their freedom now that the hostile barriers erected by necessity, caprice, or "shameless fashion" are swept away. The gospel of cosmic harmony has reconciled man with man as if the veil of Maya had been torn, leaving only tatters to flutter before the mysterious *Primordial Unity*. Man in song and

dance exhibits himself as a member of a higher community. "His gestures bespeak an enchanted blessedness. Even as animals now talk, and as the Earth flows with milk and honey, so also the voice of man has a supernatural ring; he feels himself a god; his demeanor is as noble and ecstatic as that of the gods he has seen in his dreams. Man is no longer an artist, he has become a work of art. . . ." Certainly Nietzsche did not disregard the legitimacy of the diverse interpretations Beethoven's music might inspire; however, he wished to align it with the Dionysian spirit whose opposition to the Apollonian serves as the theme of his *Geburt der Tragödie*.

Thus Beethoven's works are mirrored, sometimes in a distorted manner, in the most powerful imaginations. Tolstoy wrote *The Kreutzer Sonata* and described the deep impression Beethoven's music made on him. A dreadful result. "Can one listen to the first presto in a salon with gay young ladies, and then, the sonata ended, applaud, eat ices and gossip? These works should be heard only on important, serious occasions, on occasions only when the music must provoke certain reactions corresponding to it. . . . On me, at least, this composition acted in a frightful manner."

The last tribute. Gabriele d'Annunzio, stretched out on his bed, wounded, hears "the *Fifth Trio* of Beethoven the Fleming," and the first notes strike his heart "in truth, physically, just as the hammers strike the dulcimer in the living marble of Luca della Robbia." The performers are hidden in an adjoining room; the piano, cello, and violin sound like three voices chanting in a sacred mystery. In the largo the poet-soldier, a bandage over his eyes, sees a violet drapery bordered with yellow covering a crucifix; the jutting knees stir it; "as the violin recapitulates the theme, it becomes purple. . . . Each note moves from vein to vein, to my heart, the

bottom of the chalice of life. . . . Behold how he stands at my side, how close he is. My heart stops; then it is suddenly possessed, filled, overflowing." (*Ecco è al orlo, è prossimo. Il cuore s'arresta, poi è subitamente posseduto, riempito, ricolmo.*)

The appeal of this great work has not lessened. Never has it seemed more living, fresher, than in these times when the peoples of all nations have access to it, and discover, better than the dilettanti, its profoundly human qualities.

Certainly Beethoven's genius belongs primarily to Austria. It is in thinking of him, above all else, that that nation can justifiably repeat the lines of Anastasius Grün: "You may hold your head high with pride and joy, Austria;—Your brilliant escutcheon will pierce through the haze of the most distant times.—Heaven has bestowed on you all its blessings and you can say with glory—that noble flowers have blossomed with profusion and beauty in your soil" (*dass bei dir die edlen Keime reich und herrlich Frucht getragen*).

Beethoven unceasingly decried his adopted country, or rather its government. Yet he must have agreed with the declaration of Franz Grillparzer: "In spite of all, I love Austria." Viennese society irritated him through its devotion to outmoded formalities, through its frivolousness, through its failure to correctly evaluate spiritual qualities. Notwithstanding that the milieu in which he lived, frequently thwarted or even hurt him, it would be unjust to overlook its incomparable richness, its artistic fertility, the countless examples it offered to a musician destined to surpass all of his predecessors and yet, in part, molded by them. The republican, the democrat, detested the imperial régime; the real Austria, likewise hard tried and morally enriched

by its misfortunes, deserves, after its many sacrifices, honor for having sheltered this genius. Let us cease denying it.

Notwithstanding this reservation, Beethoven belongs, also, to the world. It is the privilege of true poets to show us that it is not mere fashion to rejoice or to weep. The beauty of the Psalms, even for the unbeliever, lies in the fact, that in singing them, after the captivity, on the slopes of Zion the Hebrews expressed the eternal torment of our souls. No hymn of deliverance has added anything to the canticles of the children of Israel, to those unrestrained strophes that the women accompanied with flute and tambour, on the shores of the sea. Solomon's daughter has described for her innumerable sisters the ardor of love. Dante's Francesca, in a single verse, expresses the emotion of the first embrace. Similarly, every racked soul will find itself again in the stormy finale of the *Appassionata*; he will be unable to hear the first four bars without receiving the imperious command of self-communion. A work like the immortal *Fourteenth Quartet* raises us above all the misery and sordidness of life. It prepares us to listen to the counsel of goodness, of meekness, of inner meditation. Beethoven, himself, indicated this counsel, and it is to all men that he has given it.

The sadness of his music is the age-old sadness of nations. Like the breathless cortège of the *Marcia funebre*, like the chorus of the *Missa Solemnis* that accompanies the procession to the cross, repeating "Pro nobis," people find in their trials that peace which they have often been promised will some day, in the course of time, be theirs. International reconciliation, should it ever come, as we hope it will, will owe nothing to the work of politicians. More than the establishing of frontiers or of institutions of arbitration, it demands a general moral reform, the predication of a new Gospel, or, at least, a sincere return to the old Gospel, a striving on the

part of individual consciences, and the voluntary association of converts. It is this that Fichte understood so well, of all thinkers the one who can most easily be compared to Beethoven. The revolutionary spirit that was his, and that inspired in him so courageous a passion against iniquity, the intransigent reason that led him to denounce the ridiculousness and the aberration of all despotism, his belief in the ultimate triumph of civilization, of peace, of brotherhood, his tireless strength, his respect for the power of the spirit—these, Fichte never disavowed even when in exile and adversity, even when he wrote the *Reden*. The author of *Die Republik der Deutschen*, like Beethoven, did not sacrifice his republican liberalism to the necessity of defending a menaced country; he proclaimed and pleaded for the day when the peoples, freed from the hazards to which princes subjected them, would find under the régime of equality and liberty the way to truly moral education. If Fichte and Beethoven, each in his own way, were associated with that German renaissance that romanticism flattered itself on preparing, they rejected, both of them, the molds of the past. The boldness of the philosopher seems the more vigorous; he employed more precise formulas to define that longed-for change which would substitute for armed warfare a united struggle against evil and for knowledge. The feeling of the poet musician was no less sure. The one bends our spirit under the weight of his dialectic; the other, by the persuasion of his genius, creates "that solidarity of art which unites the solitude of innumerable hearts," to use the admirable phrase of Joseph Conrad. What happy progress there would be if, in all parts of the world where the *Ninth Symphony* might be echoed, those devoted to Beethoven would feel themselves reunited in the fraternity of an all-embracing creed!

In bringing this book to a close, let it be stated that we would wish to contribute to such an ideal community.—Suffering souls, generous souls, take this man for your companion!

THE END

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